PROTECT YOUR HOME. *See page ii. of cover.*

JOHN BULL

Vol. XVIII No. 498. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1915. ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

A

For meaning of this number see page 25.

Come the three corners of th
world in arms,
And we shall shock them
nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest
but true.

Edited by
HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

"PLENTY OF FOOD," HAVE YOU ?

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Circulation of "John Bull" exceeds 1,350,000 copies weekly.

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE INSURANCE SCHEME AGAINST ALL WAR RISKS.

We are giving *absolutely free of any charge whatever* an insurance which covers you against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every conceivable war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but, of course, a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the ordinary fire and accident policy issued by insurance companies does not afford any protection whatever against war risks.

We have made our insurance as simple and as comprehensive as possible, and shall not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon, or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. YOU MAY EITHER FILL IN AND SEND TO US A WEEKLY COUPON, WHICH AFTER ITS RECEIPT AT OUR OFFICES WILL KEEP YOU INSURED FOR ONE WEEK—BUT MUST BE RENEWED WEEKLY—OR, TO AVOID THE NECESSITY OF DOING THIS, YOU MAY SIGN THE NEWSAGENT'S ORDER FORM, WHICH WILL KEEP YOU PERMANENTLY INSURED DURING SUCH PERIOD AS THIS INSURANCE SCHEME AND YOUR ORDER TO THE NEWSAGENT REMAIN IN FORCE.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

As regards all Air Raids, Bombardment, Invasion, Riot, Civil Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade, or Military or Usurped Power:—

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed, or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, house become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one-quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payments shall be subject to the claimants rights against any other newspaper or insurance body.

Our insurance scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP COUPON WEEKLY.

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this form and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue as though you had filled in the Coupon weekly, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

FORM FOR REGULAR READERS.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To .... *Newsagent*

....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed..

....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you MUST fill in the Duplicate coupon which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

Dec. 18th. 1915

DUPLICATE COUPON.

Which must be posted to—

The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.... *Newsagent of*

....

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name of Nominee ....

Address ....

Signature of Insured ....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address ....

Dec. 18th. 1915. ....

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

SPECIAL NOTE.—If you do not make use of the Newsagent's Form above fill in this form and post it to us (a Half-penny Stamp will suffice). Inconvenience and postage will be saved by the filling in of the Newsagent's Form.

WEEKLY INSURANCE COUPON.

(Insuring against ALL War Risks, as specified above.)

Name of Insured.. *Address*..

....

Age next Birthday.............................. *Date of Signature* ....

NOMINATION FORM.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate first myself, or in the event of my Death:—

Name..*Address*..

to receive such sum as may become payable under the terms of the Insurance Scheme set out above. ....

This coupon must be signed by the insured—or, in the case of children under twelve years of age, by their parents or legal guardians—and is available for seven days after its receipt by us.

OLD CALABAR "RABALAC"
is the ideal food and body builder (spell it backwards). The name implies the quality. Booklet and Samples of all foods for Dogs or Poultry sent free by the Old Calabar Biscuit Co., Liverpool, Eng.

IMPORTANT.—The "John Bull" Pen Coupon will be found on page 25.

Ten Million Babies

have been born in the British Empire since the commencement of the War.

Ten million little souls, knowing not a jot of trouble and turmoil, born at one of the most momentous epochs in the history of the world. Ten million little souls who are going to help to turn the balance in favour of freedom and justice.

In these times the citizenship of the British Empire has taken on a new and mighty meaning, and it should be the pride of the mothers of the Empire that their children shall grow up worthy of their heritage.

For it is the love of a mother and the knowledge of baby's needs that shield baby from the perils that surround him in infancy.

The wise mother knows that without physical health and vigour her baby will be seriously handicapped throughout life, and that the foundation of baby's whole health and happiness is laid during the first few months of his life, and depends not only upon her loving watchfulness and care, but also largely upon his food.

If baby can have the food Nature has provided he will have the best possible chance of growing strong and healthy. That is why we strongly urge every mother who can to feed her baby herself, and that is why we particularly recommend a mother to take Glaxo herself, should she find her own milk is insufficient in quantity or quality, or unsatisfying to baby. Glaxo will help her to increase and enrich her own milk, so that baby may be able to have all the breast milk possible.

If the mother's milk is still inadequate, baby's other feeds can be made up with Glaxo, which can safely be given to baby in turn with mother's milk without the slightest fear of upsetting baby's digestion.

But if baby cannot have his mother's milk at all, Glaxo should be his sole food from birth. As a sole food from birth Glaxo has built thousands of strong, sturdy, happy babies.

This is because Glaxo is milk, cream and milk-sugar—nothing else. By the Glaxo process this milk, cream and milk-sugar is made so that even a young and frail baby can easily and quickly obtain its nutriment—the nutriment of pure milk solids. Next to healthy breast milk Glaxo milk is the best, because it is pure, clean milk made dry and germ free at the source of supply.

What better proof can you have that Glaxo does build bonnie babies than the fact that it has been persistently used in Milk depots under Municipal Health Authorities throughout the United Kingdom for more than seven years—the Corporation of Sheffield alone having purchased over 100,000 lbs.

Glaxo is an economy in these times when every mother wants to make her money go the furthest, because it is a complete food in itself, instantly prepared by adding boiling water only. *No added milk or cream is required.*

Ask your Doctor!

By Royal Appointment to the Courts of Italy and Spain. Awarded Gold Medal, International Medical Congress Exhibition, 1913.

Glaxo

"BUILDS BONNIE BABIES."

1s., 2s., 5s., TINS OF ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES.

All the Babies Illustrated here are Drawn from Photos of Actual Glaxo Babies.

FREE OFFER.

A Copy of the Glaxo baby Book, containing 96 beautifully illustrated pages of information every mother should have to successfully rear a bonnie, healthy, happy baby. Get a copy of the Book and see for yourself how helpful and practical it can be to you. Cut out and fill in the attached coupon and enclose a 1d. stamp for postage, and a copy will be sent you by return.

Post this Coupon To-day

or a Postcard

to GLAXO, 45R, King's Road,
St. Pancras. N.W.

Please send me by return the 96-page GLAXO BABY BOOK offered FREE to everyone who loves a baby. I enclose 1d. stamp for postage.

Name ....

Address ....

Chemist's Name ....

Address ....

N.B.—If 3d. in stamps is sent with this Coupon a large Trial Tin of Glaxo will be supplied to you, in addition to the Baby Book.

"John Bull," 18 12/15.

Give HIM a Guaranteed

Ingersoll

5/- to 26/-

The Ideal Present for Christmas.

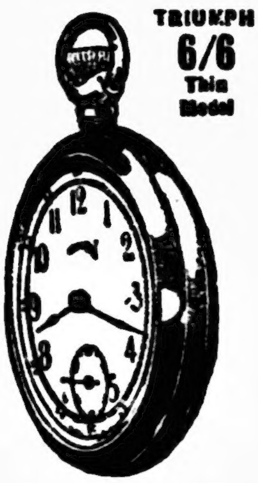
A GOOD Watch, a dependable Watch, is always an acceptable gift. It is companionable, serviceable, helpful, and a constant reminder of the giver and the regard which prompted the gift. It would be difficult to think of any other gift so useful or more fitted to the present exceptional times than a guaranteed Ingersoll. The expensive Watch is out of place in war-time so long as you can obtain an Ingersoll which offers the same accuracy at a fraction of the cost, and which, in addition, is far stronger. There is an Ingersoll to suit the needs and pocket of every member of the family. The series includes:

Crown, 5s.; Triumph, 6s. 6d.
Eclipse, 10s.; Motor, 10s. 6d.
Junior, 12s. 6d.; Wrist, 13s. 6d.

Over 15,000 British Shopkeepers have Ingersolls for sale, but if your dealer cannot supply send P.O. direct for the Watch desired, and we will send same post free by return. Handsome Catalogue FREE.

The name is on the dial of every genuine Ingersoll Watch—look for it.

Robt. H. Ingersoll and Bro.,
353, Audrey House, London,
E.C.



TRIUMPH
6/6
Thin Model

British People

are too apt to think that the brewing of Lager Beer is a German business. It is now a British business and the best Lagers are made in Britain:

Allsopp's

is the best.

A War Hint!

IF at this time of day the health-virtue of pure wool for next-the-skin wear needed further demonstration, the health of our fighting forces has certainly provided it. *Every man wears underwear of pure wool*, and through all weathers, through action and inaction, the general health has been more than remarkable. The claims of Wolsey Underwear are many, but its *pure wool texture* has ever been first. Add to this an enduring service, comfort in wear, a guarantee against shrinkage, and its thorough British manufacture, and the record popularity of Wolsey is scarcely surprising.

WOLSEY

Pure Wool British Underwear.

There are Wolsey garments for men, women and children, at prices to suit all. Every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable, and is replaced Free if found otherwise. Sold by drapers, etc., everywhere

THE WOLSEY UNDERWEAR CO., LEICESTER

When You Buy

Milkmaid Cream you are sure of Purity—you are sure of Quality—and you are sure of *Full Value* for your money.

"Preserved" Cream is not *Pure* cream, the preservative it contains is there merely to retard sourness. Milkmaid Cream is *guaranteed* absolutely free from all preservative, and it costs you less—much less—than "Preserved" cream.

Milkmaid Cream

can be "whipped," but can't be beaten.

Cash Price 5½d., 7d. and 11½d. per tin of all Grocers.

CAUTION. Beware of worthless imitations made up to closely resemble "Milkmaid," and which, as stated on tin, contain preservatives. Insist always on Milkmaid Cream, and CAREFULLY EXAMINE LABEL to see that you get it.

"ALL ABOUT CREAM."—An interesting Booklet, with over 70 recipes, sent free on request.

NESTLÉ'S, 6—8, EASTCHEAP, E.C.

JOHN BULL.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XVIII. No. 498. Week ending Saturday, December 18th, 1915. One Penny.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

The Cleveland Victory.

In his first address to the electors of the Cleveland Division, Mr. Herbert Samuel said: "If Mr. Knight should poll several hundred votes it would mean a most serious message to the Government." And Mr. Knight polled 1,453! And this after a two-days' campaign, in a straggling county division. Perhaps Mr. Samuel will now explain what the message was!

Prompt Reinforcements.

When it was first announced that the Business Government League proposed putting forward a candidate, as a protest against the manner in which the Government, under the guise of war emergency legislation, was gradually filching from the people their rights and liberties, the official Liberal press declared that the whole thing was a joke, and that "in the event of a contest, Mr. Samuel might possibly run up to Cleveland and review the situation." As a matter of fact, he was there two days before the nomination, and remained till the declaration of the poll—rushing wildly about the division. Indeed, so alarmed did he become as time went on, that he wired to London for reinforcements, with the result that, in addition to Mr. Pike Pease, M.P., and Sir Joseph Walton, M.P., a whole army of M.P.s was dispatched to his rescue. As we said at the time, if only the Government had shown equal promptitude in sending reinforcements to the trenches, the war would have been over.

The Lesson of the Contest.

Let it always be remembered that Mr. Samuel also had the support of Mr. James Reid, Unionist Candidate for Middlesbrough, Mr. W. C. Fawcett, Deputy Chairman of the Cleveland Unionist Association, the Agent of the Cleveland miners, and other officials. And yet, although there was supposed to be a coalition of parties in the division, Mr. Samuel polled only a few votes more than he secured at his previous election—when there was no Party truce—and Mr. Knight wrested nearly 1,500 votes from the combined official Parties. And Mr. Pike Pease—whose name is one to conjure with in the division—on the eve of the poll, issued a special appeal to all Unionist electors not to abstain from voting, but to give their support to Mr. Samuel. It was indeed a great victory.

Our Xmas Number.

Geew.z! *Isn't* it going strong!

Well Done, Derby.

We mean Lord Derby. When we created the post of Director of Recruiting, we were delighted to see him appointed to it. And he has done magnificently.

A Suggestion.

Just a suggestion. Let the Government allow one week more—for a final test of the Voluntary system. *And let it be announced that every man who joins the forces will be automatically placed upon the Parliamentary Register for life.* He will have discharged the greatest obligation of his citizenship—and is entitled to its greatest privilege.

A Literary Gem—

From an article by Bernhardi: "The idealism of the German armies is victorious over the mercenary spirit of the English troops." That's all.

And Another.

Under the heading "More bouncing bunkum by Bully Bottomley," the Rev. C. E. Wormell, of St. Paul's Church, Stratford, says that if people would give up reading JOHN BULL and turn to the seventh chapter of the Book of Joshua "the war would soon be at an end"; and he warns them against being misled by our "customary lack of knowledge and commonsense." You see, even a Worm-ell turn.

Catholic Fighting Priests.

It is pointed out to us by many readers that the reason for there being so many French Catholic priests in the trenches is that under the law of our Ally, ministers of religion are not exempt from military service. *Perhaps* later on it will be the same here.

Unconscious Humour.

Here is an extract from one of Mr. Herbert Samuel's recent election speeches: "I was a Liberal, and shall be a Liberal again when, after the war, Party politics revive; but to-day I have ceased to be a Liberal, and *am an Englishman.*" Now we know.

The Church and Recruiting.

We are indebted to a reader for the following extracts from Lecky's "History of European Morals":—

> *Patriotism* itself, as a duty, has never found any place in Christian ethics, and *strong theological feeling has usually been directly hostile to its growth.*

That may account for it.

Funny.

Did you notice that official statement that the despatches which Captain Stanley Wilson, M.P., was carrying when he was captured by the enemy were "of no importance"? Then why was he being sent with them?

The New Party.

Do not treat this matter too lightly. There is more in it than has yet met the eye.

Empire Soldiers.

So coloured troops *are* coming. You will hear, and see, more about it soon.

Everybody's Pleased with the "John Bull" Christmas Number.

On the Hospital Ship.

It is the crew of a hospital ship who, through their spokesman, ask us to say a few words on behalf of the nursing sisters on the boats that bring back the wounded from Egypt. It is a request that we have neither the heart nor the inclination to refuse. For these nurses, say the crew, are real heroines, and their pluck and determination are all the more wonderful when you remember that some of them have never before been aboard ship. Yet, come fair weather, come foul, they stick to their duty, still going deftly among the patients although the ship be rolling heavily. The night nurse is instanced, walking across the open deck from ward to ward when a storm is raging, risking life and limb in the pitch dark—because men are ill. The sailors cannot praise these angels of mercy enough—and they cannot understand why such ladies are doomed to "solitary confinement" in their scanty rest time. For they must not speak to a ship's officer or a sailor, nor even to a medical man or an orderly unless on a question of duties. Our correspondents regard this as a slur on the nurses as ladies, and on the sailors as gentlemen. But it is not that; it is only one of Mrs. Grundy's uncharitable notions—one that needs stifling.

Economy up Above.

It is not the slightest use Ministers and M.P.s dining with the rich and preaching at the poor. If they cannot practise economy themselves and see to it that it is practised in the business of Great Britain, Unlimited, of which they are directors, they may as well keep their breath tae blaw on their parritch. The waste in every department of State is appalling; this probably is the most expensively governed community in the world. Economy should begin at the top; in the pulpit where it is preached, not in the pew. And, with all respect, his Majesty might set an example by some substantial sacrifice on his Civil List; the Lord Chancellor and the whole bench of Judges might follow, with the members of the Ministry and members of the House of Commons bringing up the rear. Thereafter might fall in those immortal barnacles enjoying political pensions. As, also, the Church is doing nothing, it might sacrifice a little, starting with the Archbishops at £15,000 and £10,000 a year, and passing along the whole Episcopal Bench

A Germhun Sketchbook.

We have had the opportunity of seeing the sketch-book of a Germhun soldier, apparently an officer, now a prisoner of war. Rough as are the sketches done on the field of battle, they are obviously the work of an accomplished artist. The one which most riveted our attention represented a big helmeted Germhun soldier in the act of bayoneting a naked child upon the ground, the expression on the fiend's face indicating that he regarded his infamous act as rather an excellent joke. That any human creature should spend his spare moments amid the bloody carnage of war to draw a jocular picture of such a horror, is in itself an eloquent fact.

"Wanted, Skilled Munition Workers."

We are still wondering whether this is business or bunkum. Take another case. On October 10th, 1914, a mechanic of 14 years' experience left his wife and family and his job as foreman engineer to join the Royal Engineers as a sapper, expecting, as he says, to be in action by now on behalf of his country and its cause. After all this lapse of time he has been put on the reserves by the 102nd Field Co. because his firm asked for his return. The firm have made four applications, and the man is still at Newark—doing labourer's work. You can make your own comments. We are dumb.

All Ale!

There was a time when sound English ale, brewed from home-grown hops and malt, was the national drink. Every town had its official ale-taster, whose duty it was to see that the quality of the liquor was kept up to standard. Britain bred as buxom women and as lusty men in those days as she does at present. Her production of genius was greater in proportion to the population than it is to-day. Her position as a world Power was as secure and her progress more rapid than that of any other country under the sun. Queen Bess had a nice taste for ale, and under her sway England occupied a position so proud as to be the envy of the world. In those times the nerves of the people were not frayed by over-indulgence in tea, nor their stomachs surfeited by the starch and fats of cocoa. Pure malt-and-hop ale contained nothing deleterious, but constituted a wholesome, nourishing and heartening beverage. It was consumed at breakfast, dinner and supper; and those who occasionally over-indulged—as so many of our teetotal friends are guilty of doing with respect to the tea-pot—suffered no lasting injury, but a mere fuzziness, which was quickly worked off next morning. A return to the ale-drinking habit would retain millions of money in this country which at present finds its way to foreign lands in payment for tea, coffee, and cocoa. The beer-drinker has borne his share of unwarranted contumely and restriction. Now let the tea-tippler and the cocoa-carouser experience some of the disabilities he so far has escaped.

Munitions and Shut-Eye.

Here is an extract from a letter sent to his people in the Transvaal by a munition worker who left there and found employment in the naval department of a certain Midland ordnance works. "The men here reckon I rush my work," he says, "but you would be wild to see how *they* loaf about; they don't care if they start to-day or to-morrow, and the bosses never say a word. On the night shift they work until the Manager has been round; then they sleep until it is time to knock off. About twenty were caught last night and fined £3 each this morning." The South African reader who sends the extract to us says, "This is not the first report of the kind to reach us here from men who have gone home to try and do their bit at munitions. Cannot you do something to drive into the minds of these slackers the enormity of their offence in reducing the output of munitions?" Even Mr. Lloyd George has got headache and heartache preaching that sermon. Truth is, slackers will slack whatever you say or whatever you do, and that's "all there is to it." But they are only a small percentage. The great majority are doing their loyal, patriotic best.

Show Your Light.

One of the greater poets has versified for us the suggestion, made at an inquest on an old lady who was knocked down in the London darkness, that pedestrians should carry lights. Thus: "The charge against you," said the Magistrate, "Is that of walking at a furious rate; And further charged that you at night Have walked the streets without a light. Four miles an hour upon the public way Is dangerous speed; what do you say?" "Your honour, sir, oh, do not doubt," The prisoner said, "my lamp went out; But this policeman here will tell, At every step I rang my bell." "Sir," said Magistrate in accents gruff, "To ring your bell is not enough. Only last week a motor-car was hurt By an unlighted child who did a spurt; The chauffeur died, his goggles were destroyed, And those inside were much annoyed. Five shillings pay, for all you say is vain, And never walk without a light again."

A week till Christmas. Get "John Bull" Pens for Xmas Gifts.

The Guilt of Golf.

The British citizen bears so much and suffers in such silence nowadays that it will surely be difficult to shock him into sensibility with anything in the shape of news. Yet we feel that a Welsh pastor has achieved the well-nigh impossible, and that we must at length sit up and take notice of this voice crying in the wilderness of Wales. If you do not know, O brothers of ours, why the final victory has not yet been achieved, listen ye, and be enlightened. It is all the fault, though ye may be slow to believe, of the Llandudno Urban Council. This may sound incredible, but you are not to take it from us. It emanates from higher authority. The man who knows is the Rev. E. A. Morris, of Eglwysbach, and he, preaching at Horeb Wesleyan Chapel, said, "he felt we were as yet hardly ripe for victory, and we never would be while such a representative body as the Llandudno Urban Council allowed golf to be played on the Lord's Day." So now you know. Stow away your sticks on Sundays, desert the green, and tamper not with tee, or verily shall you be bunkered in the battle.

Pudsey's Pork.

Beermann, of Pudsey, is not really a beerman; he is a pork butcher. He has lived in Pudsey 42 years, but was born in Germany. He has three sons, British born, and not one of them has enlisted. When the canvassers called, a son named Albert was asked if he was prepared to enlist, and he replied: "No. You know our position here. My father is a German, and I do not think it natural to fight our cousins. Whatever our opinion is in regard to the war, we cannot go and fight our own blood." Albert and brother Charles also said, "if Conscription came, they would willingly join the Forces—not as combatants, however, but as cooks, or in connection with the Red Cross Society." It is refreshing to note how the gallant pork butchers intend to choose their own path. The father is apparently not naturalised, and "does not want to do anything which would prevent him being accorded a welcome by his relatives in Germany, if obliged by the authorities to leave this country." Does Pudsey still buy pork from these "patriots"?

Winning by Weaving.

The Dean of Worcester has a friend. The friend has a carpet factory. He used to employ a certain three skilled workers. The Dean looks on it as a misfortune that the three weavers "thought it their duty to enlist." He explained that "these weavers would have done far more towards winning the war if they had continued making carpets for America." If the Dean has not been wool-gathering, if we are to accept his conclusions as logical, then we must all sit down and make articles for export, and let the fighting part of war go hang! There is one enlightened remark of the Dean's that we may take to heart, for he says he is "all in favour of men enlisting when their places can be taken by women or older men." If the Dean means this, we invite him to enlist, and we undertake to find some other old woman capable of taking his place.

Another Bright Child.

The following is from the *Huddersfield Examiner*:—

> A SHARP SCHOLAR.
>
> At a school in this neighbourhood a speaker asked the scholars to memorise a prayer for the men on active service. In emphasising that it was a prayer, he asked: "What is it I am going to read you?" "JOHN BULL," was the reply of a sharp scholar, who had recognised that journal showing from the speaker's pocket. The answer was not the one expected.

The Gloves Off.

Sheffield, as represented by Sir William Clegg, Chairman of its Magisterial Bench, has put a ban on boxing for the duration of the war. In refusing to renew the licences for a boxing enclosure and a drill hall, Sir William said that "under the present conditions these contests are not desirable." Such an opinion is in direct opposition to that of the military authorities, who surely know what is "desirable" in these days, and who are encouraging boxing now as they never did before. If there is any one sport absolutely in harmony with the fighting spirit it is the sport of the gloves, but Sir William, spoil-sport and crank of high degree, will have none of it. He says the decision of the Magistrates is not a hasty one, and that to every matter coming before them they "give the best consideration of their limited intelligence." Open confession is good for the soul, but Sir William should not boast how limited is what he calls his intelligence. In the present instance it seems to be a non-existent factor.

Ghouls on the Make-haste.

Another war-time ghoul, in the form of a tradesman studying the lists of death so that he may insinuate his wares to the notice of the dead man's family, stands revealed in the firm of Matthias Robinson, Ltd., of Briggate and Kirkgate Corner, Leeds. These people do not scruple to circulate a typed communication, on black-edged notepaper, in the following terms: "Dear Sir or Madam,—Messrs. Matthias Robinson, Ltd., send their deepest condolences on hearing of your sad bereavement. At the same time, may we bring to your notice the many facilities we have for catering for mourning in all its various branches ——" and so on. This snivelling circular offers, in bad grammar, its "deepest condolences" to "Dear Sir or Madam." Condolences of that haphazard kind are too "deep"; they are a hideous mockery.

The Cleric in the Carriage.

Scene: A carriage on the railway from Cornwall. *Characters Present:* A Church of England clergyman; an Australian soldier. *Time:* Mid-day. *The Comedy:* Both passengers produce luncheon parcels. Soldier offers to share his, and parson accepts one hot Cornish pasty, the soldier eating the only other one. The clergyman opens his own lunch, and consumes the whole lot without a word. The soldier procures for his fellow-traveller a cup of tea and a newspaper. Feeling comfy, the parson pulls out a cigarette case, chooses a cigarette, and puts the case away again. He does this three times. The net result is: The soldier enjoys half a lunch. The clergyman enjoys one lunch and a half, *plus* three cigarettes. The Australian warrior asks us, Are all English parsons like that? We reply, We hope, and believe, not.

The Man Who Saw.

At last! To all Whom it May Concern. This is to Give Notice that we have received authority (specially sent by registered post, so that we should be sure to get it) to "use the name" of a soldier who has the pluck to write: "Regarding the Angels of Mons, I saw the vision and am not afraid to say so For the benifit of Christanity." The name of this seer, who is not afraid—perish the thought! he scorns the base imputation, and good luck to him!—is Private J. Easy—not related, so far as we are aware, to Mr. Midshipman of the same name. The present address of Private Easy is Brockton Camp, Stafford, and fervent believers who are on the side of the angels may like to communicate with him.

The Page of Pages—page ii of cover.

A Benefit Muddle.

An outstanding example of official idiocy is revealed by an inquiry addressed to our Legal Department, wherein a perplexed mother asks us if she is entitled to Maternity Benefit. She tells us her husband was "a postman at H—— on the outbreak of war; so was exempt from National Health Insurance. Being a Reserve man, he went out with the first batch. From the beginning he was stopped 1½d. a week for Insurance as a soldier." The baby was born in September last, and the mother continues her quaint story:—"I filled a paper in and sent it to the Army Pay Office, York. The first form got lost. I filled up another—and that got lost. I sent a third, and was then told that, my husband being a postman before the war, he was exempt from Insurance card, and if I had received the 30s. I was to return it! Of course I had not received it then—but it arrived two mornings later, and I sent it back. Last week they wrote again, saying they had received 30s., but could find no trace of the payment being made! Am I really entitled to it, as my husband has been paying for over 12 months?" We have advised the good lady that she is entitled to that 30s., and to see that she gets it. But, what a lovely muddle at the A.P.O., York!

The Shakespeare Scandal.

The scandal of a charge for admission to Stratford-on-Avon Parish Church has rebounded upon the heads of those who benefited by it. For years this inexcusable tax upon persons wishing to visit Shakespeare's church has been a comfortable source of revenue for the churchwardens. Having relied upon this illegitimate levy so long, the Parish Church authorities now find themselves in a quandary, for the receipts for admission to the edifice "this season" show a falling-off of £200. The absence of American tourists is claimed to be the cause of this alarming slump. And we have no doubt that it is so, to a very large extent. But it is all the more humiliating to find that the sacred shrine of our immortal poet has depended so long and so largely upon the sixpences of peripatetic Yankees. The deficit, it is said, will have to be met by an appeal to Churchmen and others. We have no objection to that; but we should very much like to know who, or what charity, will suffer should that appeal meet with no satisfactory response. Without this information, Churchmen and "others" may well be excused for hesitating to make up a shortage of American dollars "in these hard times."

A Colleague in Trouble.

William Kirk is a member of the journalistic profession. He sells newspapers at Darlaston, before 6.30 every morning. And he is a little chap, "about 12 years old," so we hear. It is therefore to be assumed that his voice, when he calls his papers, makes a thunderous noise, enough to raise the dead. Constable Beech made two special early morning trips to corner this cherub with the voice of Jove, and Inspector Cooper proudly boasted he has repeatedly warned the loud-voiced lad. Dr. Lowe "was present in Court to give evidence of the nuisance if required." So, with all that dread array against him, you may guess what chance there was for poor little Willy, who goes from Walsall to Darlaston in the dark, cold hours of early morn to earn some coppers by selling papers, and who sings out in his boyish treble to let his customers know he has arrived. The Darlaston Bench "cautioned the boy and his father." Kind of them, eh? But, stay—they also fined the boy 20s.—or fourteen days. The fine was monstrous, but the threat of gaol was outrageous. A child like that!

Fee-Snatchers.

Cowling, Limited, was the name of one of the bogus money-lending firms exposed by us because their main business seemed to consist of fee-snatching and the drawing of money for expenses and inquiries that were never made. Harold Todd Cowling and William Edmondson have just been put upon trial at Leeds "for conspiring to obtain a postal order for 7s. 6d. with intent to cheat and defraud." Cowling was the clerk, and Edmondson the principal, and the evidence adduced in Court told the same kind of story as that which has already appeared in these columns, showing how preliminary fees were charged although no loan was made. Both men were found guilty. Edmondson, who had been previously convicted on a similar charge, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment with hard labour, and Cowling was bound over. The case is one more warning against paying fees in advance.

A "Patriots' League."

Herbert Cole, who called himself a journalist, and ran a "Patriots' League" for his own benefit at Southsea, has, too, received part of his deserts, being sentenced at Portsmouth Police Court to three months' imprisonment. He also has to pay £25 towards the costs of the prosecution. We spoke, a few weeks back, about the shady nature of Cole's League, and our hint was quickly followed up by the police. The pamphlets and "poems," sold by the man's agents under the pretence of assisting war charities, were execrable things. He had printed over 300,000 of them at a cost of a penny a dozen, while he charged at least a penny each for them. Apparently no war fund had benefited from the sales, but Cole said that some "cigarettes had been sent to the hospitals." The case shows how necessary it is to examine the credentials of persons posing as public benefactors.

What the Soldier Said.

A gentleman tells us a War Office story that he got straight from the veracious lips of a soldier. The scene was a camp in Yorkshire—we censor the name *pro tem.*—and the original actor was a motor trolley. It got out of control and ran into a tent; result, about a score of tent-pegs were destroyed. The soldier suggested buying a score of new pegs, but the officer ruled that a report of the mishap must be sent to the War Office, with a request for a new supply of pegs. In the course of a few days a reply came, saying that loose pegs could not be sent, as they were only supplied with new tents, but a new tent would be sent, value £150, with the usual quantity of pegs. And the new tent and the pegs duly arrived, and the old tent was gravely returned. As will have been gathered from recent articles which we have published, in maratime matters, too, there has been little of that economy which we are continually urged to practise.

A Story of By-By.

Here is another story that we can tell without betraying confidence, if we disguise the localities where the action of the plot takes place. Somewhere in the area of the Eastern Counties a shrewd official was in charge of a big building devoted to wounded Colonials. He found that the beds were relics of the Crimean War, being mainly two planks and a straw mattress. He also found that the Huns in a certain large Internment Camp were dossing on the latest pattern iron beds, with wire springs and good mattresses. Being sympathetic as well as smart, he got into communication with somebody at the Home Office, secured the requisite authority—and changed the beds. The story shows that intelligence and good feeling do win through sometimes, and it leaves us glad for the sake of the Colonials, and not a bit sorry for the Huns.

For dark nights, light pleasure. "Bullets" the pastime.

The Chorus Girl.

Consider the sorrows of a chorus girl. Remember that she has to look nice, wear fine clothes and costumes, be bright and lively, and to sing and dance in the limelight. Then take these facts and figures of her "salary" while on tour with a company travelling a musical comedy known to fame. "Last week we had 15s. salaries, agreeing to work at —— on the chance of being paid full salary, which is girls 35s., and men £2, instead of which we all get £1. We are asked to work next week, on the chance of having full money." Poor girls! How lightheartedly, and with what high hopes, do they enter a profession which treats them so unkindly! And they note that one of their managers is advertising in a professional paper for more girls, for revue. Surely a theatre-manager, or touring manager, should carry out his running contracts before alluring other girls with engagements. Truly is the stage a stony-hearted step-mother.

The Cadger at the Door.

A sensible Welshman puts in a protest against the way he is pestered by cadgers who come to his door. As it is a shop door, and always open, his premises are convenient for beggars, but the plague is also felt by private householders. All sorts of pleas are advanced, but it is his money they want all the while, for missionaries, for concerts, and in support of sectarian religion. He is not mean, but he feels that charity just now should be extended first of all for the benefit of men fighting abroad or men wounded at home. As regards this form of first aid his conscience is easy, for he has subscribed to the extent of his purse and intends to continue to do so, but he revolts against indiscriminate cadging. "As I write," he says, "a child has just called for me to buy a twopenny ticket for a concert to pay off a chapel debt." He did not buy one, and we do not blame him, for his view is ours. The war first. The chapel debt can wait.

Taverner.

Taverner, the Pension Trust man, has the impudence of Beelzebub himself. Having sustained a severe fall in the matter of his old Society, he has been endeavouring to get all the disappointed members to transfer into some new and fantastic affair called the Middle Age Pension Friendly Society, which is held out as a "Registered Society, thereby placing the work under Government protection." The poor people receive forms to sign, by one of which they are asked to "authorise and instruct Mr. William Taverner" to "receive and hold" all moneys due to them from the Trust, and to give "receipts" in their name. The other form is an application to join the new Middle Age Pension enterprise. The evident desire is that the victims of the exploded "Trust" shall relinquish any rights they may possess, and also commence paying subscriptions once more to the wonderful Taverner. We hope nobody will be foolish enough to sign. Once bitten, twice shy.

The Enemy in Our Midst.

Charlton Mackrell, County of Somerset, objects to a German lady being brought over to the country from her own delightful land, planted in their midst, treated with high favour and much affection, and protected by special influence, both clerical and aristocratic. So a Parish Meeting has passed a resolution respectfully desiring the Home Secretary to remove her from the district, "as under the circumstances she is considered a possible danger to our King and Country." Charlton Mackrell has our complete sympathy in its affliction, but, somehow, we think the German woman is safer where she is. Should she be "removed," you see, she will probably get a confidential billet at the War Office!

Sweets on Sunday.

Notwithstanding that everyone, both high and low, is supposed to be using his utmost energies and abilities in the interest of the State, the Deputy Chief Constable of Ammanford, in the County of Carmarthen, can find nothing better to do than to put into operation the obsolete Lord's Day Act, to harass and annoy those carrying on useful and necessary work. It appears that, on February 14th last one Evans, a pumpman in a colliery, committed the atrocious crime of purchasing three-pennyworth of sweets from Eugenio Cresci, who keeps a refreshment house in the neighbourhood. This appears to have aroused the ire of the dyspeptic Deputy Chief Constable, who forthwith applied to the local magistrates for a summons charging Evans with being "unlawfully present, aiding and abetting Cresci unlawfully to do and exercise certain worldly labour, business, and work in his ordinary calling of a refreshment-house keeper, the same not being a work of necessity or charity." The Magistrates convicted the pumpman and fined him five shillings, and the High Court has upheld the decision. Whereupon the noble Deputy Chief Constable did, no doubt, rejoice much and pat himself gently on the chest and congratulate himself on his mighty victory and the great good which would naturally ensue—for, he cogitated, this will surely prevent the excessive eating of sweets on Sunday and the inevitable consequences of indigestion and sourness of temper of which I have so long been a victim, and it will no doubt be handed down to posterity that I, the great Deputy Chief Constable of Ammanford, in the County of Carmarthen, was responsible for the improved physique of the nation.

Wicked Britain.

A few months ago we were being told by a large assortment of pulpiteers that Britain was being strafed by Germhuny because the Lord wished to scourge us for our sins on Sundays. Now Sir Andrew Wingate arises at United Prayer in the Kingsway Hall to say that "one of the curses Germany has brought on us is that the war is used as an excuse for Sabbath breaking," a rather different tale. However, whether the curse was upon us before the war or whether his Satanic Majesty brought it on us with the war, it is just as well to know its character and dimensions. We see Park Lane being repaired on Sunday, laments Sir Andrew; recruiting posters put up on Sunday; buildings for which there is no necessity erected on Sunday; and newspapers crowding the streets on Sunday. Likewise, we sail our ships on Sunday, dispatch wagon loads of munitions on Sunday, and keep our end up in the trenches on Sunday. What is still worse is that some people take a walk on Sunday, and others sit in a chair and snore on Sunday. Be sure our sins will find us out.

"Daughters of the Deep Sea."

At the present moment we are not at all certain of the whereabouts of the Daughters of the Deep Sea; that is to say, they may be at the top of the deep sea or at the bottom. Assuming that they are still on dry land—to wit at Gorleston in Suffolk—as when last we had a word to say about them, we hereby jog their memories concerning the case of two young servant girls, from whom almost a year ago they obtained 15s. 6d. for goods and to whom they have not yet sent the things. There is a name for painful neglect of this sort which the Daughters of the Deep Sea will presently earn and receive if they are not careful. For the moment, our advice to them is to pay up and be no more forgetful. They are fishing in perilous waters.

£250 won this week in our Football Competition.

WHY I AM STILL AN OPTIMIST.

AWAY WITH PESSIMISM—A MURRAIN ON THE MUGWUMPS—KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING!

By The Editor.

Despite monotonous reports of "nothing doing" in the West, and notwithstanding the undoubted gravity of the Balkan situation, I am as optimistic as ever, incorrigibly cheerful, "fatuously" serene. I am not, like the boy in the churchyard, whistling to keep my spirits up. My trouble is to keep my enthusiasm down to the level of restraint prescribed by the god-like wisdom of the Press Censor. I know what I know—and I smile. And, in doing that, I am in excellent company. As Lord Kitchener left the Palace at Athens after a little chat with "dear Tino," he, too, was smiling—a fact which was instantly noted by the reporters, and flashed by wire, or wireless, to Paris and London—and, let us hope, to Berlin. From his sign, we need not draw hasty inferences as to the probable upshot of the Balkan negotiations. As I have said before, the war is not going to be won in the Balkan Peninsula. And, as I have likewise previously observed, Blow the Balkans! In the West, the force of the German campaign is finally spent; and the ball is at our feet. Upon the stubborn soil of Russia, events have proved that my rt. hon. and gallant friend, Mr. Lloyd George, was hopelessly wrong, and that Lord Kitchener, speaking with greater knowledge, was entirely right. In this direction, Germany *has* "shot her bolt." That leaves the position in the Dardanelles and the Balkans, and *that* is engaging the close attention of Lord Kitchener. And Lord Kitchener is smiling! So there you are!

But I want to say a word or two about another "theatre of war." You won't need to get a map to look for it; but, for the sake of accuracy, I may say that it lies slightly to the west of the mainland of Europe, and is bounded on all sides by the sea. It is called the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland—and, by the way, at last looks like justifying its name. A theatre of war? Undoubtedly, and perhaps the most important in the whole of this far-flung campaign.

The Real Base.

Ask Lord Kitchener, ask Lord Derby, ask Lord Murray of Elibank. Each of them will tell you that within these shores are being forged the weapons that shall presently bring about the final overthrow of the accursed Hun. In this home theatre at least three armies are at work. There is the army of soldiers in the making, the army of munition workers, and the army of commerce—sustaining the wonderful credit of Great Britain and enabling her to become not merely the arsenal but the banking-house of the Allies. Thanks to the invincible might of the British Fleet, our country has escaped the horrors of invasion, but it is none the less true that in her peaceful cities fierce war is being waged. The progress of this great conflict must be viewed entire, and it is impossible to detach the military operations in France, in the Dardanelles, in the Balkans or elsewhere, from their "base" in these islands. Not the finest strategy of our generals, or the utmost valour of their troops, could have neutralised the fatal effects of apathy or indifference at home. When all is said, the dynamic force of the British resistance, soon to be converted into a victorious advance, has been the spirit of the British people. We have sent our finest manhood to the fighting line, with the promise that in their absence we would "carry on," and, for the most part, we have loyally kept our word. Never was this "will to victory" stronger than to-day. Beside it, the German "will to power" is a puny and fleeting conceit. It is in the heart of Germany that this war will finally be lost. It is in the heart of Great Britain, beating in unison with her Allies, that it will at length have been won. Yes, the British people are all right, but—there's always a "but," isn't there?—we need not pretend that "*everything* in the garden is lovely." While I trust the people, I always mistrusted the politicians in regard to the war, and after sixteen months of it my misgivings have found ample warrant. It has all been muddle, mess and mismanagement.

The Government Not Sacrosanct.

It is all very well for Ministers to tell us that they mustn't be criticised, but it is essential that they should know the mind of the people. We are willing to pay the full price of victory, and have given the Coalition something very like a blank cheque upon our resources. Still, there are limits to our patience, and we are not going to be fooled For one thing, we ought not to allow the war to be used as a pretext for social innovations not clearly demanded by the exigencies of the military situation. In the matter of licensing restrictions, as I have said, interference with our normal liberties has already gone beyond the bounds of necessity. It is time to call a halt, and to send the kill-joys packing with a flea in their ears. We are *not* a nation of drunken wasters, and we will not consent to be treated as though we were. In this matter of domestic liberty we intend to keep the flag flying against the good time when the boys come home. We are not going to permit the Whittakers, and the Snowdens, and the Leif Joneses to cheat us out of freedoms which will have to be won back inch by inch when we have finished with the Huns. If they are mean enough to try the little game, we are cute enough to spoil their sport. While the flower of our race are fighting for all that Freedom means, we will not allow "merrie England" to be turned into a Quakers' meeting-house behind their backs. Oh, dear, no! It isn't coming off. There's a mighty disappointment in store for the Little Bethelites. There's a rough time coming for Messrs. Chadband, Stiggins and Co.; and even the political patronage of Mr. Lloyd George won't save their oily faces. They shall not be allowed artfully to capture by stealth the citadel which at every attempt they have failed to carry by direct assault. The latest batch of liquor regulations must go. I repeat that they are an outrageous insult to the nation. Moreover, such modified restrictions as remain must be for the period of the war only, and when peace is signed they must be cancelled by a stroke of the pen. Without delay, a pledge to this effect should be exacted from the Government. In regard to their suspended rules, trades unionists have already received an assurance of this kind, and there need be no difficulty in this matter.

Why do I harp upon these things? Because they are the chief stumbling blocks in the way of victory. We must keep up the spirit of the people. We must, above all things, avoid getting "nerves." We must not make fools of ourselves in the eyes of the enemy. That the Government has not the unanimous support of the nation in its present policy of pumpuritan coercion is evidenced by the result of the Cleveland election. The poll was indecently rushed; yet despite the official coalition of all the "Parties," the independent candidate after a two days' campaign polled nearly fifteen hundred votes. It was a remarkable result. And even Mr. Herbert Samuel admits that this is "a serious message to the Government." Let them take heed of it.

Let Us Be Joyful.

When the boys get back, worn and torn by war, but flushed with the pride of victory, we will drink their healths in bumpers of the best, and then, again, good luck to us all, prosperity to our Allies, health and happiness to all honest men, everywhere—and confusion to the kill-joys and a plague on their sneaking schemes! Meanwhile, let us keep the home fires burning. Tommy may soon be here. Whatever may happen as the result of Lord Derby's recruiting efforts, there must be no thought of Party contention. If—I make no prophecy—if a measure of compulsory service should become necessary, it must be loyally accepted as part of the price of victory. It will be a departure from our traditions, but as a means to triumph it should command universal assent. Let us hear no more of differences in the Cabinet upon the subject. This war must be won, and well won, and won soon; and from the Government the nation has a right to demand a clear lead. It is the first duty of a Coalition to coalesce, and, failing agreement upon important items of policy, to compromise and to act with smoothness and celerity. The first Asquith Cabinet failed not so much because it was a Liberal Cabinet, or even because it was a Peace Cabinet, but because it was a Party Cabinet, founded upon faction, cursed by its history, palsied by its antecedents. With a view to likely contingencies, we welcomed the fusion of the Front Benches, and the establishment of a National Ministry. Unhappily, the bacillus of Party is a germ that takes a lot of killing, but we are in no mood to endure the revival of an evil which the Coalition was meant to scotch. The nation demands leadership. Personal convictions, Party prejudices, political predilections, must yield to the common patriotic purpose of a proud and indomitable people. Already the dark night of peril is far spent. Across the eastern hills break the first faint streaks of the coming dawn. Let us greet it with a shout of joy in which no jarring note of discord can be heard. Away with gloom and pessimism. A murrain on the mugwumps Victory is coming, and the peace which follows triumph; and, in that day, the land shall ring with the glad laughter of men, and even the weeping women shall smile through their tears, for Heaven's greatest miracle will have been wrought afresh. The crown of thorns will have become a diadem of glory. Britain's greatest glory will have dawned.

Germany *Is* Whacked.

Too *much* of an optimist, am I? Don't believe it. I say, once more—Germany is whacked; whacked absolutely. And I repeat that she is on the verge of economic ruin, and of starvation. If you want actual proof, you have only to read the German Chancellor's speech, made the other day during that Peace debate. Didn't he tell us that Germany has plenty of food and money, and cotton and rubber and all the rest of it? Well, what better proof than that could you have that she has not? To get the truth from a German—and especially a German politician—all you have to do is to believe the exact opposite of what he says. That is a maxim to which there is no exception. Elsewhere I quote Bernhardi on the "idealism" of the German soldier, compared with the "mercenary spirit of the English troops." And here he is, also telling the deluded people that they may have "confidence in the final triumph of the German cause from the consciousness that, with the help of God, they are combating for freedom and justice against Powers who are fighting with the weapons of calumny and hypocrisy, in order to satisfy a base cupidity and a ferocious egotism utterly inaccessible to all nobler impulses." But even the German people cannot be fooled eternally.

The Ghost of Christmas Past.

When Christmas comes they will begin to think—to think of *last* Christmas, and of the two million men they have lost since then; and of what they have gained—Russian Poland! And they will remember the Kaiser's battle cries—"To Paris by (*last*) Christmas"—"Take Calais or die." And will remember that, a year ago, the Kaiser was to make a triumphal march into St. Petersburg; and that on Christmas Day, 1914, he was to dine at Buckingham Palace. They will remember that, after Calais had been captured, Dover was to be bombarded. They will remember that there was to be a submarine blockade of our ports. And they will remember many other things. And remembering, they will rise in anger.

And they will cry aloud for **vengeance—*on the Kaiser*.**

Yes, I am still an optimist.

THE RESURRECTION.

FIRST VICTORY, CRUSHING AND COMPLETE—THEN OUR HOUSE IN ORDER.

By A. G. Hales.

First the cross, then the resurrection. We are carrying our cross to-day, and this much must be said for us as a people—we are carrying it manfully and well; never in the history of the world has a nation gone more reluctantly into war than we did nearly seventeen months ago. There was no war party in this Empire; there was not a solitary man of eminence in our midst who wished for war. We plunged into the vortex of misery and slaughter with our eyes wide open, because the freedom of the world was threatened, and we were a part and parcel of the threatened universe. We could no more help fighting the Germanic Powers than we could help fighting a plague that threatened to overrun us. Our ideals and our material possessions were at stake; to have hung back would have been to be lost; we chose the better way; we fulfilled the great primal law of self-preservation, and history will adjudge us guiltless. Never since the birth of time has a nation at war carried itself with a finer sense of the majesty and righteousness of its cause than the British nation has done, and is doing. Thought harnessed itself to action in all our Dominions within the circle of the seven seas. There was no spot where our flag flew where the sons of the soil hung back; self-sacrifice has been the Empire's watchword; millions of peace-loving men have left their daily avocations and offered themselves, a willing sacrifice, on the altar of war—thus providing the greatest tribute to the general soundness of national life ever paid by any people in the records of time. Over four millions have been accepted for service; yet the great flood of negro volunteers has been, so far, passed over; the negroes have not proffered their services in units, but in tribes and nations. But our political rulers have decided to rely in the main upon white service; some of those rulers would prefer to rob us of our splendid heritage of free service, and shackle us with the hateful bonds of conscription so dear to the German heart, rather than abolish the fetish of "no negroes against whites." For my own part, I protest that until the full negro resources have been exhausted, conscription in any shape or form is an outrage and a travesty of justice. This burden is not the white man's burden only; it belongs equally to all—and the negro is willing.

The Fatuous Fighters.

We have in the heart of Government a few fatuous fighters, men who have not abandoned the kid-glove principle in war. They are willing enough to slip in the thin end of the conscript wedge, but they will not say to a neutral nation, "You must cease sending supplies over your borders to our principal enemy, or we will seize your ships and cargoes." These same gentlemen whimper about the amount of British gold going out of the country every day to purchase luxuries, but they do not say, as they could and should say, "*No more luxuries shall enter British ports* on any pretext whatsoever." They call themselves statesmen, yet they cannot think of a simple expedient like that to prevent our gold from dribbling away. They will be found willing to make a half-way-house peace with Germany, as soon as the Kaiser grovels. We must see to it that they do not get their way. We do not want to be compelled to keep up an Army 3,000,000 strong, and a Navy twice as expensive as the one we now have; we don't want the nation's back broken by taxation; we want this terrible war machine of humanity's foes wiped off the face of creation, and to that end we are willing to make gigantic sacrifices. We want and will be content with nothing less than a smashing, devastating victory

Setting Our House in Order.

We have got to set our house in order, that we may worthily fill the place to be allotted us in the coming era. *We want to get ready now.* Parliament must never again be filled with Party hacks, but by men of individual thought. Tory, Liberal, Labour, Radical Parties—all must perish. The old shibboleths and the old measures will not meet the new case. We want model schools, on Colonial lines, in every city and hamlet. And every male child of suitable age must be drilled for three hours daily; drill learnt in that manner is never forgotten. It will spell good physical health, and lay the foundation of national defence without inflicting hardship on anyone; it was that way the warriors of Anzac were made—the Colonial statesmen made them. Our house needs setting in order. Every pension needs cutting down to £500 per annum; thousands of bogus pensions need wiping out altogether. All royalties granted in the Dark Ages on land and water must be swept out of existence. Most of them were gained by vicious conduct or by fraud; they belong to the country, and must go back to the country. Parasites have lived on them too long. The liquor laws want revising; a Pure Drink Bill is one of the country's crying needs, but no lad or lass under the age of twenty-one should be permitted to purchase intoxicating liquors anywhere; whilst no unreasonable restriction should be placed on the man of mature years in regard to his drink, any more than upon his food. We want new control of our railways, so that foodstuffs grown in rural England cannot be kept out of British markets in favour of foreign-grown foodstuffs, and so give the British landowner and tenant a fighting chance. We want our fisheries protected by laws preventing the daily waste of myriads of tiny fish wrongfully called whitebait, which are not whitebait at all, but immature fish of all varieties; given this simple protection and reasonable railway freights, then fish will be a third of its present price on the market, and be within the reach of the poorest. The rules of our diplomatic service want burning; we ought to do away with the tricky school of diplomats completely; we want no more subterranean methods in our dealings with foreign Powers; that sort of thing may be clever—too clever by half; we must in future have nothing but plain, blunt, honest dealing, and everything, great or small, from a war or peace treaty to an agreement about cigars, must be laid on the table of the House of Commons *at the time*, and be published in the press. That world-wide, tricky diplomatic work common to all nations, has been the direct cause of ninety per cent. of the world's wars. Britain must wash her hands of it all. We may lose some trivial advantages; we shall gain the world's respect, and respect breeds peace. Foreign diplomacy is usually a phrase that covers lying, and is unworthy of a great Power. We have to set our house in order in the matter of religion, perhaps more than on any other question, for millions of young fellows who went away as thoughtless men are coming back stern, quiet, deep thinkers; they will demand something better than the skim-milk of feeble theology that was ladled out to them of old. But this subject needs an article to itself.

FAIR PLAY FOR THE AMATEUR.

A REPLY TO SIDNEY DARK'S RECENT ARTICLE.

By One of Them.

As an amateur I will endeavour to put my thoughts into words, and I must apologise if I don't succeed in placing a readable article before the readers of John Bull.

Mr. Horatio Bottomley, strictly speaking, is an amateur. Yet he has proved himself one of the greatest lawyers of modern times by beating men at their own game, including the brains (and wealth) of the Treasury.

The same argument applies to Dr. Addison. As an amateur his services seem more useful to the State than prescribing pills, lotions and mixtures in his professional capacity as a medico—the latter work might well be left to Professor Jelly, the Thruppenny Doctor.

The "elderly butcher, baker or candlestick maker" sometimes proves himself quite a common-sense honorary magistrate. Recently I have met a retired "Publican and Sinner," who all his life was agin' the police, now doing "his bit" as a loyal, patriotic and ideal special constable.

There are hundreds of more or less brainy professional gentlemen to be found in the pubs in Fleet Street and elsewhere who might do better in other jobs—*as amateurs*.

Clive and Warren Hastings were originally quill-drivers, yet opportunity placed them on the list of famous generals in history, and in later Indian history amateurs (civilians) gained more than one V.C. As an amateur our own Oliver Cromwell was a great success.

As an amateur his Lordship of Fulham Palace, a bachelor, deeply interested in the birth-rate, might be more usefully employed, at less than £10,000 a year, to instruct fond mothers with large families how to "raise" "some" kids, on 30 shillings a week.

Another Horatio won the famous battle of Trafalgar, with the aid of amateurs, for which the Press Gang was responsible. The hero of Koepenick (Herr Voight) reached top-hole as an amateur major in Kaiser Bill's Imperial Prussian Guards. As an amateur, Sherlock Holmes was a great success—as a doctor would he be more useful to the R.A.M.C.?

Why, even Jesus Christ had a dozen amateurs around him. Since then, professional Doctors of Divinity, with £15,000 a year downwards, have made a business of the simple faith once known as religion.

Why, then, "stick to your own job"? Especially as Mr. Dark observes that "none the less our duty is to determine not what we should like to do, but what we can do, and then go ahead and do it."

Opportunity a Grand Thing.

Opportunity is a grand thing and chance is another. If Mr. Dark's principle is carried out, I am afraid the modern press gang of Fleet Street will have their heads cut off, especially for trying to get the third Horatio the sack. Everyone acknowledges that Lord Kitchener is the right man in the right place, but how about that brilliant scholar and politician Mr. Balfour as head of the World's Navy—is not he only an amateur?

The following instances might be problematical if, as Mr. Dark advises, men should stick to their own jobs.

1. Would Sir John French now be commanding the Grand Fleet had he stuck to the Navy?

2. Would Lord Reading be where he is to-day, if he had stuck to a sea-faring life?

3. Would the Right Hon. John Burns, of Battersea, had he stuck to engineering, ever earned £5,000 a year?

4. Would you term the other Burns an amateur ploughman or an amateur poet?

5. Would Turner have ever reached fame had he stuck to the lather brush, instead of taking up the paint brush?

6. Would Harry Lauder have ever earned £1,700 a year as a coal miner had he stuck to his job? He earned that sum in a *week* at Glasgow recently.

7. Would Mr. Sidney Dark's old friend, Louis de Rougemont, have had a single line in any magazine had he stuck to his job as a waiter? As an amateur cannibal chief he was a phenomenal success.

The Vague Border-Line.

The question now before us is, where does amateurism end and professionalism begin?

No profession is more jealous of the amateur than the press—the efforts of the amateur, however sincere, are consigned to the waste-paper basket as "rubbish"—perhaps to encourage basket-making for the benefit of blind institutions. If you attempt to discuss one of Mr. Dark's headings—such as "Practical Patriotism"—that thirsty gentleman known as the press agent at the Press Club will assume a puzzled air and, putting on his most superior smile, innocently inquire whether it ran in last year's Eclipse Stakes, or next year's, or something of that sort; and if you persist by asking him whether "Practical Patriotism" implies the booming of Charlie Chaplin (which seems more important in this crisis than the booming of guns) our press agent or manager will no doubt retort by telling you (the amateur) to ask him what he will have, before a new Treating Order comes into force.

Most professional gentlemen run in groves and are apt to get narrow-minded, and the infusion of amateurism into the professional atmosphere of Fleet Street would inspire more confidence than at present—every other man you meet makes the same remark, *i.e.*, "You cannot believe what you read in the papers." The pen was always believed to have been mightier than the sword, but the combined power of the pens of the Press has not been able to stop strikes. Yet "the peril of the glib tongue," instead of a "peril," has proved even mightier—by enabling 250,000 miners to return to work without a shot being fired.

Does Mr. Dark suggest that a Baboo Chatterjee, B.A., a most loyal subject of the King-Emperor, is better qualified *by birth* to succeed Mr. Austen Chamberlain as Secretary of State for India?

On the same principle, what office would Mr. Dark suggest for Lord Milner?

After this, why should Mr. Dark complain that "the evil of democracy is more attracted by 'push and go' than by training and ability"?

Britain is, and *not* "*will be*," a really great country; and this is due to the push and go men *not* sticking to their own jobs. Mr. Dark's article, if I am not mistaken, can be crystallised and summed up in his own three words—viz., "The Taxpayer's Bit," or *without* the apostrophe and the *The*.

Given opportunity, the man with an average amount of intelligence can be easily adapted to many branches in the manufacture of munitions.

I have been doing "my bit" since the war began in an old-established munition factory, making 80 hours a week *night work*. Yet I am not a "skilled" labourer.

THE SHIRKER IN KHAKI.

THE "REFUSILIERS"—HOW TO DEAL WITH THEM.

By Mayard Maccregor.

Surely it is nothing short of monstrous that now, when compulsion is threatened, the only men who will with impunity be able to continue to shirk will be shielded by khaki from the contempt they so richly deserve. The position of the "Refusiliers"—as they have been wittily called—according to Mr. Tennant, "remains unaltered." What is this position? When war broke out the response of the Territorial Army to the appeal for volunteers for foreign service was magnificent, so magnificent that the number of "shirkers" was, in face of it, negligible. Shirkers, however, existed in most battalions, and they usually justified their shirking by excuses which, if they had sufficed to keep other men at home, would have resulted in the country now being under the foot of the Hun. Our desperate need of men was then, however, unforeseen, and home defence jobs were found for the men who did not offer themselves for foreign service. These "Refusiliers" were, of course, acting entirely within their legal rights; by their terms of enlistment they were not liable for service out of the country. Morally, of course, they were taking advantage of a quibble, for foreign service in 1914 *meant* Home Defence even more certainly than it means it to-day, since the safety of England depended on keeping back the Germans in France and Flanders in those early days.

A Mean Advantage.

However morally indefensible the action of the non-volunteering Territorials might be, it was not, however, a practical disadvantage at the beginning of the war, since it set free more Regular troops for service abroad; but, at the same time, it proved of immense financial advantage to themselves. To begin with, they received equal pay with their fellow officers and men in the trenches, and often, also, more speedy promotion; while in hundreds of cases adjutancies and staff appointments were the reward of those who took such precious care of their skins. To-day, however, things are entirely changed. There is a reservoir of supply of men for home defence who have returned from the Front unfit for foreign service, and who are yet quite capable of relieving some of the "Refusiliers" of their safe and lucrative jobs. As a matter of fact, men are being constantly sent back to the Front for the second or even third time after being wounded, and though they may pass a Medical Board, it is surely a scandal that any men, however strong their nerves, should be repeatedly subjected to such a strain, while others, wearing the same uniform and receiving the same reward, should be exempted from all hardships and all risks.

Warrior and "Refusilier."

Surely now that every eligible man is being not only challenged, but threatened, the shirker in khaki should be the first to be compelled to go. He is a sham and disgraces the uniform of heroes. Those men who sit by their firesides and openly refuse to go, are infinitely less contemptible than they who stalk about in khaki, who are saluted by men bearing the honourable scars of war, and whose shoes they are not worthy to black. The country has spent hundreds of thousands on the training of her Territorial Army, and that Army has fully, nay, beyond all possible expectation, justified that expenditure; but for the honour of the Territorial Forces, which now rank with the Regulars in the field, no man should be allowed at least to hold a commission who refuses the Foreign Service liability.

PITY THE POOR LIEUTENANT.

WHY NOT ALLOWANCES FOR OFFICERS AS WELL?

By One of Them.

It is common knowledge that the New Armies are being officered by young men of the middle class and of the class that knows not wealth in abundance. Of this body of men the majority are either married, or have dependents in some form or another to support. If a young officer is single and keeps his mess bills low he can scrape through. But if he is married or helps to support parents who can no longer work, it is impossible without help from outside sources. This is exactly the problem of hundreds of "temporary" officers holding rank below that of a field officer, and the misery and worry that follows cannot but be a very bad influence on the lives of many young married officers. Of course, one knew that personal sacrifices had to be made when one "chucked one's job and joined," but I make bold to say that the response would not have been so ready were it realised that one's dependents would suffer as a consequence. Take a case known to me personally: An officer, married, with a young wife, has also to help support his widowed mother, who has a fairly large family. His pay is two and a half guineas a week plus 4s. 3d. a day field and ration allowance. The latter sum is at once absorbed for "mess"—provided he neither smokes nor drinks; if he does either it requires at least, perhaps, another 1s. per day—thus, he has left his 7s. 6d. per day to maintain his wife, help support his mother and to support himself in camp.

The Burden of Patriotism.

He has the burden of two homes, more or less, and his mess bills, to say nothing of the innumerable little incidentals which the officer finds only too realistic. Now in addition to this he has to find money for the renewal of various portions of his equipment, subscriptions, out-of-pockets and wages of a servant—all necessary items. This is not one case in isolation; I make bold to say it obtains amongst 65 per cent. of the officers in the New Armies. Can anyone wonder that debts are contracted daily?

There are some instances on record where poor and impoverished officers are helped by the Officers' Families Fund to a small extent, thus enabling them to retain their commissions, but there are scores and scores of officers who shy and kick at their wives becoming recipients of charity, however nicely it may be proffered.

Simple Justice Wanted.

It is not too much to ask that married men or those with dependents, who have given up their civil sources of income, should receive some sort of allowance for their wives and families somewhat on the lines now given to the soldier married or with dependents. I may point out that an allowance for married officers is made in the case of our Colonial Forces, who, incidentally, draw a higher rate of pay than their brother officers in this country; and in my opinion there is no legitimate reason why the same state of affairs should not obtain to those of us who need assistance more and whose pay is less.

It is no exaggeration to say that a promising officer becomes one of the "muddle-throughs" if his mind is bent on worrying as to how he is to meet this, that or the other expense, and the efficiency of the Service is thereby impaired. On the other hand, if the Government made such an allowance—which could be easily regulated—the cost to the Treasury would be infinitesimal compared to the increased zeal and efficiency such assistance would make through removing a heavy anxiety.

Read Mr. Bottomley's appeals in "Everywoman's Weekly."

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES BY "THE BOW-WOW."

• THE BIRD O FREEDOM ON THE POUNCE •

The hyphenated Yanks receive
A Presidential slating,
Too late the prestige to retrieve
That Wilson lost by prating

• A NEAR THING •

The Derby race 'twixt V. and C.
Has proved a bit exciting,
But which has won the contest we
Can't say at time of writing.

• ARMLET, THE PRINTS THAT MEN MARK

The khaki armlets here and there
In driblets are appearing,
And soon the man with none to wear
Will be a butt for sneering

"IF YOU GIVE HALF I MAY GIVE A THIRD—
MARK YOU—MAY!"

"Give up one half!" McKenna cries
Unto the working classes:
Example they want, not advice,
Else they'll prove working asses.

• THE PAN-GERMANIC LEAGUE •

The Peace cranks, meeting in the dark,
Conspire, like Macbeth's witches,
To brew, in the Germanic pan,
A broth, foul as hell's ditches.

• MOULDY PENNY'S MASTERPIECE •

The statue of Von Tirps at Kiel,
That stagnant German gutter,
The Hunnish mind would best reveal
If it were made of butter.

TIPS AND TOGS.

WINNING GEE-GEES IN RETURN FOR OLD CLO'.

A quaint mixture of frank business and benevolence, of a kind, is supplied by a circular issued through the post by S. Moss, 82, Market Street, Manchester. "Dear Sir," Moss begins, "Having been asked for some left-off Clothing, Boots, etc., for ladies, gents or children, I take the liberty of asking you, being a client of mine, if you have any." Moss, you see, is not particular about the goods; any old thing will do—never mind the sex or size of the leaver-off. "I will be glad if you can send any to my office, and being the sole proprietor of the *Racer*, you can depend on me doing you some good when racing starts—hurdle or flat." We believe the "flat" in this instance is a reference to racing, and is not intended to apply to any sender of parcels. "I want you to be on my books," pleads Moss. "I have made many clients win several hundreds this year. . . . I want you to have a real good gamble." The man is absolutely anxious to make your fortune—but he wants your trousers first. "Hoping you will be kind enough to send Left-off Clothing to my office, carriage forward as they are for a good cause, I remain, Yours respectfully, S. Moss. (Proprietor of the *Racer*)."

We do not know whether to admire Moss's nerve or gasp at his impudence. Can the good cause be Charity? And does that charity begin at home—82, Market Street, Manchester?

WIDOWS AT WAR.

A FLAW IN THE DEFENCE OF THE REALM ACT.

In May, 1912, a St. Albans lady, Mrs. Ethel Duncan, a widow, rented a house from a Mrs. Sophia Cox, another widow, upon a three years' agreement. The premises were several times flooded on the occurrence of heavy rains, and in May, 1914, the tenant was compelled to seek more habitable quarters. The vacant house was then commandeered by the military authorities for the billeting of soldiers, with some further resulting damage to the decorations of the property. Mrs. Duncan ultimately obtained £11 as compensation, but, on the other hand, the rent paid by the military was less than the sum she was bound by agreement to pay to Mrs. Cox. The upshot was that, at the St. Albans County Court, the widow was sued for £8 arrears of rent and for £29 16s. "damages for breach of covenant to repair," judgment being given for the plaintiff upon both claims. From the evidence, there is little doubt that, apart from the flooding, the bulk of the damage was due to the military occupation. Despite the fact that her solicitor, after the delivery of judgment, stated that the landlady was "prepared to come to an arrangement with defendant," an offer of £11 down and the balance by instalments was subsequently refused, and had not a good friend found the necessary amount the poor woman's furniture would have been seized. The Courts (Emergency Powers Act) does not seem to be of much effect.

Real Christmas Cheer, the "John Bull" Christmas Number.

A PRETTY PRIEST.

PRECEPT AND PRACTICE AT HARBERTON.

In the pulpit, the Rev. W. G. Mallett, Vicar of Harberton (Devon), is doubtless a devout exponent of the Christian faith, but in the humdrum affairs of daily life—well, there's a difference. As the sequel shows. When, a few weeks ago, Frederick Baker, of Harberton, decided to join the Army, he had for nineteen years been employed as gardener at the Vicarage, having by diligent and sparsely rewarded service established a strong claim to generous consideration. In point of fact, however, he seems to have been most scurvily treated, his determination to enlist being apparently regarded by his reverend employer as a personal affront. There was a sharp interchange of views between master and man, culminating in the receipt by Baker of the following letter from the Vicar:—

> I am sorry to send you the enclosed notices. Your leaving is not of my seeking, but now you have given, rightly perhaps, your services elsewhere, all I can do is to make fresh arrangements for myself and wish you every blessing.

In this hypocritical fashion, Baker, although not yet called up for military service, was given notice to terminate his employment at the Vicarage, while at the same time it was intimated that his wife would no longer be allowed to occupy the cottage rented by her husband from the Vicar. The good woman was given no adequate opportunity of looking round for other accommodation, or of saving her garden crops. With indecent haste the Vicar proceeded to extremities, and before long the first fruits of her husband's patriotism reached Mrs. Baker in the shape of a sharp letter from a firm of lawyers at Totnes, instructed by the Rev. W. G. Mallett. The woman was now threatened that, should she fail to quit her home as required by the Vicar, ejectment proceedings would be taken. A few days later this menace was renewed. Having once thrown his pulpit principles to the winds, the reverend gentleman was evidently in no mood to proceed by halves. In the circumstances, it is perhaps a matter for regret that he was given no opportunity of executing his threats, the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association having in the meantime intervened, with the result that some sort of temporary compromise was reached. Ultimately, Mrs. Baker found another cottage, but not until she had suffered much inconvenience and some injury to her health from tramping in bad weather in search of fresh quarters, and working in the garden to save some portion of her stock.

Not an "Unmixed Blessing."

So much for the Vicar's "blessings" upon the wife of a man who, according to a recent issue of the Harberton Parish Magazine, "had been 19 years at the Vicarage and had been a good servant." How a bad one would have been treated we can only guess. In fairness to the Vicar, we are free to admit that there had lately been some friction in his relations with his gardener, but no part of the blame for this state of affairs can justly be laid to the account of Baker. As the Vicar admits, he "had been a good servant," but it is clear from the man's wages book that for some years past his slender weekly earnings—seventeen shillings a week—had been most irregularly paid. We are able to go back over a lengthy period, and we find, for example, that on September 26th, 1908, the wages of the gardener were no less than £11 12s. in arrears. Coming to more recent dates, we find that on April 9th, 1912, a payment of £7 14s. was required to square the account. We have no wish to labour these facts, which we mention merely to emphasise the wrong done by the Vicar to a servant whose "goodness" had upon occasion been sorely tried. For the rest, we are content to leave the matter to the judgment of the public, and especially of the parishioners of Harberton, who should do their best to suppress a smile when precepts of Christian charity fall from the chaste lips of their parish priest. In country districts the influence of the "pastors and masters" is all-important, and we are afraid that the treatment meted out to Mr. and Mrs. Baker has not had the effect of rallying many of the local members of the working classes to the Colours.

ROTTING RECRUITING.

A WAY THEY HAVE IN THE—ARMY.

How is it that at many recruiting stations men are kept for hours awaiting their turn to enlist and are then told to "come again to-morrow"? Hundreds resent this treatment. Recently one of our readers went to a recruiting depot at Herne Bay. There he was put through the usual medical examination, passed, sworn in, and told he was now a soldier of the Fourth Buffs, with pay at 2s. 9d. a day until he reported himself at Headquarters a week later. Duly presenting himself at Headquarters, he was taken with other recruits to the Medical Officer for another examination and other tests, which, so he was informed, he satisfactorily passed. The officer in charge at the same time said he was transferred to the A.S.C., and giving him a paper bearing the words "Recruit for A.S.C." he instructed the man to return to Herne Bay and hand the paper to the Recruiting Officer there. Following these instructions, he presented himself at Herne Bay depot the following morning. The Recruiting Officer read the paper, but said he did not understand it, and the best thing the man could do was to look out for work. "What about my 2s. 9d. a day?" inquired the man. "I don't know anything about that," was the reply; "you'll have to wait." The man is still waiting. He cannot make out whether he is a soldier or a civilian, in the Fourth Buffs, or the Army Service Corps, or the 16th Light Armoured Elephants; whether, in fact, he has deserted or got lost, or has been misplaced, or is wandering abroad without any visible means of subsistence, and, consequently, whether he is to await an escort, hang about the streets till he is inquired for by the bellman, or lay his weary head against a haystack until he is arrested by the policeman on the beat. In this dilemma he asks us what he shall do. It is a difficult problem.

IN DARKEST LONDON.

A FREAK SENTENCE AT WESTMINSTER.

In some few instances, it is doubtless necessary that stringent penalties should be imposed for breaches of the lighting regulations, but if such severity is to have a salutary effect there must be a measure of consistency and justice in its application. Unlike a celebrated schoolmaster, Mr. C. K. Francis, the Westminster Magistrate, seems to be not even "a just beast," and in the case of Herbert Robinson, a Kennington shopkeeper, recently charged with a lighting offence, the limit of magisterial wrongheadedness would seem to have been approached. On the unsupported testimony of a police officer, Robinson was mulcted in a penalty of £20, and in the first instance committed to the cells in default of the immediate payment of this excessive fine. At this point our attention having been called to the case, we thought it time to intervene, and at our instigation Mr. Francis was waited upon by counsel and invited to vary the wanton penalty. It was pointed out that the defendant had been at considerable pains to comply with the regulations, having gone to the length of purchasing special lamps, approved by the police, for the reduction of shop-lighting. Together with this information an apology was offered on behalf of the defendant, and a pledge that even greater caution should in future be exercised. Upon other grounds it was shown that the accused was a man of modest means, with an invalid wife to support, the fine of £20 being in these circumstances a crushing penalty. To none of these pleas, however, would the Court lend a sympathetic ear. The original penalty was affirmed, although, at the repeated request of counsel, Mr. Francis did so far relent as to allow the defendant a fortnight in which to collect the money. Among all the incidents of hardship to which the lighting regulations have given rise it would be hard to find a more flagrant case. The episode lends renewed force to our repeated demand for the retirement of the Westminster Magistrate from the Bench he no longer adorns. Upon the order of his going he has already stood far too long.

The Christmas present to please everyone. the "John Bull" Pen.

CANDID COUNCILLORS.

QUAINT CORRESPONDENCE AND A SUGGESTED REMEDY.

The sweet village of Wealdstone nestles under the Hill of Harrow, yet its residents are not wise enough, for they neglect their opportunities of learning. Else, surely, public life in the hamlet would not be enlivened—and electrified—by such correspondence as has passed between the Chairman of its Council and one of the worthy Councillors. The Chairman (Mr. J. H. Searcy) it was who led off. "Dear Sir," he wrote to Mr. Councillor Meikle, "I have been requested by the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee to arrange the canvass in this district, and I have great pleasure in inviting your assistance to carry out this work . . . Can I count upon your acceptance of this invitation by return?" Quite a nice, courteous letter—and signed, "yours faithfully." Words, empty words! We shall see, soon, how "faithful" the writer was.

But we must first indicate the nature of Mr. Meikle's reply. It was frank, and to the point. "Dear Sir," said Mr. Meikle, "My reply to your circular letter is a most emphatic 'No.' Until you publicly state your reason for not soldiering yourself, the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee will get no assistance from me. . . . You have no right, legally or morally, to ask any young man to enlist until you . . give a sufficient reason for not serving your country. . . I have, as you know, lost my son-in-law in the war . . . and I have now a son serving in the Royal Field Artilllery. Under the circumstances, do you think I have got any patience with men like yourself who should have enlisted long ago and ended this cursed war? The moment you enlist, I will devote all my energy to recruiting in Wealdstone." And Mr. Meikle also signed himself, "Yours faithfully."

Perhaps the Chairman, Mr. Searcy, did not believe him, or thought that "faithfulness" was a sarcastic rejoinder to his own. Anyway, this is what Mr. Searcy wrote, in reply:—"Dear Sir,—Your screed of 27th inst. to hand. Go to H——."

And there, we are afraid, we must leave both gentlemen, if only for the printer's sake. We have made inquiry, but are unable to state whether Mr. Meikle intends to take the journey indicated by his "faithful" Chairman. At the time of going to press, we understand Mr. Meikle is still in Wealdstone.

A FAIR OFFER FAIRLY OFF.

BUSINESS MAN'S UNBUSINESSLIKE STYLE.

Mr. Santley W. Beardshaw, Estate Agent and Builder, Middleton Road, Bowes Park, N., should alter his way with possible customers if he desires business to result. He advertised that he had for sale some "Test Your Skill Slot Machines," at 7s. 6d. each. A reader who asked for particulars, received a post-card from Mr. Beardshaw. That gentleman said he had taken 30 of the machines "for rent," and still had some on hand at the price mentioned. And he wrote, "I am agreeable to forward on appro. upon the amount being deposited, you of course paying carriage both ways."

Our reader closed with this offer and sent a money order for three machines on approval. To his amazement Mr. Beardshaw wrote quickly in reply, and returned the money order, saying, "By an oversight my clerk said I would forward on approval, which I should not entertain at the price the machines are offered. . . . It is hardly reasonable to think I am going to set to work to pack up . . . for the sake of 7s. 6d. each on approval. My time is a little too valuable for this sort of thing." Other people's time is also of value, and Mr. Beardshaw wastes it by repudiating his own definite offer. The post-card and the letter are both signed by himself, so that he certainly subscribed to any "mistake" made by his clerk. His disinclination to pack and forward the machines suggests that he did not expect his customer to approve them, and that he felt certain to receive them back again. If the goods were an excellent bargain, as represented, the money was safe in his hands. But he drew back from his own proposal, and business did not accrue. We are not surprised.

THE HUN AT HIS HIGHEST.

FIENDISH CRUELTY PRACTISED ON BRITISH PRISONERS.

A Somersetshire newspaper prints a long letter, written to his mother by an English prisoner of war, confined at Schneidmuhl Camp, Germany. His plain, unvarnished tale sheds terrible light on the sufferings of our men, and a few excerpts will serve to show, once more, the fiendishness—never to be forgotten—of the "gentle German" when he stands revealed in his natural state as the "horrible Hun." Listen to these things told by this soldier boy of ours: "We are not treated as human beings, but worse than the beasts of the field. . . . The majority of the English get no bread, so, of course, we waited to see if they would give us something else. Two German sentries started swinging their rifles about and, of course, we 'dismissed,' but one poor fellow was felled to the ground. . . . They picked the same chap out again, and, placing him across a barrel, four Germans flogged him with sticks, two and a half inches square, causing him to be taken to hospital (as they call it), where he passed away. Out of the few of us taken prisoner twenty-six have died here. In the winter, and especially the wet weather, they made us take our clothes off and also our bedding (one blanket and a mattress) and place them in the snow and rain." After describing the shameful "food" rations, the young soldier tells of typhus and how they were left in hospital, "as they call it," with only Russians to look after them, "alive with vermin, and the water running through the roof on to our bed. . . . Our boots were taken away from us and given to the Russians to go to work for them (the Germans), and all we have to wear now are slippers, which we get the Russians to make for us for ten pfennigs, value 1d., which we sell our soup for. . . . One day, when we were formed up for dinner, a German officer made a rush at the English, halloed 'English Swine!' and hit us with his sword. He stuck it into one fellow's hip, and it turned to blood-poisoning, from which he never recovered."

Such is part of the dreadful story revealed by a prisoner of war in a so-called civilised land, the self-styled home of Kultur. We have printed the poor fellow's words because they must be remembered in the days soon to come, when Germany's offences are brought home to her to be expiated. Let them form one count in the indictment when outraged humanity demands that justice shall be done.

£1,000 FOR A MUNITION WORKER.

WHAT THE WINNER OF THE 164TH "BULLETS" WILL DO.

"I can only say 'Thank you,'" writes Mr. Arthur S. Waller, of 76, Soho Street, Smethwick, Birmingham, the winner of the £1,000 in our 164th "Bullets" Competition. He, however, gives us the information that he is a turner and borer in the employ of Messrs. Muntz's Metal Company, one of the largest munition works in Smethwick. His parents reside at Scarborough, but he left home at 14 to fight for himself. After being in the service of one or two large London firms, he went to Birmingham, where he has been for nearly five years. He is now 27, and unmarried, but "of course there is the usual romance." "You will wonder," he says, "what I am going to do with such a magnificent sum. I really can't tell you. My father is a fisherman and pleasure-boat owner, but owing to the war my people have done practically nothing for the last two seasons. The first thing I shall do will be to send them a bit to tide them over the hard winter. The remainder shall stay in the bank. I can assure you it will not be wasted, as I am practically a teetotaler, and have no expensive tastes for motors and such. I suppose I shall put some into the War Loan, but not until after Christmas. I can scarcely realise my good fortune. I have had some frightful luck this last six years, having lost what little savings I had in a venture. I had been a competitor for over three years, and my advice to all is 'carry on.' I have won few prizes, the largest being 5s." We are glad that Mr. Waller intends to make such good use of his little fortune, and sincerely hope that it may form the nucleus of a prosperous career.

You are covered by page ii of cover.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

[*This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.*]

To the Right Hon. H. H. Asquith, M.P.

DEAR PREMIER,—In reply to a Parliamentary question you have stated that, according to present arrangements, licensed victuallers are to receive no compensation in respect of their losses through the special war regulations which the Government has seen fit to impose upon the trade. From the standpoint of equity your decision is to be regretted, and it can hardly be accepted as the last word on the subject. If, as you would have us believe, the regulations have been "based on national necessity," it is only fair that the immense loss occasioned to individuals should be regarded as a national liability. The suspicion that the primary object of recent restrictions was to injure a legitimate industry is one which you should be at pains to remove.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, Director-General of Recruiting.

MY LORD,—Whatever the final result of your great recruiting effort, it will be universally agreed that you have at least deserved success, and your sterling service to the nation will not soon be forgotten. An avowed believer in compulsory military service, you have yet done your level best to save the voluntary system, thus leaving the opponents of conscription no handle for reproach. In the discharge of public duty you have displayed high personal qualities which, I hope, may find further employment in the service of the State.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, P.C., M.P.

DEAR POSTMASTER,—What do you think of the result of the Cleveland Election? Rather unfortunate, wasn't it, that you should have declared in your opening address that if Mr. Knight polled more than a few hundred votes, it would be a most serious message to the Government? Now that he has polled nearly 1,500, you might let me know what that message is. Everyone is asking me. JOHN BULL.

To the Hon. Mr. Justice Horridge.

M' LUD,—"It is really too bad," you say, the subject of your complaint being the poverty of the assistance rendered to "poor persons" under the Rules of the High Court. The matter is one which has more than once engaged my attention, and I trust your strongly-worded protest may have a salutary effect. "These cases," you say, "must be got up as well as if people were paid for doing them, or else they must not take them on." A nasty rub that for the profession, but the situation is one demanding plain speech, and I am glad that for once in a way the Bench has found courage to deal faithfully with the Bar. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. A. Rutty, Rector of Lyminge.

REVEREND AND TIMID SIR.—I regret you should feel hurt and distressed because soldiers are to be billeted, for the second time, in your beautiful village; but, while sorry your feelings should be lacerated, I fail to appreciate your objections to the visit of these gentlemen. You stated those objections at one of your Sunday services, and they are three in number: "The soldiers disturbed the village; increased the sanitary difficulties; and also made the village a mark for Zeppelins, which would be far more numerous next year." Now I quite believe that Mr. Atkins will liven up your village, but that should be a matter for gratitude, not for complaint. So your first objection goes by the board. As regards number two, I decline to poke my nose into your sanitary arrangements; I am sure your Parish Council is quite competent to deal with them. As for your village being "a mark for Zeppelins," is not that a rather cowardly argument? Have you ever heard of a village called London, where there are, also, some soldiers? Shall London turn the Tommies out in the hope that Count Zeppelin will cease to *strafe* us? Do pull yourself together! JOHN BULL.

To Sir Forrest Fulton, K.C., Recorder of London.

MY LORD,—In view of your leniency and kindly counsel to other than hardened offenders, I must say that your reported address to the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey somewhat surprised me. Referring to the eleven bigamy cases then for trial, you said you "imagined" they arose directly or indirectly out of the war; that "soldiers desirous of obtaining Government allowances for certain women had married them, although they had wives living"; and that, while you did not know whether this state of things applied to all the cases in the Calendar, it represented "the evidence found in most of the cases which came before them in connection with bigamy, which had greatly increased since the outbreak of the war." Here your Lordship has said either too little or too much; even if you are correct in your statements of the facts, they only emphasise the glaring need for that Divorce Reform of which Ministers, despite the evidence and conclusions of the recent Royal Commission, fight so legislatively shy. I was, I think, among the first at the outbreak of the war to urge the Government to deal fairly and squarely with the unmarried wives" of soldiers, and pay no heed whatever to the hysterical protestations of the Rev. Mr. Stiggins and his friend Mrs. Grundy against an act of policy and measure of gratitude. But it was, nevertheless, a foregone conclusion in my mind that there would arise through the iniquitous operation of the present marriage laws a great many temptations, and even provocations, to bigamous intercourse There were then, as there are now, a large number of separated husbands and wives who have contracted irregular unions, living happily in decent surroundings and entering into social relations with people who do not know they are unmarried. A soldier in this position not only "gives himself away," but also the woman he loves, by putting her on the unmarried list for allowance, so he may be tempted to become a bigamist not necessarily from the sordid motive you suggest, my Lord, but from the higher motive of protecting the good name of the woman, and perhaps the children who are all in all to him. Between seven and eight thousand wives and husbands are parted every year under magisterial separation orders without right to re-marry—a condition of things scandalously provocative of a much larger proportion of bigamous relationships among the community than the statistics in fact disclose. JOHN BULL.

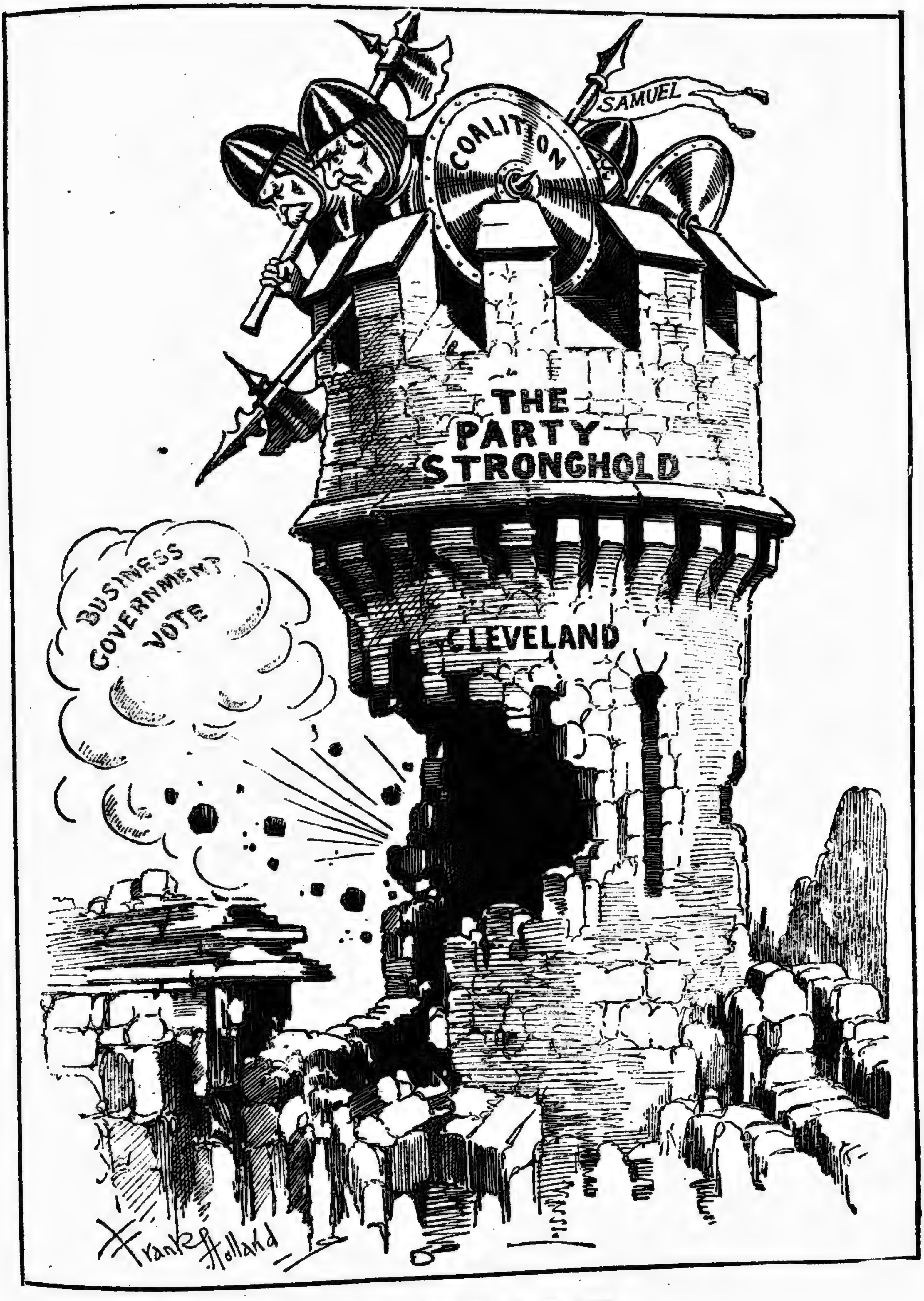
P.S.—In any event, whatever your precept, your practice is irreproachable—as was shown in the case of the Australian soldier, a self-confessed bigamist, whom the other day you sent to rejoin his regiment.

To the Rev. T. H. Perkins, Rector-Designate of Shadforth, Durham.

REV. FRIEND,—Let me congratulate you on the pious fervour of your sentiments towards the Kaiser; I refer, of course, to your preachment in Consett Parish Church to the effect that when Great Britain emerged victorious from the battle smoke the One and All Highest would not be captured to be set free again, but that "he would fall into the hands of our Allies and be deservedly punished for his misdeeds." This is in consonance with my appreciation of the amenities. I have already expressed my suspicion that if his Infernal Majesty falls into our hands Parliament will probably offer him for his future lodging one of the royal houses, decorate him with the Order of the Golden Golliwog, and grant to him a pension of £50,000 a year—instead of hanging him by the neck until he be dead, from the highest available tree or the nearest available masthead. So frightful a monster is unfit to live in a civilisation of freedom, justice, and humanity; yet when he falls our way we shall have half the Government of the day slobbering over him in pity and the other half making frantic efforts to prove that, when Mr. Asquith said the responsible Germhun authors of the war atrocities would be held personally accountable for their acts, he was uttering a mere rhetorical vacuity, in any case inapplicable to so illustrious a butcher. If events prove me to be in the wrong, pray remind me of my prophecy and I will humbly apologise to the Government of the day in an attitude of prostrate penitence and humility. JOHN BULL.

To spend a pleasant evening take home "John Bull's" Christmas Number.

STORMING THE CITADEL.



THE CANNONADE BEGINS.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS.

WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS MAN'S FALL?

The tale of a grocery clerk was told the other day in the grim, sordid environment of a London Police Court. For 20 years he had been a good servant at the Army and Navy Stores; so said the Stores' Superintendent. His father before him had been in the same employ, with a similar record, and was now a pensioner of the Society. The Stores were paying the younger man in these hard days the princely wage of 25s. weekly, "supplemented just now," said one witness, "by about 5s. for overtime." Having some knowledge of the ways of big department stores, we wager that the overtime money, when paid, was well earned. Anyhow, the Clerk of the Police Court was rather surprised when the salary was divulged. He asked, "Nothing extra in the way of war bonus, or to cover the high price of food?" And the answer was "No."

The poor grocery clerk fell, at last, after 20 years' battling to be honest. It was food that he fell for. He did not take money—not one penny. He was found with three pounds of bacon in his pocket. He had taken it for his wife and three children; his wages, he said, in these times were hardly sufficient to provide bread and butter for them. He was terribly moved to find himself in trouble through yielding to a sudden temptation. "My wife does not know anything about it yet," he pleaded. "I was too broken-hearted to tell her this morning."

Mr. Horace Smith, the Magistrate, was, thank God, merciful. He said it was a sad thing to see a man like defendant forfeit a life character. He bound him over in £10. We agree that it was "a sad thing." But we do not think all the blame attaches to that poor fellow from the grocery department. Some of it clings to the Managers and the Directors, who can be niggards enough to treat long years of faithful service as unworthy of a bare living wage. There are shareholders in the Society, too, who share also in the sin—ladies and gentlemen, clergymen and officers. Each of them is—all of them are—responsible for the error of the man who, decently treated, would have served them with honour to the end of his life. Instead, through their fault, he is that Ishmael in London—a man without a character.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published in this column. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Yorkshire Post" (advertisement):—

"Required immediately, NURSE, to help with three children (service); accustomed to books and correspondence, to act as JOINT SECRETARY of the Skipton Parliamentary Recruiting Committee. Apply ———."

"The People":—

"Mr. McKenna said that there were a number of useful questions to facilitate saving by wage earners, and he would bring these before the committee which was going to INVESTIGATE THE HONEYMOON to be spent at Wilsford Manor, Salisbury."

"Glasgow Herald" (advertisement):—

"Housekeeper.—Farmer's daughter would suit 1 or 2 PLAIN GENTLEMEN."

"Northern Constitution":—

"Among the most attractive articles displayed will be found leather goods and articles of Japanese origin, Irish hand-embroidered handkerchiefs, bedspreads, sideboard and tray cloths, and MANY OTHER ARTICLES WHICH WOULD BE APPRECIATED BY SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES."

"Daily Express" (advertisement):—

"Advertiser, ILLEGIBLE, wants situation any capacity."

"Evening Times and Echo" (Bristol):—

"The Belgian . . . nodded, LIKE A DEAD MAN MIGHT NOD."

"The Bazaar" (advertisement):—

"Trousers, FIT 38 IN. CHEST, 5s."

"Birmingham Daily Mail" (advertisement):—

"Bedroom (Unfurnished) wanted . . . also STORAGE FOR LADY."

CONCOCTED CONVERSATIONS.

Some Peace Cranks.

Mr. Ponsonby: Getting a bit thick, isn't it? Where the deuce can we meet next?

Mr. Trevelyan: 'Sh! Moderate your language, Pon., for goodness' sake.

Mr. Ponsonby: Moderate my language be damned! It's enough to make a saint swear. I have an idea we are beginning to look pretty fools in the eyes of the public. It was bad enough to have our meeting at the Memorial Hall messed up. But these repeated refusals to let us hire halls, this increasing pressure upon us to cancel our engagements to speak, and the sickening sarcasm of potty little Tennant in the House, are the limit. Hell's bells! But I'm beginning to discover that a pacifist's lot is not a happy one.

Mr. Trevelyan: Look here, Pon., your language is simply outrageous. Why don't you reprove him, Snowden?

Mr. Snowden: I'm too much in sympathy with him to reprove him. I'm rather surprised that you, too, are not, remembering the neat way Tennant scored off you on that "Teutonic accent" point.

Mr. Trevelyan: Don't remind me. Don't goad me. Else I may inquire why you are remaining so comparatively quiet in the House just now.

Mr. Snowden: Discretion.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald: In other words, *cherchez la femme*. Your missus has made things awkward for you, old chap. What do you let her go gadding about in the United States for?

Mr. Snowden: *Let* her! Did you say "*Let* her"? You don't know my wife, old chap, although you have met her, else you would not ask such a silly question.

Mr. R. Macdonald: I always thought her a bold politician, but it's a pity she's been so bold as to get mixed up with Newbold. That was a nasty little exposure for you the other day. I felt quite sorry for you.

Mr. Snowden: Ah, you naturally would feel sympathy where exposures are concerned. Your own——

Mr. Morel (Deville): Naughty! Naughty! No squabbling, there's good boys. We shall not make headway if we quarrel amongst ourselves. I remember my dear and honoured friend, Sir Roger Casement——

Mr. Trevelyan: Excuse me, old chap, but I don't think you had better bring up that man's name. For, when all's said and done, he *is* a traitor, you know.

Mr. Morel: Well, when all's said and done, what are *you*, what am *I*, what are we *all* but traitors. Let us be honest—at *least*, amongst ourselves.

Mr. Ponsonby: That's all very well for you, Morel, or Deville, or whatever the Devil your name is. But *we* have a few rags of reputation left to cherish. We are members of Parliament, you know, amenable to our constituents. Ha, ha!

Mr. Trevelyan: Ha, ha! That's rich!

Mr. R. Macdonald: Hur! I don't see anything to laugh at. You know what's going to happen to us at the next General Election, don't you?

Mr. Ponsonby: Don't croak, Ramsay. Don't meet trouble half way.

Mr. Morel: Ramsay's right. You know all your numbers are up. Nothing you say or do now can save you. There's not a constituency in the country that will ever return one of you again to Parliament. Look what happened at Merthyr. And Winstone had never gone to anything like the lengths *you* have. The mere fact of your supporting him killed his chances. What, then, will be the result when you offer yourselves for re-election?

Mr. Trevelyan: Look here, Morel, what are you doing—trying to make our flesh creep?

Mr. Morel: No.; I am merely pointing out that it is ridiculous for you to stick at anything now.

Mr. Trevelyan: All very well for *you*. You've got nothing to lose.

Mr. Morel: Neither have you—*now*. But if you will stick to me, I have influential friends in—ahem! on the Continent, who will see that you never want.

Put a "John Bull" Pen in each Christmas Stocking

Remember

it takes a joint of beef to make a bottle of BOVRIL.

Therefore Bovril is very economical now beef is so dear.

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

EXCELDA

HANDKERCHIEFS

for SOLDIERS, SAILORS & CIVILIANS

A genuine, durable, and satisfactory article, soft and ready for use.

UNION JACK and KHAKI styles, as well as many other attractive designs.

Sold everywhere, 6½d. each.

Ask for

EXCELDA

Soft Collars and Fronts.

BE SURE you get **EXCELDA**

See name on each Handkerchief

Steele's Ad. Serv.

Milkmaid Café au Lait

(Kaffay-o-lay)

Practical Economy

Milkmaid Café au Lait helps you to save money without sacrificing food-value—and that is worth something these times.

Milkmaid Café au Lait is coffee *complete.* It saves you the cost of milk and sugar—for they are both there already, mixed in correct proportions with the choicest freshly-roasted coffee. You have only to add boiling water, and there—instantly ready—is a fragrant and stimulating beverage, *identical* in every respect with the true French Café au Lait.

Sold by all Grocers and Stores.
Cash Price, 6d. & 11½d. per tin.
Write for Illustrated Book of Recipes Post free.
NESTLÉ'S 6-8, Eastcheap, London, E.C.

By Appointment to H.M. The King

Just what he needs!

For the brave fellow who has gone out to fight for King and Country there must be a SPECIAL Gift. What shall it be? Has he a *reliable* fountain pen? If not, send him a Waterman's Ideal—"SAFETY" type.

Waterman's Ideal is the world's best pen. Military and Naval men regard it as a most treasured possession, for it enables them to keep in constant touch with home and friends.

Waterman's Ideal FountainPen

The Ideal Gift for ALL.
10s. 6d. and upwards for the Regular Type.
12s. 6d. and upwards for the SAFETY and the New Lever Pocket Self-Filling Types.

It pleases for a lifetime.
The "Safety" type is best for those on active service, as also for ladies, travellers and sportsmen. It can be carried upside down or in any position.

Nibs to suit all hands (exchanged gratis if not right).
Of Stationers and Jewellers all over the world. Booklet free from:

L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, London.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—."

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. *to* £5, *according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.*

We give below a synopsis of typical cases relieved during the past week

A soldier's widow was ill in bed, and her two delicate children were practically without boots and clothing. Her two sons of military age she had given to the King, and they are now at the Front. Ordinarily, she works as a charwoman to supplement the 14s. 1d. a week, which she receives from the Army. In the circumstances, we felt it our duty to give her substantial assistance.

The wife of a soldier had an ailing baby which was at death's door. The mother herself was ill, and the bulk of her small separation allowance went towards providing necessary sustenance and warmth. When we investigated the case we found that, notwithstanding her thrift, the house rent—which had been raised, by the way—and other expenses had swallowed up her allowance, and she even had to borrow off her neighbours. We were glad to help.

A patriotic father gave three sons to the service. One of them was made prisoner of war at Mons, the second is in hospital with serious shrapnel wounds, and the third is in the trenches. No doubt anxiety was largely responsible for a serious illness that fell upon the old man, and from which he died. As in many other cases, the relatives had no money wherewith to pay funeral expenses. We gave the necessary help.

The widow of a soldier placed her case before us. It is one of a somewhat puzzling class. The man died of disease contracted at the front, and the widow was informed that she is refused a pension, as the illness was not contracted on "active service." If a man is not on active service in France, we should like to know what service *is* he on. He is surely not picnicking for his own amusement. If the War Council is determined to make no allowance in such cases, they might be straightforward enough to take refuge behind the clause in the Pay Warrant which states that in no case can a pension be claimed as a right. The poor woman in question was in sore distress when we alleviated her lot.

When a soldier's wife recently returned from collecting her separation allowance, she found that in her absence her home had taken fire and been burnt out. The poor creature lost all the property she had in the world, and we were glad to head a subscription started by some kindly neighbours for her benefit.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

J. M., 2s. 4d.; Lieut. F. E. B., 2s. 4d.; A. S. P., 2s. 4d.; A. W. F., 2s.; K. A., 10s.; R. W. W., 1s. 3d ; "Anon." (Mansfield), 1s.; M. C., 1s.; "Employees of Messrs. H. White and Co.," 18s.; W. H. and J. B. (s.s. *Heighington*), 5s.; "Girls' Dept., Amalgamated Press," (Gravesend), £1; "Policeman and His Mate," 3s.; "Constant Reader" (Ticehurst), 10s.; W. B. E., 1s.; Mrs. W. N., £1; H. S., 1s.: F. H., Hair Clippers; "A Lincolnshire Family," 10s.; "Anzac," £1; "A Lancashire Terrier," 10s.; "Mud Hut," 2s.; S. Q. V., 2s.; M. C., 2s.; G. S. L. (Plumstead), £3; W. G. (Byculla), 5s.; "Two Sisters," 10s.; "Anon," 10 dollars; G. W. F., 1s.; M. S., 6d.; M. A. (Putney), 5s.; J. W. L., £2; H. T., 1s 6d.; A. N., 10s.; M. L. H., 2s.; "Picked Up." 5s.: W. L. C., 2s.: E. B., 2s.; K. P., 1s.; "Nannie," 2s.; J. B., 6d.; W. D., 6d.; "Anon." 6d.; "Sago," 1s.; F. S., 6d.; R. L., 6d.; W. P., 2s.; M. P. (St. Leonards), £2; "Little Cissy," 2s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; Mrs. M. P. H., 15s.; "Shiroh," 2s.; "Crew of H.M.T. *Revello*," 5s. 6d.; A. C., 2s. 6d.; "Uncle Bill," 2s. 6d.; H. J.W., 2s. 6d.; "Worried" (Buenos Ayres), £1 1s; S. B. A., 2s.: H. M. R. (Brighton), £1 1s.; M. J., 5s.; "Office Staff of Morton and Sons, Ltd." (per R. W. S.), £1 11s. 6d.; "A Broad-Minded Scotch Lassie," 2s.; Mrs. K. E. R., 4s. 6d.; M. F. A., 1s.; J. E. B., 1s.; "A Lover of Justice," 1s.; Pte. T. B. (B.E.F.), 20 francs; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. W. H., £1; E. R. C., 1s.; D. F., 2s; D. M., 10s. 6d.; W. O., 1s.; K. O., 1s.; T. S., 2s.; Master, Officers and Engineers, s.s. *Lady Charlotte*" (per J. W. S.), £1 10s.; Takings at the "Air Kut Wile Yu Wate" Dept. of 399 M.T. Coy., A.S.C., France, 6 francs.

Mr. W. Dawson, the winner of the First Prize in our 162nd "Bullets" Competition, has kindly sent us £5.

"JOHN BULL'S" CHRISTMAS CHARITIES.

For some years past it has been our habit to appeal to the generosity of our readers to enable us during the Christmas season to distribute gifts of food, clothing, toys, etc., amongst the London poor. This year, however, we must give first consideration to those who are either directly or indirectly affected by the pressure of the present crisis.

Our system has been to apply the money entrusted to our charge in the purchase of meat, bread, groceries, coal, etc., by means of orders upon local tradesmen, thus enabling the recipients to obtain food and fuel and take them to their own homes.

We also appeal for left-off and unwanted clothing of all shapes and sizes. A band of willing workers will carefully sort the articles into suitable lots. Toys, too—however old—are always welcome for the little ones, and the same remark applies to oranges, sweets, crackers—in short, to anything likely to bring a little happiness and sunshine during Christmas time into the homes of the poor.

Any sums of money will also be gratefully received These should be forwarded direct to our Editorial Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre; *but all parcels of goods should be sent to the "John Bull" Central Depot*, 149, *Mare Street. London, N.E.*

All donations, whether in money or kind, will be duly acknowledged on this page.

CHRISTMAS FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. B. G., 3s.; "Anonymous," 1s.; A. T., 2s. 6d.; "Constant Reader," 5s.; Mrs. K. E., 1s.; J. L. B., 5s.; "The Staff and Employees of Messrs. Mark Webber," 13s.; G. L. M., £1; D. M., 2s.; G. J. (Bletchley), 1s.; Mrs. F. E. 5s.; "A Friend," 5s.; H. O. S., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. P. H., 5s.; "Cockney," 1s.; S. E., 2s.; M. G., £2 2s.; "Bon Abri," 3s. 6d.; M. M. (Hedon). 6d.; Mrs. F. J. C., 2s.; "Tomdick," 1s.; J. S. B., 2s.; W. G. E. (Bowes Park), 9s. 6d.; T. G. B., 1s.; P. C., 5s.; "Bagsey, A.B.," 2s. 6d.; "Constant Reader," 2s. 6d.; J. E. M., 30s.; J. R., 5s.; F. F., 5s.; Mrs. D. E. M., £1; G. G., 10s.; "Old Soldier and Wife," 2s.; V. L., 5s.; G. Le M., 1s.; J. H. P., 2s.; A. W. S., 5s.; G. F. D., 1s. 7½d.; "Spotless," 2s.; "A Canuck," 2s. 9d.; Mrs. M. S., 1s.; A. S., 1s.; C. M. B., £2; "Neighbour," 15s.; D McE., 10s.; E. A. P., 2s.; "Anon.," 7s. 6d.; "Crow," 12s.; "Do Unto Others," 30s.; "A Friend," 5s.; "Jumbo," 8s.; "Doris," 6d.; "Baby Joan," 4s.; E. L., £1; "Two Soldiers," 25s.; "Telewagger," 5s.; J. F., Jnr., £3 3s.; J. V. D., 2s. 6d.; A. B. C., 1s.; C. M., 2s. 6d.; "Cinema Operator," 5s.; M. A. G., 5s.; A. T., £1; C. H. G., 5s.; Mrs. P., 2s. 6d.; P. S. B. K., 2s. 6d.; F. L., 1s.; S. T., 2s. 6d.

We have also received parcels of clothing, toys and boots from the following:—Mrs. S. and Kitty, "A Salford Well Wisher," Mrs. M., T. H., A. D., "May, Winnie and Dolly" (Camberwell), "Anon." (Birkdale), E. F. (Parson's Green), Miss Y., Denis G., M. N. (Appleby), "Anon." (Cromer). "Anon." (Ross), "Anon." (Bishop Auckland), M. H. C., Jack Chignal (Smedley), A. G. (New Cross), E F. M. (Singapore). "Anon B. J. D., "A Sailor's Wife," "A Reader" (Birmingham Mrs. F., M. H. (Bolton), C. M. S., M. S. (Islington)—also from Messrs. Lipton, 2,000 meat pies and Messrs. S. Schneiders & Son large parcel of clothing.

The £250 Football winners are announced on page 25.

What the Soldier needs is a Complete (Pocket) Easy Shaving Outfit — compact and light.

HERE YOU HAVE IT
(ACTUAL SIZE)

THE "COMFEE" PATENT

SAFETY RAZOR OUTFIT

Made in England.

4/6 for the complete outfit, as illustrated, or without Mirror for **3/9**

Post Free. *Post Free.*

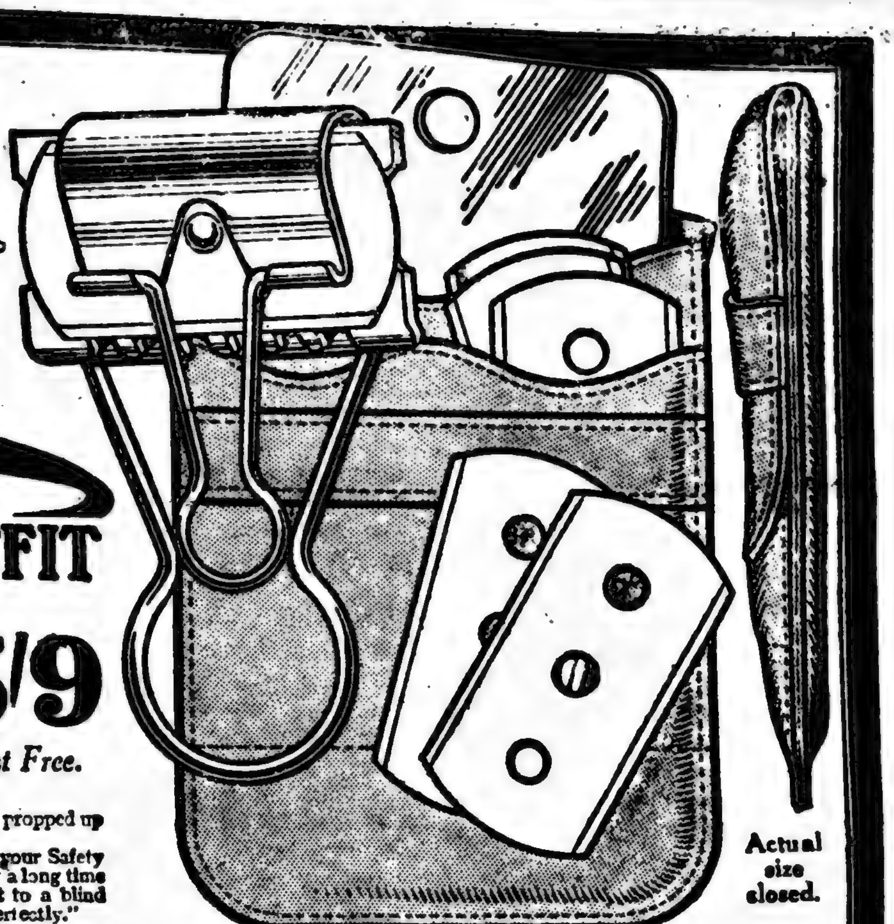
LETTERS FROM THE FRONT :—

"Your razor is quite useful, and by far the handiest for carrying about that I have seen. The Higher Command insists that everybody should shave once a day, part of a very necessary field discipline, so that you will see I shall have ample use for it, as the ordinary razor, though encouraging a spirit of adventure in its use is not very convenient when one is doubled up in a dug-out or shaving with a periscope propped up on a sand-bag."

"My son used one of your Safety Razors in the trenches for a long time and has since presented it to a blind soldier who manages it perfectly."

"The pocket Safety Razors which I purchased from you for my son, and for others at the front, are very greatly appreciated. My son tells me they are exactly what the men need, as they are so compact and light."

To avoid disappointing delay, orders should at once be sent to
THE COMFEE RAZOR CO., 219, Strand, LONDON, W.C.



Actual size closed.

Contains, in neat Khaki Case :—
1 PATENT SAFETY RAZOR,
6 DOUBLE-EDGED BLADES,
1 UNBREAKABLE MIRROR.
All Warranted Finest Quality

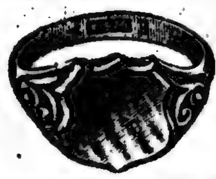
Weighs under 2 ozs.

TWO REAL BARGAINS

"JOHN BULL" Readers may Purchase at Wholesale Prices.

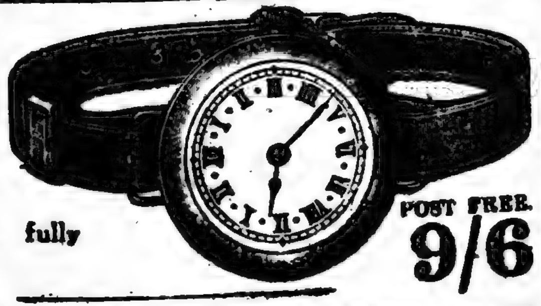
We depend for success upon recommendations from satisfied customers, that is why we offer far better value than any retail firm can possibly give.

1. A Handsome and Massive Signet Ring, Solid 9ct. gold, Government hall marked.
Send piece of cardboard with hole in exact size of finger.



Ladies' or Gent's.
POST FREE.
8/6

2. Beautiful Solid Silver wristlet watch with leather strap complete, perfect timekeeper, fully warranted.



POST FREE.
9/6

OUR FREE GIFT. If you order BOTH the above you need only send P.O. for 18s. for the two, and we will send you free of all charge a handsome 9ct. GOLD BROOCH. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Ask for list of other splendid bargains direct from the makers.

HATTON GARDEN GOLDSMITHS Co.
(Dept. B.), 5, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

"Who's your Pal?"

Why, the man who smokes Bondman. He shows his taste in choosing this rich, ruddy Virginia. Pouring out delicate fragrance Bondman is welcome everywhere — even in the drawing-room. Bondman smokes slowly and evenly and lasts much longer than most tobaccos.

You can send Bondman duty free to your friends at the front. Order from your tobacconist.

per 6d. oz.
(4½d. & 1½d. per tin)

LLOYDS'
BONDMAN
Rich, Ruddy Virginia
TOBACCO

TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

At Sloppy Shoreham.

The other day our Military Commissioner visited No. 5 Camp at Shoreham, in Sussex. The men are living in huts as leaky as market baskets—with the result that in the majority of these places there is scarcely a dry spot. We know that the men have complained repeatedly without result. A good Commandant will look after the comfort of his men, and damn the War Office—whatever the expense may be. Who built those huts and what were they paid? Somebody ought to be hanged, and we should be glad to supply the rope.

Oh, For a Business Government!

The war costs us roughly four millions a day, and as the money is there to be thrown away with both hands, those concerned shout, "Blow the cost!" But now we have come across a case where a person has been granted twopence weekly, civilian pay, for the past six months, and has been solemnly forwarded a money order for the twopence. Before the coppers can be paid, satisfactory proof of identification must be forthcoming, and a letter of advice sent to 242, Woolwich Road Post Office. The twopenny order is "not negotiable," as the public are seriously warned. Talk of economy!

Orderly Room English.

Regimental Order No. 278, of the 11th Service Batt. the Suffolk Regt. states: "All men must be back by 9.30 p.m. on Monday. It is notified for the information of all ranks that any man who overstays his leave without leave, will stop the leave of the rest of the Battalion." This is signed by the Captain and Adjutant. We pass no comment on the tautological wording; the point is that it is cruel to penalise a thousand men because one black sheep does not obey the mandate of the person who dictated to the Orderly Room Clerk the peculiar paragraph which we have quoted.

More Points for the Council.

Most of us know where Tattenham Corner is. At present a camp is located there, and our Military Commissioner recently made an unofficial inspection. It had been raining heavily, and he found the Commanding Officer of a certain London battalion looking over his men, who had to parade in the open in full equipment, including overcoats in valises. The officers and the Commandant, with one exception, wore overcoats and mackintoshes. Some of the Tommies turned up the collars of their tunics, and were promptly told to turn them down. Before they had finished the men were drenched by the rain. Is this the treatment that the British nation wishes to have meted out to those who offer their lives for the common welfare? The men should have been paraded in great coats, at the worst. A considerate officer of the stamp that we had before the war would, in the climatic circumstances, have cancelled the order for the parade. By the way, whilst on the subject of Tattenham Corner, we would advise some well-paid and comfortably-living member of the War Council to go down and make a personal investigation of the camp. We suggest that he should sleep in one of the leaky railway trucks or disused stables, and send us a narrative of his experiences.

Barrack Damages.

At Haynes Park, near Bedford, there is a Royal Engineers' Signal Service Depot, as well as other troops. Some live in a big house, some until recently dwelt in tents, whilst others were in billets; yet when we paid the place a visit we found that the whole mob were mulcted for barrack damages—one company fivepence per man, other companies fourpence. Will the General Officer commanding the district please look into this matter? Why should Pte. Brown, billeted with Mrs. Smith two miles away, be compelled to pay for a cracked pane of glass in the barrack of Pte. Jones, whom he never heard of? There is something wrong here. Any way, is it not time that barrack damages should be completely done away with? Our men have sufficient calls upon the mean pittance we give them for offering their lives for us, without being called upon to pay for alterations and repairs that should be met out of the pockets of the good people and true for whose safety they make their sacrifice.

A Growl from Grove Park.

We are glad to know that on several occasions our remarks regarding the unsanitary conditions under which our soldiers live have had the desired effect. The various camps around Grove Park, Lee, S.E., are not exactly of the Ritz Hotel type, but the Defence of the Realm Act prevents us giving vent to our feelings. However, if the War Office authorities have any regard whatever for our men, they should send an officer to inquire and report. Some time ago we commented on this camp. The sleeping accommodation was then overtaxed, in some cases twenty-five men being herded in bell tents designed for fifteen, and getting what rest they could on muddy ground, with a scarcity of blankets. The condition of things was described by a deputation to us as "hellish." One of our representatives has visited the camp, and found the complaint well grounded. We should like to have a report by the Medical Officer in charge regarding the health of the men, and showing the percentage of sick cases and deaths, those of a preventable character being separately disclosed. The recruiting posters shout, "Your King and Country need you!" When men leave good situations to offer up their lives on the altar of patriotism, they ought to be treated as human beings.

Terriers' Troubles.

We like the Territorials. They are chaps who voluntarily left their families and their firesides and friends to look after the needs of their Empire, and to lay down their lives if necessary for the Englishman's home. We have watched closely the treatment of our Terriers, and have some questions to put to the War Council. Why are Territorial mounted officers not given the half-crown weekly horse allowance which is granted to Regular officers? Why are some third-line battalions, composed entirely of men for overseas service, commanded by officers who have refused to sign for foreign duty—men who should be relegated to provisional battalions? Why are officers who flatly refuse to sign for foreign service being selected for staff appointments, while there are plenty of officers returned from the Front who have a right to such posts? Are we to regard the won't-fight officers as we did the Lowther Arcade puppets who rode on tin geegees? And, lastly, is there any reason why, with the present reduction of the second-line battalions of the Territorial force and consequent placing of large numbers of officers to third-line, such officers should be kept apart as supernumeraries, instead of taking the position their services and seniority should give them in the third-line? We commend these questions to the War Council.

Missing Men.

Can any of their comrades give us tidings of the following men?—

Pte. Wm. Pickford, 11066, B Co., 6-19 Yorks Rgt.; L.-Cpl. D. W. Berry, 1831, D Co., 16 Platoon, The Buffs; Pte. S. W. Brothwell, 11663, A Co., 8th Lincolns; Pte. E. Booker, 27171, W Co., 2nd Lincolnshires; Pte. C. A. Ross, 874, G Co., 6th Gordons; Pte. C. Guest, 21965, W Co., 4th Worcestershires; Pte. F. G. Lee, 16731, East Yorks; Pte. H. L. Norman, 1162, D Co., 2nd Royal Sussex Regt.; Pte. J. G. Winch, 4583, 2nd Royal Sussex Regt.; Rfn. Wm. Talbot, 7762, C Co., 2nd K.R.R.; Pte. E. J. Nettet, 2nd K.O.Y.L.I.; Pte. G. E. Chapman, 10438, B Co., 2nd Northamptons; Pte. J. K. Forbes, 10341, C Co., 8th Black Watch; Capt Cheape, Worcester Yeomanry; Pte. F. Crane, 1533, 2 Com., 5 Platoon, 1-10 London Rgt.; Pte. C. W. Besford, 9700, L F Co., 1st Scots Gds; Cpl. J. R. Abraham, R.A.M.C.; Pte. A. Harvey, 1690, 11th H.L.I.; Pte. F. Scott, 5359, B Co., 1st Royal Welsh Fusiliers; L.-Sgt. W. Hitchcoc 1791, 9th E. Surreys; Pte. J. Pollock, 27823, F Co., 15th Batt. 48 Highlanders, 1st Canadian Contingent; Pte. H. A. Weston, 12388, B Co., 5th Royal Inniskillings; Pte. W. H. Giles, 4937, 4 Co., 16th Lancers; Pte. W. Bainbridge, 11578, C Co., 1st Borderers; Pte. A. O. Donald, 2419, 13th London Rgt.; L.-Cpl. P. O. McLean, 2563, B Co., 1-5 Norfolk Rgt.; Pte. G. Liddicoat, 24637, D Co., 2nd S. Wales Borderers; Rfn. G. Hulin, 2916, 8th Platoon, B Co., 12th Batt. Rifle Brigade; Pte. W. Forsyth White, 2209, 3-15 Batt. I. 4th Bde. Aus. E.F.; Pte. J. Battes, 1921, 1-10 Manchesters; Pte. Dyball, 1st Cameron Hdrs., Machine Gun Section.

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

MONEY NEVER COMMANDED BETTER VALUE

SOMERVILLE'S

Scotch Whisky

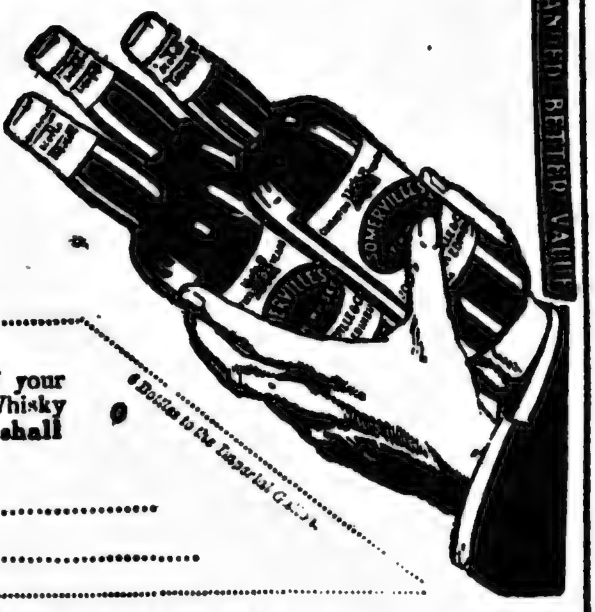
The finest that Scotland can produce.

AS SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE OF LORDS, THE TREASURY AND OTHER GOVERNMENT OFFICES.

Direct from Scotland at Wholesale Prices.

These Whiskies are the very finest that Scotland produces: Whisky to be good must be old. Why accept vague or indefinite statements as to age? Packing Free. Special Terms for large orders. The Guaranteed Age is given with every bottle.

	Carriage paid to your railway station.		POST FREE.
GUARANTEED AGES.	12 BOTTLES.	6 BOTTLES.	3 BOTTLES.
21 Years Old	66/-	33/6	17/-
15 Years Old	58/-	29/6	15/-
10 Years Old	48/-	24/6	12/6
6 Years Old	44/-	22/6	11/6



Fill up this Order Form and post to us with your remittance TO-DAY, or cut it out and preserve it for future use.

YOU RUN NO RISK—
OUR GUARANTEE KEEPS YOU SAFE.

Established
1826.

6 Bottles to the Imperial Gallon.

To Messrs. John Somerville & Co., Ltd., Craigmillar, Edinburgh.

I enclose remittance value..............for which please send me..............of your Specially selected Fully Guaranteed .... Years old Scotch Whisky **on condition that if it is not the finest I have ever tasted at the price I shall be entitled to have my money refunded.**

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

John Bull, 18/12/15.

SOMERVILLE'S "ABBOT" RUM PUNCH 45/- PER DOZ. *(CARRIAGE PAID).*
SOMERVILLE'S PURE WEST INDIAN LIME JUICE CORDIAL 18/- PER DOZ. *(CARRIAGE PAID).*

Mention "John Bull."

WEST END FURS AT CITY PRICES

Why pay fancy prices for Furs when you can obtain the finest and most fashionable Furs in the market at strictly Wholesale City Cash Prices?

We will gladly send you free a copy of our illustrated Fur Fashion Book, which will prove the enormous saving you can effect by buying direct; or better still, call at our Showrooms, and our Manageress will be pleased to show you our Magnificent Collection of all Kinds of Furs.

SPECIAL OFFER.

Black Wolf Set, with Head Clip Fastener to the Tie and large muff to match, both finished with Heads and Tails. **£4 4s.** The Set.

We have some charming sets at 27s. 6d.

Money returned in full if not satisfactory.

THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS. ESTABLISHED 1885.

FRANKLANDS, 42 to 57, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, LONDON, E.C.

18-ct HALF-HOOP RING. Mounted with 5 fine Diamonds in richly carved setting. Worth double. **50/-**

DIAMOND GIPSY RING. —3 beautifully cut Diamonds in 18-ct. solid Gold. Gipsy setting **63/-**

FINE CLAW RING.— 18 ct. solid Gold, mounted with 2 Diamonds & 3 fine Sapphires. Striking offer. **79/6**

Send a postcard now!

GIVE HER A RING!

What will please Her most—appealing to her sense of the beautiful and her love of adornment? A Ring is

A GIFT THAT NEVER LOSES CHARM or VALUE

At H. Samuel's 70 shops there are hundreds to choose from, with a vast array of Xmas Gifts, at next to Factory Prices. Call to-day, or write for

FREE BOOK of 3,000 BARGAINS
in Xmas Gifts for everyone, with lists of
FREE XMAS PRIZES for all buyers.

70 Branches throughout the Kingdom.

H. SAMUEL **199, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.**

ZOX

FOR

HEADACHES

and Neuralgia. An unfailing cure. Thousands use these tiny powders. Safe to take at any time.

In 1s. and 2s. 6d. boxes from Chemists, Stores, &c., or post free from ZOX CO., on receipt of price.

FREE.—Send stamped addressed envelope for two free powders Mention journal. Zox Co., 11, Hatton Garden, London, E.C.

GRAVES

OF SHEFFIELD

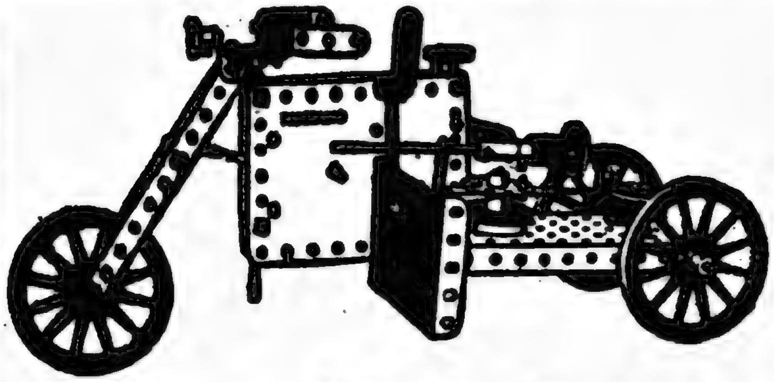
Write for Patterns of Overcoats, Suits, Costumes, Paletots, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' & Children's Wear, Furs, Sewing Machines, Footwear, Watches, Jewellery, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Prams, Lino, Silver Novelties, etc. J. G. GRAVES Ltd., SHEFFIELD.

FOR EVERYTHING ON EASY TERMS

INSIST ON

SPRATT'S

FOR YOUR DOG.



Another Meccano Success

This fine working model of an Armed Motorcycle and Sidecar is made entirely with Meccano parts. It has a Meccano Spring Motor built into it. A model to delight the heart of any boy.

WITHOUT study, any boy can build this Meccano armoured Motorcycle, with gun, and other real working models of Cranes, Clocks, Towers, Bridges, Battleships, Looms, Motorcars, Sewing Machines, etc.—hundreds of them. These models may be operated by hand or by Meccano spring or electric motors. Meccano is simple and highly instructive. It provides healthy, mind-stimulating amusement and creates an interest that grows with the years. Give your boy Meccano—he can begin to build models at once. No study needed.

MECCANO

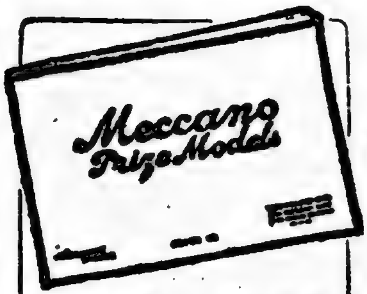
TOY ENGINEERING for BOYS

MADE IN BRITAIN

Meccano is the Original Constructional Toy and the Best. It is true to mechanical principles. The chief features are patented and cannot be imitated. No other system makes so many or so good models. See you buy Meccano.

£200 IN PRIZES.

First Prize £50 in cash; 135 other prizes. See that your boy gets an Entry Form from his dealer, or from us, and enter him at once in the big Meccano Competition. He stands an excellent chance of winning a fine Prize. A clever idea for a model may strike him, and Meccano will enable him to carry it out. Meccano is a rare stimulus to a boy's inventive faculty.

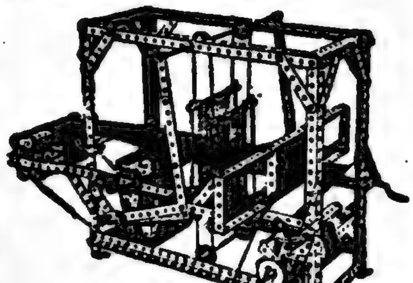


THIS FINE BOYS' BOOK

No. 22,

FREE

YOUR boy can get this Book by telling three chums about Meccano, and sending us their names and addresses along with his own. This Book No. 22, is immensely interesting. It shows the Prize-winning models in our last Competition. Tell him to get those three names



This Meccano model of Loom weaves scarves, belts, hatbands, etc. Proves the great versatility of Meccano for mechanical construction.

MECCANO PRICES:

Outfit with Instructions	
No. 0	3/-
No. 1	5/-
No. 2	10/-
No. 3	15/-
No. 4	25/-
No. 5	42/-
No 6	100/-

Each Outfit is complete with all necessary parts, tools, and 160-page illustrated Instruction Book. All ready to begin building models.

Write to-day for full information and Booklet No. 22 about Meccano—post free.

MECCANO Ltd: LIVERPOOL

Horatio Bottomley Recites and Speaks to you——————on "BULLDOG" RECORDS.

THE Man who is acknowledged to be the greatest orator of War time—the man who has best expressed all that the great British Public are thinking and feeling—the man who has the largest following of any man among the British Public—has made Records, so that in any home which possesses a Talking Machine he can be heard as though he were personally present, speaking and reciting as if in your room.

Get one or both of the following "Bulldog" Records at once and hear the actual voice of

Horatio Bottomley

No. 200.

(Recitation). Mr. Bottomley's Great War Poem.
Why is the Red Blood Flowing? .. Part 1.
" " " .. Part 2.

No. 201.

Peroration to Mr. Bottomley's Great Speech at Albert Hall .. .. Part 1.
Peroration to Mr. Bottomley's Great Speech at Albert Hall .. .. Part 2.

Now Ready at Dealers.

Price 2s. 6d. each.

These Records are on Sale at most Gramophone Dealers. Get one or both at once, as the demand will be enormous and stocks will be soon cleared. In case of any difficulty as to supply, write for name of nearest dealer and ask for full Catalogue of the Splendid "Bulldog" Double-sided Records at 1s. 6d. each, including Band of H.M. 1st Life Guards, Harry Bluff, Joseph Cheetham, Topliss Green, Billy Whitlock, Stanley Kirkby, Jessie Reeve, Tom Kinniburgh, etc., etc.

Address Dept. G.:—
THE NEW **BULLDOG RECORD** CO., LTD.,
50, GRAY'S INN RD., HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LORD DERBY.

Evenin', sir. Shavin'? Yessir. 'Ere you are, sir, mos' comferble chair in the saloon. . . . *W'y this kindly considerashun?* Well, sir, you're lookin' a bit fagged. Bin workin' at 'igh pressure, p'raps, sir? . . . Ah, I thort so. 'There ain't no mistakin' it, once you git in the way o' studyin' fashul *h*expresshun. There are a good many tired men in London ter-day, sir. Some of 'em didn't know wot work wos 'til the wore broke out, sir. But I should fency one o' the tiredest men ter-night must be Lord Derby. 'E must 'ave 'ad a groolin' time the larst six weeks. I wouldn't 'ave took on 'is job fur ten quid a week an' pickin's. . . . *W'y?* Well, in the first place, 'e's 'ad to shove orl 'is own opinyuns on one side, and then again, 'e's 'ad to overcome enny ermount o' muddle an' slackin' an' indecision on the part o' the Guv'ment. 'E's done wonders, an' no errer. But I think 'e might 'ave bin a bit firmer on one or two points. . . . *Woller they?* Well, there's the *h*armlit queschun, fur one thing. 'E 'asn't bin firm enuff erbout thet. 'E forced *H*asquith to say wot the Guv'ment would do if the young, unmarried men didn't roll up. 'E got thet outer 'Erbert 'Enery orl right—much against 'is will. 'E simply 'ates speakin' plain, dooes 'Erbert. But as Lord Derby brought 'im up to scratch on thet point, 'e might 'ave gorn a step further an' brought the Wore Orfice up to scratch on the *h*armlit queschun. *Oh, 'e tried 'ard, did 'e? You 'appen to know, eh?* Well, I dessay it *is* a tough propersishun to move the Wore Orfice. You kin see thet by the way thet chap Tennant awnsers queschuns in the 'Ouse. But I fency if Lord Derby 'ad tried a bit 'arder 'e would 'ave 'ad 'is way. . . . *Wot's my complaint?* Well, it ain't exackly a complaint, sir, it's a verycoise vein in me leg. . . . Oh, *you mean wot's me complaint erbout the harmlit queschun?* W'y, with-'oldin' them from the medically unfit. Look at me. 'Ere am I, 37 yers old, but look younger, with a wife an' a couple o' kids, reddy ter shut up shop w'en I'm called on to 'elp save the country, and yet I ain't got nothink to show I've offered to do me bit, but 'ave bin turned down! . . . Oh, yes, I've got me rejection paper, but d'yer think I'm goin' ter wear it in me 'at? I didn't want my missus ter know, fur one thing. A man loses a certin' ermount o' prestige with 'is wife if she knows 'e ain't physically fit ter fight fur 'is country if called upon. I know thet from me own *h*experience. W'en I come 'ome from the recrootin' orfice the wife sed, "Well, 'ave you parssed?" I 'ad ter say "No." There wosn't no 'elp fur it. I knew I shouldn't git a badge, or if I did, thet it would be a diffrent sort, brandin' me as an unfit man. So I 'ad ter tell 'er the trooth. But if Lord Derby 'ad on'y bin firm erbout givin' the medically rejected the same khaki *h*armlit as the parssed recroots, I don't mind admittin' I should 'ave told the missus I 'ad parssed, an' wos on'y waitin' fur my group ter be called up. See? . . . Ah, you kin larff, sir, but I ain't the on'y one wot would 'ave done it! . . . *Sorry you didn't press 'arder for it, fur my sake?* W'y, 'oo're you, sir? *Lord Derby?* Well, 'ave another try fur it, sir, an' erblige me. . . . Goo' day, me lord, thank you!

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for December 11th, 1915, bearing on the Cover the Numbers 073,624, and A361,584. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

RACING NOTES.

BY "THE SQUIRE."

My Editor has entered horses in each event at the Gatwick meeting, and he tells me that he is exceedingly hopeful of winning at least a couple of races. The Dicker horses have been in steady jumping work for some time now, and when they are seen in public it will be found that they are well forward in condition. Of course, I shall be in a splendid position to gather information during the season, and my readers both here and in my "Special" shall have the full benefit of it.

The publication of the *Squire's Racing Special* will be resumed next week, the paper being on sale on the bookstalls on Thursday, the 23rd inst. This number will deal with the Christmas racing at Leopardstown and Limerick, and will contain special information and notes direct from the Curragh and other Irish centres. Subsequently the "Special" will be on sale each Thursday. Orders as usual, not to me, but to the publishers, Messrs. Odhams Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C.

Both the "Dollar" wires and the "Specials" will be resumed at Gatwick, and will subsequently go on throughout the winter, and applications for same must reach me early, c.o. John Bull, 93, Long Acre, W.C. Racing will begin on most days at noon, and in order, therefore, to make certain of getting wires, the applications must reach me on the previous day.

RESULT OF FOOTBALL COMPETITION NO. 10.

£1,000 NEARLY WON—FOUR READERS SHARE £250.

That our £1,000 Football Prize can be won is evidenced by the fact that four readers sent coupons showing but one error. Just one little slip prevented one or other of these from winning a fortune. Will *you* be the first to secure the £1,000? The following divide the £250, and each receives £62 10s.:—

Alderton, E., Weather Hill, Horley, Surrey.
Dyball, F., 8, Grove Road, Barnes.
Elver, Edwin J., Tunley, near Bath.
Piper, W. (S.M.), 12th Essex Regt., Colchester.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

Every copy of John Bull bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and published in the following issue.

To each of the holders of copies of John Bull *of specified date*, bearing any of such numbers, we will, upon production **within seven days of publication** (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

JOHN HARWOOD, 11, Graham Street, Padiham. November 20th. 325,908.
H. D. CAYGILL, 8, Bridge Street, Haverton Hill. November 6th. 723,050.
A. BURNITT, 20, Square Lane, Lathom, nr. Ormskirk. November 27th. A036,321.
R. H. DRANSFIELD, 10, Rosebery Street, Holmes, Rotherham. November 27th. 818,253.
G. W. FLEXON, 43, Ranelagh Road, Ealing, W. November 20th. 466,663.
E. B. KEELER, 100, Ferme Park Road, Putney, S.W. November 27th. 776,857.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of December 11th:—

000411
025256
030947
050821
087750
103188
148714
162678
188056
210086
211928
237380
245308
312878
336943
366980
394096
413298
438942
487308
518257
559853
563055
585212
593542
622622
660074
687052
725165
764408
772075
810670
837464
865760
911538
933155
A028699
A055436
A073153
A098124
A122281
A136604
A188438
A192516
A246345
A277952
A280107
A333815
A361061
A385215

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million.

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published December 22nd).

HAD YOURS YET?
If not, don't delay.
Cut out the Coupon opposite.
"JOHN BULL" PEN.

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. Value 1d.
By sending this Coupon with P.O for 2/6 and loose 2d
stamps for postage. the holder is entitled to receive a John
Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to
12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used
in part payment, each counting as 1d off the price. You
may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose
2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull,"
Long Acre, London, W.C. Dec. 18th, 1915.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

AUTHORS and ARTISTS *submitting MSS. and drawings for consideration must write name and address upon the back of their work. The Editor cannot accept any responsibility for the safe custody of MSS., etc., so forwarded, but will endeavour to return unaccepted work* WHEN STAMPED ADDRESSED ENVELOPE IS ATTACHED TO THE MANUSCRIPT.

Correspondents are requested not to send original certificates, testimonials, etc., *as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.*

Letters *must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* Financial, Insurance, Legal *and* Sporting *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to* 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.

W. A. W. (Clapham Junction, S.W.).—We called the man who stated that the working man has nothing to fight for "a damned idiot" because that is exactly what he is. If the working classes refused to fight, they would lose all they have won by peaceful agitation during the last fifty years.

W. G. C. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—It was very kind of the *Daily News* correspondent at the British Headquarters to point out so carefully that the King's horse "reared up twice on her hind legs." If she had reared up on her fore legs there is no knowing what the consequences might have been. We should be inclined to refuse to pay the voluntary school rate if we were in your place, since you are so heavily assessed.

A. E. K. (Stepney, E.).—Nurse Cavell "received the traitor's fate," but she was no traitor. She owed no allegiance to Germany. To say you "feel so indignant about the fuss" made over her is to confess yourself a woman of distorted views and unbalanced mind.

W. C. J. (B.E.F., France).—Mr. Bottomley retired, temporarily, from the House of Commons in May, 1912, for purely personal reasons.

H. W. W. (Shepherd's Bush).—"For Britain I'd rather see free, than sober all the night and day long. And people must agree with me, Horatio soon will right this great wrong." Your touching confidence makes us blush to the boots.

A. E. E. (Stratford Market).—What does it matter whether Nelson had two eyes or one when he flew his great signal, "England expects," etc.? He had the right vision, at any rate.

"Pro-Edenite" (Forest Gate, E.) suggests that lady M.O.s would assist recruiting. It might encourage certain married slackers to roll up, but we fancy most of them would come accompanied by their wives.

"Regread."—There is no single book written which proves that monarchy or republic is the better for a country. The great factor to take into consideration is the national temperament. For example, Liberia is an unsuccessful republic, and Bulgaria an unsuccessful monarchy.

R. B. (Benares).—It is astonishing that the Viceroy of India should continue to flout British public opinion by retaining his German housekeeper and bandmaster.

"A Teetotaler" (London, S.E.).—You make a mistake when you suggest that we hate teetotalers. Our feeling for them approaches pity, which, some say, is akin to love.

M. E. B. L. (London, S.W.).—If the policeman stationed on Ryde pierhead insisted that all passengers landing must produce their Registration Card, there would be less risk of aliens slipping into the Isle of Wight. Strangers can easily *say* they are British, when challenged. They should be required to prove it.

"An Irish Nurse" (Dumblane).—Yes, Baron von Bissing, whom the authorities reluctantly interned, is half-brother to the German Military Governor of Brussels, who ordered or acquiesced in the foul murder of Nurse Cavell.

T. V. C. (Belfast).—"The British workman is drunken, foul-mouthed and dishonest." You are a dirty liar.

S. H. B. (Plaistow).—We believe it is possible for a Zeppelin to rise to a greater height than an aeroplane. Also to sink to more despicable depths.

"Swiss" (Twickenham).—The last thing on earth that we want is a "hand grenade and bombe that will explode under any circumstances," so we do not feel inclined to advance "15 to £20" to enable you to obtain a sample from Paris.

E. H. (Canterbury).—We see no harm in officers not yet sent to the front indulging in a little fox hunting. It helps to keep them physically fit.

X. Y. Z. (Ryde).—In years to come retired Army Contractors may expect their young hopefuls to ask, not "what," but "*whom* did you do in the Great War, daddy?"

W. E. (Stockwell).—Recruiting canvassers have no right to be rude or impertinent to the wives or parents of men they seek as recruits. Probably more harm is done that way than any other.

"Justice for Jack."—"Men of the lower deck must not say when they are coming into port, but the officers are met by their wives." Perhaps that is to punish the officers! The men are only allowed four beer tickets—two pints all told—when on leave. We expect the leave lasts longer than the tickets.

G. C. (Hove).—The stingy Brighton hotel guests spoken of by us are put to shame by the Transport Workers of Brighton, Lewes and Newhaven, who supplied £200 for the County Hospitals and £87 for other institutions. Bravo, the workers!

"South African Settler's Wife" (Hove).—"Let Britain produce her own Botha," says this lady. That is the bother.

"Wot Town?" (Morecambe).—You have a signature like a map of Europe. "Assuming for a moment that the war lasts three years——" Too busy!

A. W. W. (Portland).—You are mistaken in supposing that the V.C. is never awarded to sailors and marines. If we remember rightly, the first V.C. was a naval surgeon, and the recent decoration of the commander of one of our submarines should be even within *your* recollection.

J. B. L. (Hesketh).—Masterman, ex-M.P., is in a soft Government job because the country had enough of him as a professional politician.

"Bunch o' Keys" (Gloucester) suggests the formation of women patrols to guard Germhun prisoners. But who would guard the women patrols?

M. C. (Edinburgh).—We asked for "a Great Preacher," not a ranting, "blood-of-the-Lamb" revivalist of the fanatic, Evan Roberts type. You give us no evidence that you are either the one or the other, but write as a young man anxious to be financially exploited. Nothing doing.

"De Liob" (London, S.E.).—We still think that the landlord who raises the rent to a soldier's wife while her man is away fighting for his King, his country, *and his landlord*, deserves to be boiled—and, what's more, brought slowly to the boil.

"Fair Play" (East Dulwich).—You think the policeman exceeded his duty when he tried to recruit your brother-in-law. If he did, these are no times to grumble at it. Every little helps.

"Bishop" (Norwich).—We understand that the Editor of the *Lytham Times* printed the letter of the avowed pro-German female, M. de Mollwo, then of 28, Victoria Street, Lytham, on purpose to draw the attention of the authorities to the creature. In which case we cannot agree that he deserves to be hanged.

S. L. (Newport).—Mr. Austen Chamberlain's "short visit" to the War Council meeting was certainly amusing in view of our skit, which had already appeared, of such an incident.

H. L. (Lupus Street, S.W.).—The miserable young Englishwoman who is married to an interned Hun is quite correct—there *is* in existence a society for the relief of distressed Germans and Austrians in England, and it is quite probable that it is helping her. But that is no reason why the female renegade should traduce the memory of heroic Nurse Cavell.

E. A. P. (Rye).—We *do* consider it traitorous for anyone to state what terms of peace we should be willing to accept, because we are not going to *accept* any terms of peace whatsoever. We are going to *impose* them. You ask: "What *are* we really fighting for?" For men of your deficient mentality, as much as anything, unfortunately.

"A N.C.O.'s Wife" (Rhuddlan).—In the case of a camp entertainment, we can quite understand the best seats being reserved for commissioned officers. Tommy himself would prefer it that way, or we are greatly mistaken.

"Lexham Gardens."—It is strange, as you say, that so many contracts for the supply of war material, etc., for the Allies should have been given to "naturalized" Germans or to firms in which such people are largely interested. In regard to the particular case which you mention, we are making inquiries.

"Footer."—We do not recommend bookmakers. Write to "The Squire," care of this journal.

Miss M. B. (Leeds).—Have nothing to do with what you describe as the "Kew Gardens Dept. 25 E.C. London" and their 1s. packets of Christmas cards.

Will the Zeppelins spoil our Xmas ? See page ii of cover.

D. S. S. (Crouch End, N.).—If you expect us to parse the expression "Now then——" for your benefit, we must disappoint you. It is fine, old colloquial English, and therefore good enough for us. A little less pedantic punctiliosity, please.

MR. D. (Durham) writes: "If I can do you any harm I am going to do so." What a dear, kind, Christian creature!

"WELL-WISHER."—Do you still want Winston Churchill made Prime Minister? Well, wait till he's done his bit.

B. A.—You ask us to refer you to Sir Percy Scott. Certainly. We hereby refer you to Sir Percy Scott.

ROSA M. R. (Nottingham) suggests that our brain needs a rest because we hinted there might be other inhabited worlds beside our own. Rosa is kind; but our brain is vigorous enough to support that idea, even though Rosa's is not.

PTE. F. O. (Stratford).—According to the latest information received, Cain did kill his brother Abel. Who dares now to say women are not entitled to the Parliamentary vote?

J. S. (Glasgow).—Quite time the School Board of Glasgow got rid of its Hun teachers. Who wants to learn the German tongue nowadays? One might as well wish to learn the language of the Devil.

W. B. (Luton).—Silver is now worth about 2s. 2½d. per ounce.

N. K. (Hither Green).—Lads under 19 years of age should not be enlisted for immediate training, but might be attested, placed on the Reserve, and called up at the right time, if required.

C. (Knaresborough).—"Which was the taller, Sir Hy. Irving or Barry Sullivan?" Well, they both reached about an equal height in their respective spheres.

R. L. (Luton) says "Smith murdered his Brides by pressing a sharp pointed lance or needle into their Naple." Now we understand the old saying, "See Naples and die"!

H. B. (Ashford).—To tell you the truth, we are not over keen on placing ourselves at the mercy of our tame Barber. He *will* always do all the talking.

D. D. J. (Aberystwyth).—Can you produce any evidence in proof of your statement that the Conway Rural District Council recently appointed as Surveyor an unmarried man of military age, with no dependents?

"THREE WOMEN WAR WORKERS" (London, S.W.).—Petticoats, on a woman, are honourable and charming attire. But if all the male shirkers were compelled to wear them they would become garments of shame, without in any way reflecting upon the sex who wear them by right, if with small reason.

"BALBUS" (Cambridge).—We have received many complaints of the "Incandescent Fire Mantle Syndicate."

A. M. (Tooting, S.W.).—You are too grammatically precise. We admit asking a correspondent if she had never lain her head on her husband's shoulder "before she was married." And why not? Are not we to be permitted to speak of our mother "before we were born"?

E. W. B. (Norton).—We know all about the Bargain Watch Co., of 89, Cornwall Road, Upper Holloway, N. It is the last place we should go to either for a watch or a bargain.

"INSPECTOR."—Inspectors on the L.C.C. trams, who did not strike but worked night and day to keep a service going, did not benefit by the rise in wages, and as a consequence of their loyalty they are now paid less than some of the men. Should there be another strike, who would blame the Inspectors if they joined in? But nobody must strike just now.

H. R. M. (Raynes Park).—The "Bullets" Competition started in our issue dated October 5th, 1912. It is by far the oldest competition now running—and the most popular.

"'JOHN BULL' WELLWISHER" (Bridgwater).—You write remarkably well for one who is deaf and dumb.

"CORNISHMAN" (Walworth).—Everybody knows James Watt originated the steam engine. Watching the kettle, wasn't he, when the steam rattled the lid: "What's that?" he said—which was Watt all over.

M. F. A. (Blacktoft).—We have added your postal order for 1s. to our War Sufferers' Fund, as we make no charge for dealing with such matters. If you will let us know your full name and address, your inquiry shall be answered.

G. R. (East Ham).—We appreciate your compliments. Like every other newspaper, the *Times* has only a limited space.

JACK HEALD, who left his home at Heaton Norris, near Stockport, in August, 1914, presumably to enlist, is requested to communicate with his parents at old address.

J. Y. (London)—We have gladly remitted the 5s. and the 2s. 6d. to the mother of four gallant sons, who was fined in respect to her children's irregular school attendance, and to the schoolmistress left with deserted children, respectively.

"DARTFORD" (Kent).—It certainly is a shame to charge a soldier 11d. for a telegram which "does not arrive any quicker than a ½d. postcard would do."

"CORPORAL W." (Yorks Reg.).—As you say, "Even the Bishop of Hereford grudges Tommy his tobacco." To make matters about equal, we grudge the Bishop his £4,200 a year.

"A WICKED GAMBLER" (York).—We have much pleasure in forwarding the £10, sent by you, to the schoolmistress who had two boys left on her hands through the disappearance of their parents. Your previous donation of £20 was split up as you desired. *Non olet!*

E. M. S. (London).—Afraid we know of no purchaser for your "antique historic bronze medal, the size of a five-shilling piece," depicting Napoleon, issued as a memorial of St. Helena. Possibly, however, some reader may care to acquire it.

S. G. P. (Newcastle).—If it is true that, although the firm by whom you are employed as a skilled turner cannot keep you in full work, you are not allowed to leave to get full work on munitions elsewhere, it is not right.

J. A. McC. (Oregon).—"Meinself und Gott" is old enough to grow whiskers.

MR. C. (G— Gardens, N.W.).—We are not in a position to criticise the internal affairs of Cox's Bank, which is, of course, in a unique situation with respect to the Army.

T. H. (Lagos).—If you feel sure we are not acquainted with all the facts in regard to Bishop Tugwell, by all means keep on feeling.

"SAPPER" (B. Stortford).—You must have frequently read our opinion that the Universal Stores, Cannon Street, Manchester, is an audacious and humbugging concern, with which sensible people should have nothing to do.

N. S. (Willesden).—Don't split straws. I Timothy, iii, 2 is quite clear: "A bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife . . ."

"PRIVATE P." (King's Regiment, Peshawar, India) thanks Mr. Mac L., Balham, for "constantly sending him copies of JOHN BULL."

E. J. W. (Manchester).—We have exposed the "bonus" tea ramp times out of number in these pages. Surely there are but few JOHN BULL readers liable to be caught by the despicable trick at this time of day.

"SIEGE" (Fareham).—If you send 20s. to Hugh McKean, 280, Westminster Bridge Road, London, you will merely be one more scalp for the Yankee sharper to hang on his belt.

L.-CPL. F M. (I. of W.).—What part of the world do you come from if you do not know that walnuts grow in England and that "people pickle them"?

E. B. B. (King's Lynn).—We have returned the Demand Notes as requested. We see nothing in them of remarkable interest. Certainly, King's Lynn rates appear to be rather high. But that is not remarkable.

"NEVER BEHIND" (Crewe).—If, as you allege, several recruits are required to strip at one time in a 7 ft. square back-kitchen, and leave their underclothing on the floor before passing in to be examined by the doctor, there is room for improvement in the recruiting arrangements at Crewe.

J. R. O. (Stockton-on-Tees).—"You will Probly think that I am mad." Well, no; not exactly mad, but a leetle—well, what shall we say—touched?

"A SCOT."—You object to our occasional use of the words England and English in place of Britain and British. May we ask, with abject humility, whether you desire us to speak in future of the English or the British language?

"A READER."—You say the St. Paul's Churchyard firm, who intend to employ Huns in place of their enlisted staff, are one-half German and one-fifth English. Of what nationality are the remaining three-tenths?

H. L. P. (Cricklewood, N.W.).—Please do not "riddle-me-ree" us again. The specimens you send smell abominably of the lamp.

"A FEW SCOTSMEN."—We have had much pleasure in forwarding the 15s. to the mother who had three sons killed in action and a fourth badly wounded—and who was fined for the irregular attendance of her children at school.

F. S. (Shoreham).—You saw a column of splendid recruits at Aldershot, who turned out to belong to the Military Foot Police. Instead of enlisting them "to see that soldiers have no buttons undone," you think such fine men should "pulverise the Prussians." And we are with you.

F. B. (Kettering).—Ehrmann Brothers, wine merchants, state they are an English firm, and that all their members are British subjects. You give no evidence to the contrary.

M. J. T. (Shanghai).—Many thanks for letter and parcel.

J. R. T. (Oakland, U.S.A.).—Although you are out of the tax-collector's reach, we don't see why you shouldn't pay up what is due—if your circumstances permit. If you do, we guarantee the Censor will not interfere, much as he has worried you otherwise.

(A large number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Only *one* error prevented our £1,000 Football prize being won.

BOXERS AND BOXING.

BY EUGENE CORRI.

Your boxing policeman had a high old time last Thursday night, when he arranged a tournament at the Ring. It was capital, and you may take it from me that the policeman-boxers have come on tremendously. There are few young London policemen who cannot box, these days, and there are at least two or three of their number who would make their mark if they were to decide to take up the fistic art seriously. It is just as well, however, that they practise the game for its own sake, for the policeman who can use his "dooks" is a distinct asset to the community.

A Sore Disappointment.

From the Ring I hurried off to the West London Stadium, there to officiate in the contest between Young Symonds, the pride of Plymouth, who holds the Fly-weight Championship title, and Sam Kellar, who, had it not been for a run of bad luck in the way of repeated illnesses, would have probably become one of the greatest fighters at his weight. If you could have peeped into the building and seen the big crowd that had braved the particularly forbidding weather, you would have appreciated the mighty hold boxing has got on the public. Unfortunately, what we had every right to suppose would be one of the best bouts seen for many a long day developed into something of a tragedy. Symonds boxed wonderfully well, and Kellar showed much skill and gave evidence that he had got right back to good health. Symonds, the younger man, made most points and in the fifth round had Kellar down for 9 seconds. It was then any money on Symonds winning, but unhappily for himself he hit Kellar so low in the next round that I had no option but to disqualify him.

At all boxing entertainments to which I go in the capacity of Referee, I notice very few obvious slackers. There is an abundance of khaki everywhere, and in the big industrial towns—such as Sheffield, for instance, where my friends and rare good sportsmen, the brothers Percy and Jack Hill, the heads of a never-stopping manufactory of munitions, have done and are doing so much to encourage boxing—what civilians come to look on are men who are grinding out Government work. In more recent days there has, I regret to say, been a disposition on the part of those who do not understand and maybe never will understand the working class, to put all manner of restrictions on their lives. Here and there there is an attempt to make boxing taboo, with the result that sooner or later there will be quite a hullabaloo. You are not going to get men to work terribly long hours without giving them an opportunity of enjoying the sport that most appeals to them. Whatever I might say in championing and defending boxing will I know be treated as a necessarily *ex parte* statement, but I make bold to say that I would rather see healthy young fellows watching a good honest British mill than I would see them sucking cigarettes at a picture palace. So there!

Sullivan Seeking a Match.

The ex-middle-weight champion, Jim Sullivan, now in the London Scottish, does not despair of getting a match soon. We shall all be very pleased to see him in the ring again, but if he cannot induce Pat O'Keeffe and others of the better known men to meet him, why doesn't he try elsewhere? Sullivan would find it easy to augment his soldier's pay if he were less a stickler for conditions. I don't wish to suggest for a moment that Sullivan is more fastidious than other boxers of high degree, but really he and everybody else should remember that these are not days when it is easy to pick and choose. A hundred or so here and there should be very welcome and readily seized by all boxers who are "starving for contests."

Our New £1,000 Football Competition

£1,000 For an All-Correct Coupon.

£250 If One Error . . . .

£100 MUST be won EVERY WEEK .

We print herewith a coupon showing 18 matches to be played Saturday, December 25th. It is for you to forecast the results of these 18 matches. Thus, if your judgment tells you that Burnley will beat Liverpool you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Home." If you think that Liverpool will beat Burnley then you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Away." If you think that the match will end in a draw, you will put a cross (X) in the column marked "Draw." *Do not cross out the names of the teams. Mark only with a cross* (X).

£250 FOR ONE ERROR.

Should no competitor send an all correct coupon, we shall award £250 to the reader whose coupon shows only one mistake. Should nobody succeed in winning either the £1,000 or the £250, then

£100 MUST BE WON

by the reader submitting the most nearly correct coupon. Competitors may send as many coupons as they choose, provided they abide by the rules of the Competition.

O.H.M.S. Members of his Majesty's Forces on Active Service abroad need not attach a voucher or postage stamp, but must write the words "Active Service" across space provided for stamp.

RULES. (1) All coupons must reach John Bull, 25, Floral Street, Covent Garden, London, not later than Friday, December 24. (2) Each and every coupon must have pinned to it, *not stuck down*, a penny stamp or else a Voucher to be found in *Everywoman's Weekly*. (3) The *Sporting Life* results will be accepted as correct. (4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for loss or non-delivery of any letter or letters. (5) Any alterations on a coupon will disqualify it. (6) In the event of a tie the Prize will be equally divided amongst the successful competitors. (7) All coupons must be marked in *ink*. Pencil marking will disqualify. (8) Should any of the matches not be finished, only the £100 Prize will be awarded. (9) Our employees are strictly debarred from entering this contest.

N.B.—Every coupon must have a penny stamp or a voucher from *Everywoman's Weekly* pinned to it. *Do not stick down your stamps.* Pin them.

SCOTTISH READERS MAY COMPETE.

HOME	AWAY	DRAW	HOME TEAM.		AWAY TEAM.
			Burnley	v.	Liverpool
			Bury	v.	Stoke
			Bolton W.	v.	Blackpool
			Manchester C.	v.	Manchester U.
			Preston N. End	v.	Stockport C.
			Bradford	v.	Hull City
			Derby County	v.	Barnsley
			Huddersfield	v.	Bradford C.
			Lincoln City	v.	Leeds City
			Notts County	v.	Leicester F.
			Brentford	v.	Chelsea
			West Ham U.	v.	Arsenal
			Crystal P.	v.	Millwall
			Watford	v.	Queen's Park R.
			Aberdeen	v.	St. Mirren
			Ayr United	v.	Kilmarnock
			Raith R.	v.	Clyde
			Third Lanark	v.	Hearts

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules announced on this page and agree to accept the Editor's published decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

PIN
a penny postage stamp
or Free stamp Voucher
from *Everywoman's Weekly*
HERE

Name ....

Address ....

....

No. 13 Closing date, Friday, December 24th.

The Mazda Lamp is the most widely used lamp in the world.

More Mazda Lamps are in use to-day than any other make of lamp. All classes—from the highest to the lowest—use them. Mazda Lamps are used in the Royal Palaces, they also brighten the poorest homes. They are used in the Houses of Parliament, the Law Courts, General Post Office, Royal Naval Colleges, by the War Office, Admiralty, and all other Government Departments.

MAZDA

DRAWN WIRE

ELECTRIC LAMPS

have achieved their world-wide popularity because of their unsurpassed qualities.
They cost the least for current. They cost the lowest for renewals. They save you money, while they give you brilliant light, and they are British made in Rugby, England. *You* cannot do better than use Mazda Lamps in *your* home.
Mazda Lamps are made in all candle powers, but in only one quality—the best.

Obtainable from all Electrical Contractors, Ironmongers and Stores.

(Wholesale only.) The British Thomson-Houston Co., Ltd., Mazda House, 77, Upper Thames St., London.

Branches in all towns.

John Piggott

WHAT THEY WANT & WHERE TO GET IT.

Write for Free Catalogue No. 180 J.B

JOHN PIGGOTT,
117 & 11[illegible] Ltd.,
CHEAPSIDE, and
Milk St. LONDON

THE "CHEAPSIDE" WARM SWEATERS.

32 in. to 36 in. 4/6, 5/6, 6/6, 8/6.
40 in. 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 9/6.

Xmas Gifts FOR THE Services AND Civilians

He is thinking of you. Show him that you think of him.

Fumsup! Regd. The Little Charm That Brings Good Luck.

Sure, you've many friends away
With whom you'd wish Good Luck to stay.
That's so! Then write your jeweller to say
Post — a "Fumsup" Charm to-day.

The Xmas Present.

Fighting Men at Home and Abroad or their dearest friends at home would treasure one of these

Beautiful Luck-bringing Charms.

"Fumsup" is Fortune's Glad Hand; it conveys a silent message of HOPE and GOOD LUCK.

"Fumsup's" arms are movable. The funniest little wooden head (to touch for Luck). Both feet are Cupid-winged (to speed True Love).

REGISTERED

Sterling Silver Models, 2/- each, or regd. post, 2/4.
9ct. Gold Models, 12/6 each. 15ct. Gold, 21/- each, post free.
15ct. Gold with real Gem Eyes, 30/- each, post free.

Obtainable from—
Asprey, Ltd., 165-8, New Bond St., London;
Harrod's Stores, Ltd., Brompton Rd., London;
J. C. Vickery, 177-183, Regent St., London;
and at all Jewellers and Silversmiths, and High-class Fancy Goods Dealers and Stores.

Sole Manufacturers for Wholesale and Export Trade. **GOURDEL, VALES & CO.,** 57, Great Marlborough St., London, W.

SEND nine penny stamps to Newball & Mason, Nottingham, and they will send you a bottle of

MASON'S GINGER WINE ESSENCE

which makes, with the addition of lump sugar,

One Gallon Ginger Wine.

All who apply before December 31st will receive a Neat Money Box, which makes a Useful Gift for the Children. We suggest you include a bottle in your next parcel to the Front.

add a string to your bow By sketching, and increase your income. Our booklet B, a free lesson in itself, shows you how. Write to-day to Secretary,

A.B.C. SCHOOL OF DRAWING
210, Strand, W.C.

Two Real Bargains

Turn to the announcement on page 21.

Hatton Garden Goldsmith Co. (Dept. B) 5, Hatton Garden, E.C.

THE DEMAND FOR MOTOR DRIVERS IS GREATER THAN EVER.

Learn at Once.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING Officially investigated and approved by "JOHN BULL."

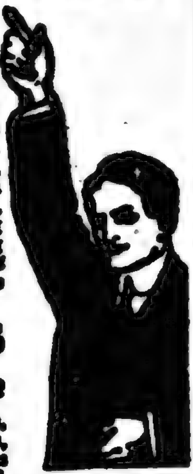
Unlimited practical training until satisfied and proficient
Lowest Charges No extra fees

Official B.S.M. Certificate and Free benefits of B.S.M. Licensed Motor Employment Agency

Call or send postcard [illegible] and mention JOHN BULL

THE BRITISH SCHOOL of MOTORING, Ltd., 5, COVENTRY STREET, PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

Are You Troubled by ASTHMA?



Are you being almost suffocated by that horrid strangling cough? Are you kept awake night after night? Don't suffer longer, but get Potter's Asthma Cure. Gives instant relief, and works wonders in Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough and other lung troubles. *The best remedy for bronchitis of children.*

POTTER'S

Asthma Cure

Is quite safe to use, it contains no opiates, and neither causes headaches nor bad after-effects. It is so sure to give relief that you should accept Free Trial at once. Fill up form and you will receive Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure, and a little book "Are you Asthmatic?"—full of facts as to the cause, prevention and cure of asthma and bronchitis. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by chemists, herbalists and stores, for 1s.

Sign this Form To-day

To Potter and Clarke, Ltd., Artillery Lane, London, E. Please send Free Trial of Potter's Asthma Cure.

NAME ----------------

ADDRESS ----------------

John Bull ----------------

Everyman's Handkerchief.

Soldiers & Sailors

will appreciate and find the

'EUCORAH' Handkerchief

ideal for their purposes. Many thousands have been sold to both branches of the service, and have given universal satisfaction. Its chief qualities consist of attractive patterns, soft silky finish, and durability.

See the name ticket on the genuine "Eucorah."

If your Hosier or Outfitter does not stock and you will send us a post card with his name and address, we will arrange for him to supply you.

"Eucorah," St. James' Buildings, Oxford St., Manchester.

The tags cannot come off

Three Hundred Threads of Highest Grade Mercerised Cotton go to the making of a Paton Lace.

These strands are plaited together in the form of a flat tube. That is why they are so strong: why they give infinitely longer wear than the ordinary boot lace, and yet at the same time are sufficiently elastic to give the greatest comfort. And every one of these strands has been dyed with absolutely fast colours, so that Paton Laces always retain their appearance.

The next time don't simply ask for laces—ask for

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Boot Laces for Ladies & Gent's wear	2d. & 3d.		per pair.
Shoe Laces (flat and tubular)	do.	3d.	do.
Leather Laces	do.	4d. & 6d.	do.

Your own boot dealer can supply you if you insist upon Paton's.

Wm. PATON LTD. Johnstone Scotland.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money. When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.

Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of **HARRISON'S NURSERY POMADE** —they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

Madame SARAH BERNHARDT

"Uses Proctor's Pinelyptus Pastilles with great success for Chest, Throat, and Voice and recommends her friends to use them."

PROCTOR'S PINELYPTUS PASTILLES

BRONCHO-LARYNGEAL.

CHEST. THROAT. VOICE. ASTHMA. CATARRH. COUGH

A Boon to Singers, Clergymen, Teachers. Insist on having "PINELYPTUS." Recommended by Miss Ellen Terry. Sold by Chemists and Stores only in Boxes, 1s½d. and 2s. 9d.

Weak, Dyspeptic & Anæmic.

Her life was a perfect misery.

Made well and happy by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Miss Matthews, Bradford.

Miss Alice Matthews, of 26, Fitzgerald Street, Manchester Road, Bradford, says:—"For years I had never been really well, and finally my health collapsed altogether. I became so weak that I had to give up my work, for severe fainting fits used to come on at all times. I have had several in one week. Indigestion made my life a misery. Every morsel I ate lay like a weight on my chest and caused severe pains just between my shoulders. Sometimes the food returned, after which I would be quite prostrate from the terrible strain. Palpitation due to flatulence was another affliction, so severe that I really thought I had heart disease, and headaches of frightful intensity added to my suffering. At times I was very nervous, miserable, and depressed. No end of ordinary medicines were tried for me, but not one of them did any good. I grew thinner, whiter, and more health-wrecked. I could not eat, and my condition became so serious that I thought I should never be well again. Then at last I was advised to take Dr. Cassell's Tablets. After a few doses I could feel that I was getting better, so I continued with them. Gradually I grew stronger, and appetite began to return. The indigestion, too, became less and less severe, till it had gone altogether, and with returning strength the fainting fits ceased also. Thus little by little I grew better and stronger, till soon I was completely cured. I am now in the best of health."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

When Energy Flags

Trust to Dr. Cassell's Tablets. Take two at night and note how well you sleep, how fresh you feel next morning; take a course of them and you will soon know the joy of health and fitness.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are Nutritive, Restorative, Alterative, Anti-Spasmodic, and of great Therapeutic value in all derangements of the Nerve and Functional Systems in old or young. They are the recognised modern home remedy for—

Nervous Breakdown
Nerve Paralysis
Spinal Paralysis
Infantile Paralysis
Neurasthenia
Sleeplessness
Anaemia
Kidney Disease
Indigestion
Stomach Disorder
Malnutrition
Wasting Disease
Palpitation
Vital Exhaustion
Nervous Debility

Specially valuable for nursing Mothers and during the Critical Periods of Life. *Sold by Chemists and Stores in all parts of the world, including leading Chemists in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Africa, and India.*

Prices: 1s., 1s. 3d. and 3s.—the 3s. size being the most economical.

Send for a Free Box.

Send your name and address and two penny stamps for postage etc., to Dr. Cassell's Co., Ltd. Box B C. 31. Chester Road, Manchester, and you will receive a trial box free

"The Toy for your Boy."

Develop his constructive side-

Develop your boy's imagination in play-time—give him an outlet for his energy that will foster the constructive instead of the destructive faculty. Give him Erector.

With Erector he can make aeroplanes, battleships, cranes, bridges, railways, and hundreds of other models. Erector is the only constructional toy which makes square girders exactly like structural steel. The interlocking edges of these girders (an exclusive Erector feature) make the models exceptionally strong. And the powerful motor, free with most sets, will run the models.

ERECTOR

The Premier Constructional Toy.

To stimulate the boy's invention there is a Grand Competition with

Valuable Prizes

including real motor-car, motor-cycles, etc. Let your boy enter for the prizes.

Write to-day for the 3 months' free subscription to "Erector Tips," the boys' magazine.

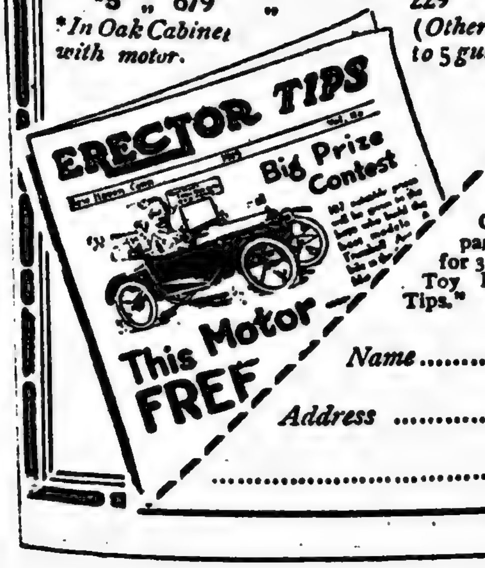
Erector gives you more models for the money than any other toy. Here are a few sets and prices:

No. 0	has	98	parts and makes	69	models,	2/0
1	„	140	„ „	88	„	4/6
2	„	205	„ „	120	„	8/6
3	„	345	„ „	176	„	12/6
*4	„	571	„ „	207	„	21/0
*5	„	679	„ „	229	„	31/6

**In Oak Cabinet with motor.*

(Other Sets up to 5 guineas.)

J



Coupon

To Mr. A. C. Gilbert, c/o Bedington, Liddiatt & Co., Ltd., 22/23, Hamsell Street, London, E.C.

Please tell me all about Erector and the valuable Prizes, including real Motor Car. Also send me illustrated 24-page Booklet, and enter my name for 3 months' free subscription to the Toy Engineering Journal, "Erector Tips."

Name ....

Address ....

....

S.H.B

Riley's Remarkable Free Trial Offer.

A Splendid Billiard Table in your Home at once, for a small first payment NOW.

WHEN Riley's decided to make this extraordinary Free Trial offer, they knew they ran no risk; for no one ever does send a Riley Billiard Table back—so greatly does it add pleasure to boresome winter evenings—so full is it of an unlimited power of profitably occupying the young folks' minds—and so excellently made to yield all the delights (even to an expert) of the full-sized Billiard Table.

If you send a P.O. now to-night, for 8s. 6d. you get carriage paid to your door (no charge for packages) within a few days the wonderful Riley Miniature Table specified below (size 6 ft. 4 ins. by 3 ft. 4 ins., cash price 5 gns.), and if after 7 days' trial you are not satisfied, pack it up, advise Riley's, and they will have it removed. Anyone may learn the real, live game of Billiards in no time on a Riley Billiard Table; lose no time in putting one in your home; watch how it fills in the hours from tea till bed-time with an excitement at every moment, an interest to keep everyone enthralled from ten-year-old Tommy to Grandfather.

8/6

DOWN

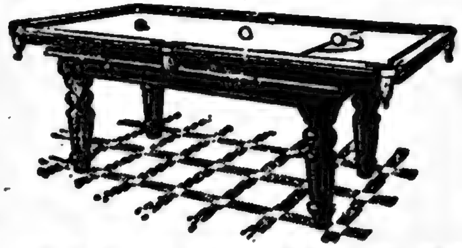
brings to your home immediately

Riley's Miniature Billiard Table.

8s. 6d. down—and then whilst you have the table you pay the balance in 12 consecutive monthly payments of 8s. 6d.

Cash price 5 Guineas—a delightfully convenient size to fit over an ordinary table, and to fit any ordinary sized room. Measures 6 ft. 4 in. by 3 ft. 4 in. Complete with all accessories.

Other sizes—prices in proportion.



This is the Riley Miniature Billiard Table, shown resting on Dining Table.

IN addition to the Miniature Billiard Tables, Riley's have another style—which may be paid for by equal monthly instalments over a period of 13 or 18 months—the

Riley "Combine" Billiard and Dining-Table

—really a magnificent piece of furniture, which may be converted into a large-sized Billiard Table by its very simple automatic raising and lowering action. This size also can be secured on easy payments spread over 13 months or 18 months. Cash prices from £13 10s.

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-sized Tables and Sundries. Every Table is as perfect as modern science and high-class workmanship can make it.

E. J. RILEY, Ltd., Premier Works, Accrington.
London Showrooms, 147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

THE

PRICE OF FURS

WILL BE DOUBLED DURING THE NEXT FEW WEEKS.

DON'T WAIT—BUY NOW!

As long as present stocks last we are selling at the old values.

The finest stock in London to select from—every article of guaranteed quality and best possible value for money.

A visit is highly esteemed—or a postcard will bring beautifully illustrated new Catalogue.

This Elegant Coat (as sketch) in finest quality Seal Coney - 6 Guineas.

THE WHOLESALE FUR CO.
145, CHEAPSIDE (1st floor), LONDON, CITY.
Also 10, St. Ann's Sq., Manchester, & 2, Lands Lane, Leeds.

Every reader of "John Bull" should have

The "REVERSIBLE" Treasury Note Case.

(Prov. Patent 5022).

The best means of carrying £1 and 10/- Notes. Made in real Leather, with initials in gold, 2s. 8d post free.

A Most Useful Xmas Present.

Send P.O. to actual Manufacturers—
D. HARPER & CO., Ltd., 258 262, Holloway Road, LONDON, N.

Two Real Bargains

Turn to the announcement on page 21.

Hatton Garden Goldsmiths Co. (Dept.B) 5, Hatton Garden, E.C.

£1,000 IN PRIZES THIS WEEK

BIGGEST PRIZE LIST OF ANY PAPER.

2ND PRIZE £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2:10

100 PRIZES OF 5/-

1000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2000 Special 'Target' PRIZES

2000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

OVER 5,000 PRIZES TO BE WON THIS WEEK.

☞ Please note that Competitors can now make use of a third coupon, which is to be found on the page opposite.

No.
Closing date, Thursday, December 23rd.
Example ……………………
Bullet ……………………
Example ……………………
Bullet ……………………
(168) P.O. No ……………
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.
Signed ……………………
Address ……………………
……………………
If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS No. 168," "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.
Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.
Closing date, Thursday, December 23rd.
Example ……………………
Bullet ……………………
Example ……………………
Bullet ……………………
(168) P.O. No. ……………
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on opposite page.
Signed ……………………
Address ……………………
……………………
If two Coupons are used P O for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition, **No. 169. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, DECEMBER 30th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **169** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 169, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 169.

TOMMY'S CHRISTMAS
ASK THE MISSUS
I CAN'T AFFORD
STANDING ARMY
AFTER THE PUDDING
PANTOMIME GIRLS
MIXING THINGS UP
NO CLASS
MAKING HERSELF PLAIN
ANOTHER STORY
PLAYING THE CLOWN
WITHOUT ASKING
TRYING TO WIN
MONEY MATTERS
IN DAYS OF OLD
SPOILING THE BABY
AFTER PARTING
STATE OF UNCERTAINTY
LADY CONDUCTOR
WHAT THE KAISER NEEDS

Soldiers and Sailors desiring to send extra "Bullets" may submit them on plain paper. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" submitted must be enclosed. If possible entry fees should be paid by English postal-orders. English stamps and notes on the Bank of France will also be accepted. No other notes of any kind will be accepted.

This week's list of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 168:—

WEARING THE ARMLET
LITTLE WILLIE
FILLING THE STOCKING
DERBY WINS
THE PRESENT TIME
FATHER CHRISTMAS
BOYS AND GIRLS
TEETOTAL CRANKS
PASSING THE DOCTOR
SEEKING PEACE
WHEN FORTUNE SMILES
FRESH EGGS
FEW LIKE IT
HAPPY ENDING
AT THE PANTOMIME
EXTRA SPECIAL
PAID WITH THANKS
UNCALLED FOR
WHEN FUNDS ARE LOW
WORTH HAVING
DESERVES CREDIT
LOVE'S SWEET SONG
WHEN ASLEEP
HELPING MOTHER
NOTHING TO LAUGH AT
TILL FOUND OUT
PERFECT WIFE
MATTER OF TASTE
NOT TRUE
CHEAP THINGS

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give TWO, THREE, or **FOUR** words, having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
Not True.
Bullet:—
Much in Papers Nowadays.
Example:—
Few Like It.
Example:—
When Tallyman Calls.
Example:—
Helping Mother.
Bullet:—
Tommy Sometimes.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 8th.

This week's Bullet Coupons will also be found in "Everywoman's Weekly" dated December 18th.

RESULT OF 165TH BULLETS COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:—

Mr. F. G. DAWSON,
50, Archery Road, Leeds.

Example:—My Dear Wife.
Bullet:—Dreads Me "Having Another."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:—

Miss M. MARTIN,
Hillcrest, Arklow,
Co. Wicklow, Ireland.

Example:—Keeping His Promise.
Bullet:—"His Honour" Sometimes Helps.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:—

Mr. T. J. Waters, 88, High Street, Ogmore Vale, Glam.:
Everybody's Duty—To Be "Collected" Shortly.

Mr. M. J. Driver, Pembury, Sudley Road, Ventnor:
Hopeful Sign—"Plenty" at Annual Meeting.

Mr. Alfred Oakley, 50, Butler Road, Harrow:
Like Rats—Some Are—Some Don't.

Mr. S. H. Witt, Milton, New Milton, Hants:
Making the Pudding—Actress, When Photographer's Ready.

Pte. R. Moir, 9, Tynecastle Place, Gorgie, Edinburgh:
Making the Pudding—With Brandy—Illegal Soon.

Margaret Lynch, 2, Roker Street, West Hartlepool.
Waiting to Fight—Except Those "No Class."

Miss Ella Iris Hart, c.o. Messrs. Mounter and Co., Ltd., 52, East Street, Taunton:
Rouses Father—Something Suddenly "Strikes" Him.

Miss Annie Morgan, c.o. Griffiths, 93, James Street, Llanelly, Carm.:
Too Happy For Words—Rarely Family Gathering.

Mr. J. Robertson, 32, Church Road, St. Annes-on-Sea:
Too Happy for Words—Mendelssohn Thought His Songs.

Mr. W. Coult, 36, Kingsway, Goole:
Getting a Move On—Profits But Not Salaries.
(Sent in on a "Target" Prize Coupon.)

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:—

Mr. Geo. A. Baker, 5, Park View, Victoria Road, Cork, Ireland:
Last Time of Asking—Germany for Her Reserves.

Mr. John Brooks, 16, School Lane, Heaton Chapel, Stockport:
Not Enough Go—Therefore Does "Donkey" Work.

Miss K. Savage, 74, Arden Road, Bloxwich, Walsall:
Kitchener's Mission—Strengthening Wherever He "Repairs."

Mr. T. W. Bullimore, 50, Crawshay Road, Brixton, S.W.:
Trying Business—"Earning" Nothing But Criticism.

Mrs. J. Weston, 4, Ncotslung Road, Ampthill, Beds.:
Trying Business—To Deceive Wife's Nose.

Mrs. A. Francombe, 43, Oakthorpe Road, Oxford:
Rouses Father—Mother Making Herself "Plain."

Mrs. S. Field, 86, Windmill Road, Gillingham, Kent:
Like Rats—Wife Thinks Slightest Noise.

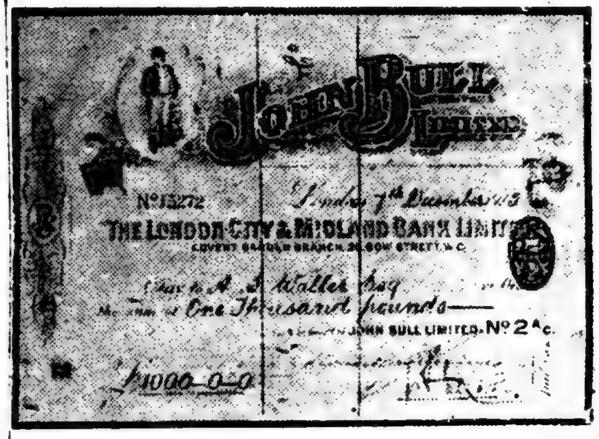
Mr. E. Ward, 14, Frederick Avenue, Shaw, Lancs.:
My Dear Wife—Attended Cookery Classes Unfortunately.

Miss Moon, 11, Warrior Square, St. Leonard's-on-Sea:
Fit To Fight—Judging By Preacher's Gesticulations.

Mr. Hy. North, 26, Brinkburn Street, Sunderland:
A Hard Knock—Coster's Measure Evidently Had.

Selection from 100 Prizewinners of 5s. each.

Adams, L. V. (Mrs.), 92, Cedar Road, Northampton.
Ashmead, J. E. W. (Pvt.), 5486 "D" Coy. 1st S. H. I., Bordon, Hants.
Bacon, Arthur, 60, King Street, Great Yarmouth.
Bainbridge, Thomas, 60, Muirpark, By Bellshill, N.B.
Bale, W. (Pvt.), Ward F3, Welsh Military Hospital, Whitchurch, near Cardiff.
Baldwin E. (Miss), 11, Calderstones Road, Liverpool.
Barlow, E. J., 3, Stanley Road, Cheadle.
Barnett, H. P., H.M.S. *Pekin*, c.o. G.P.O., London.
Battarns, J. W., 7, Dundas Road, Tinsley, Sheffield.
Bellamy, T. R., 101, Belvedere Road, Burton-on-Trent.
Bettley, H., 13, Station Road, Weaverham, Ches.
Bisgood, F. E., 1, Caversham Road, Kentish Town, N.W.
Borrett, Herbert, 9, Balkan Terrace, Felixstowe.
Boyack, F. James, c.o. Morris, City Meat Market, Birmingham.
Braithwaite, T. E., 47, Staniforth Place, Hessle Road, Hull.
Branton, T., Kaslin Holme, Park Road, Spalding.
Brindle, John, c.o. Messrs. Tweedales & Smalley, Ltd., Castleton, Lancs.
Brooks, William, 28, Cromwell Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Canham, Hilda, Aylesford Cycle Co., Aylesford.
Carisbrooke, E. C., Lamplugh Road, Bridlington, E. York
Chatterton, T. W., 22, Croxteth Road, Bootle, Lancs.
Child J. E., 18, Brown's Terrace, Bramley, near Leeds.
Clarke, A. S. (Corporal), R. A. M. C., Military Hospital, Herne Bay.
Colven, John, Jeweller, Durham City.
Coppuck, George W., 127, Stamford Street, Old Trafford, Manchester.
Colwill, T. S., 107, High Street, Ilfracombe.
Cowan, T. C., 7, Galabank Street, Galashiels, N.B.
Drinkwater, W., 4, Nantwich Road, Middlewich.
Driscoll, John, 47, South Milton Street, Chatterdown, Plymouth.
Donnelley, Susy (Mrs.), 21, Leicester Road, Cheetham, Manchester.
Dunn, R., 51, Hewell Street, Grange, Cardiff.
Ede, H. C., 3, Wembury Road, Highgate, N.
Elsie, M. (Miss), 18a, North Parade, Bradford.
Fortune, Nell (Mrs.), 26, Duncan Avenue, Scotstoun, Glasgow.
Foss, Arthur, 16, Oxford Street, Reading.
Gale, George (Junr.), 27, Mount Preston, Leeds.
George, A. (Mrs.), 91, Crawford Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.
Gilgryst, R. H., St. Barnabas Vicarage, York.
Good, J. W., 1, Milligan Road, Ayleston Park, Leicester.
Gould, A., 9, Dunster Gardens, Brondesbury, N.W.
Grace, R. (Miss), 83, Devizes Road, Salisbury.
Haye, John, Junr., 18, Clarence Street, Cork.
Haywood, Gordon, 22, Tarbit Street, Lancaster.
Heppel, Harold J., 91, Elfra Road, Wimbledon.
Heron, William, 162, High Park Street, Princes Road, Liverpool, S.
Higham, H. D. (Mrs.), 11, Duke Street, Cheltenham.
Hilton, James (Mrs.), 7, Farman Road, Earlsdon, Coventry.
Hopkins, D. J., 18, Brynhyfryd, Swansea.
Holmes, George, 15, Lever Street, Manchester.
Housini, Billy, 166, Camp Road, Leeds.



JOHN BULL LIMITED

No 15272

London 7th December 1915

THE LONDON CITY & MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Pay to A. J. Waller Esq

the sum of One Thousand pounds

JOHN BULL LIMITED. No 2 A/c.

£1000-0-0

The original of the above cheque will be on view at the premises of Messrs. M. Mapstone, Ltd., 52, High Street, Birmingham, from Thursday, December 16th.

A reproduction of the cheque will be shown daily on the screen at The Rink Picture House, Windmill Lane, Smethwick.

Hull, Charles A., Education Offices, Liskeard, Cornwall.
Hull, A. B., 28, Wood Hill, Leicester.
Huntley (Mrs.), "Stapleton," Jesson Street, West Bromwich.
Jackson, W., 47, Lady Lane, Arbroath.
James, C. H. (Pvt.), H.Q. 2nd Canadians Division, France.
Jamieson, E. B., Gebbycur Road, Kinghorn, Fife.
Johnston, G., 7, Morningside Place, Edinburgh.
Johnson, W., 8, College Road, Sandhurst, Berks.
Kelly, A. H. (Corpl.), 3rd Royal Irish Regt., Richmond Barracks, Dublin.
Kinnear, David, 35, Nether Street, Kirkcaldy.
Lamb, G. (Mrs.), 20, Eastbourne Gardens Whitley Bay.
Luke, S. (Mrs.), 11, Brandon Road, Hall Green, Birmingham.
McAinsh, A., 7, Tankerville Road, Streatham Common.
McDonald, J. F. "C" Lines, M.Q., as Bulford Camp.
Macfarlane (Nurse), Mold, Flintshire.
Mansell, A. D., 122, Vicarage Road, Wolverhampton.
Mann, Leonard, 150, Portland Street, Walworth.
Martin, S., Willenhall Road, Bilston.
Moody, W. J., Antrim, near Belfast.
Moonie, Thomas, 6, Church Street, Broughty Ferry.
Moore, T. E., The Gables, Knebworth, Herts.
Moran, Frank, 18, Station Road, Birkenhead.
Mountney, J. (Mrs.), 10, Park Avenue, Long Eaton.
Nolan, Alice (Mrs.), 76, Blessington Street, Dublin.
Norman, W. E., 17, Princes St., Yeovil.
Orson, James, Mistley, Essex.
Panlin, T., 8, Poplar Grove, West Hartlepool.
Parker, N. (Mrs.), 179, Douglas Road, Acocks Green, Birmingham.
Peck, E. (Mrs.), Thorington Hall Farm, Wherstead, Ipswich.
Phillips, A. H., 53, Claremont Road, Staines.
Roberts, W., 21, Palatine Buildings, Moss Lane West, Manchester.
Scott, A. H., 45, Headland Park, Plymouth.
Scott, F. D., 35, Mauli Street, Monifieth, Dundee.
Shiels, George, 26, Titchborne Street, Edgware Road, N.W.
Sinclair, Fred, Mary Kirk, Montrose, N.B.
Smallwood, G. H., 10, Holly Lane, Smethwick.
Smith, H., 76, Hurst Street, Birmingham.
Sparrow, R. A., 26, Groombridge Road, South Hackney.
Spooner, T. H., Bulb Grower, Mill Green, Pinchbeck, Spalding.
Tarling, A., 105, Beach Street, Deal.
Taylor, W., 36, Carr Lane, Shipley, Yorks.
Turner, Arthur, 88, Alexandria Terrace, Cote Hill, near Halifax.
Turner, Ernest, 28, Shrewsbury Terrace, South Shields.
Vasselin, Philip, La Rousselterie, St. Lawrence, Jersey.
Vicary, Mary (Mrs.), 27, Chatsworth Road, Bournemouth.

Owing to lack of space we are unable to publish a list of the 250 prize winners of Turkeys on this page. A complete list will be sent to any applicant forwarding a penny stamp to these offices, and will also appear in the "Competitors' Journal."

"BULLETS" RULES *(which must be strictly adhered to).*

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. A careful study of the winning efforts from week to week will also indicate the standard of merit to be attained. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons can be used, but a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be enclosed and made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose one postal order for the amount covering the number of their coupons.

4. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner, or have portions of another coupon pasted upon them.

5. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

6. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

7. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

No.

Closing Date, Thursday, December 23rd.

Example ....

Bullet ....

Example ....

Bullet ....

(168) P.O. No. ....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.

Signed ....

Address ....

....

If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS IN THE ABOVE COMPETITION CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

If you travel on the railway, beyond the slightest doubt
There's a famous little packet you should never be without—
Chairman Juniors.

In Chairman Juniors quality tells. They are really good. There is no better cigarette, and no better value than they are. They are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller to enable men who appreciate quality to still have it in their cigarettes, at the popular price of 3d. for 10. They are sold by all tobacconists in their little green push packets at

3d. for 10.

The Reason of Chairman Juniors.

Before the war tax was put on tobacco, Chairman Cigarettes were sold everywhere at 10 for 3d. Each packet contained a beautifully printed Regimental Crest in colours on satin. With the war tax it was impossible to sell them at less than 4d. for 10 (or 1s. 7d. for box of 50), the price now charged for them.

But as many smokers want their 3d. packet, Chairman Juniors were introduced. They are Chairman Cigarettes made smaller, but equal in quality, make, flavour, and smoking satisfaction, and are sold at 3d. for 10.

And they are worth it.

Made and guaranteed in every particular by R. J. LEA, LTD., MANCHESTER.

Printed and Published by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.; Agents for the Colonies, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.
All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2595.

THREEPENCE.

With handsome mounted Photogravure of Horatio Bottomley.

JOHN BULL

XMAS 1915

Here we are!, here we are!,
Here [illegible]re again!.

National Economy.

More Pots of Tea to the lb. and Better Quality if you buy Lipton's Tea.

A lb. of Lipton's Tea is the same size as a lb. of ordinary tea—to look at. But if you were to count the number of pots that each makes, you would find that Lipton's lasts far longer owing to the richness in flavour and strength of this splendid tea.

Just as in 1889 Lipton's brought down the high price of tea, and were the pioneers in saving the nation's money, so to-day they set the standard of value and national economy. Since they are tea-growers and owners of big tea plantations, they are able to give you just what you would expect, **better value in tea.**

☞ **There is no cheaper tea or better value than**

LIPTON'S TEA

per 2/- lb.

"If you want the best tea—go to the firm that grows it."

LIPTON, LTD., Tea Growers, Ceylon.

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

Yours faithfully

Horatio Bottomley

JOHN BULL

CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1915

MY CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

BY THE EDITOR.

IT is difficult once more to write the old words—"A Merry Christmas"—fain as I would do so. But somehow or other they don't seem to ring quite true. There is so much sadness—so much sorrow—about the world that the dear old time-honoured phrase almost chokes us when we try to speak it. How can we be merry, with our loved ones dead and sleeping over the seas? A year ago it was sad enough in all conscience; but to-day is a veritable festival of grief. Wives have lost husbands, mothers have lost sons, sisters have lost brothers, girls have lost lovers, children have lost fathers—all is desolation and despair! And it is Christ's Mass!

* * * * *

IT is the time of family gatherings and reunions—when the old meet the young, when the heart-strings are loosened, when the rich man in his castle greets the poor man at the gate. But the families have been sundered by the sword, the children are in black, and the rich man and the poor man are either sleeping side by side in everlasting rest, or fighting side by side for the country of their birth. How, then, can we be "merry"? How can we laugh and frolic with the kiddies—with all those empty chairs staring us in the face?

* * * * *

BUT—*are they empty?* Do you remember what I said last year? *Then*, with me, it was a fantasy that our dear dead heroes would be with us at this old Christian festival; to-day it is a faith. Yes, they will be here, sure enough—bidding us dry our tears—bidding us make the children happy—bidding us to wait, patiently and bravely, till the Great Day cometh.

* * * * *

BROTHERS, sisters, mothers, wives and sweethearts—be of good cheer. If your man has fallen in this war, *he is not dead*. You have lent him to God—that is all. And He will repay. Thank God that He is in your debt. And then, at least, *try* to be merry this Christmas Day.

By DAVID BUCHAN.

He wasn't much to look at and his character was bad,
His mother was a termagant, he'd never seen his dad;
No one knew his patronymic, so they dubbed him "Sleeky Sam,"
Quite as good as any other, and he didn't care a damn.

As a kid he was a scorcher, never youngster knew more guile:
He didn't know what schooling meant, his habits they were vile:
And as he grew in stature, so he persever'd in sin,
Till there weren't many vices he was not proficient in.

He had numerous convictions and was qualified for more
When his criminal development was blighted by the war:
He succumbed to fighting fever and he yearned for a chance
Just to serve his king and country with a bay'net or a lance.

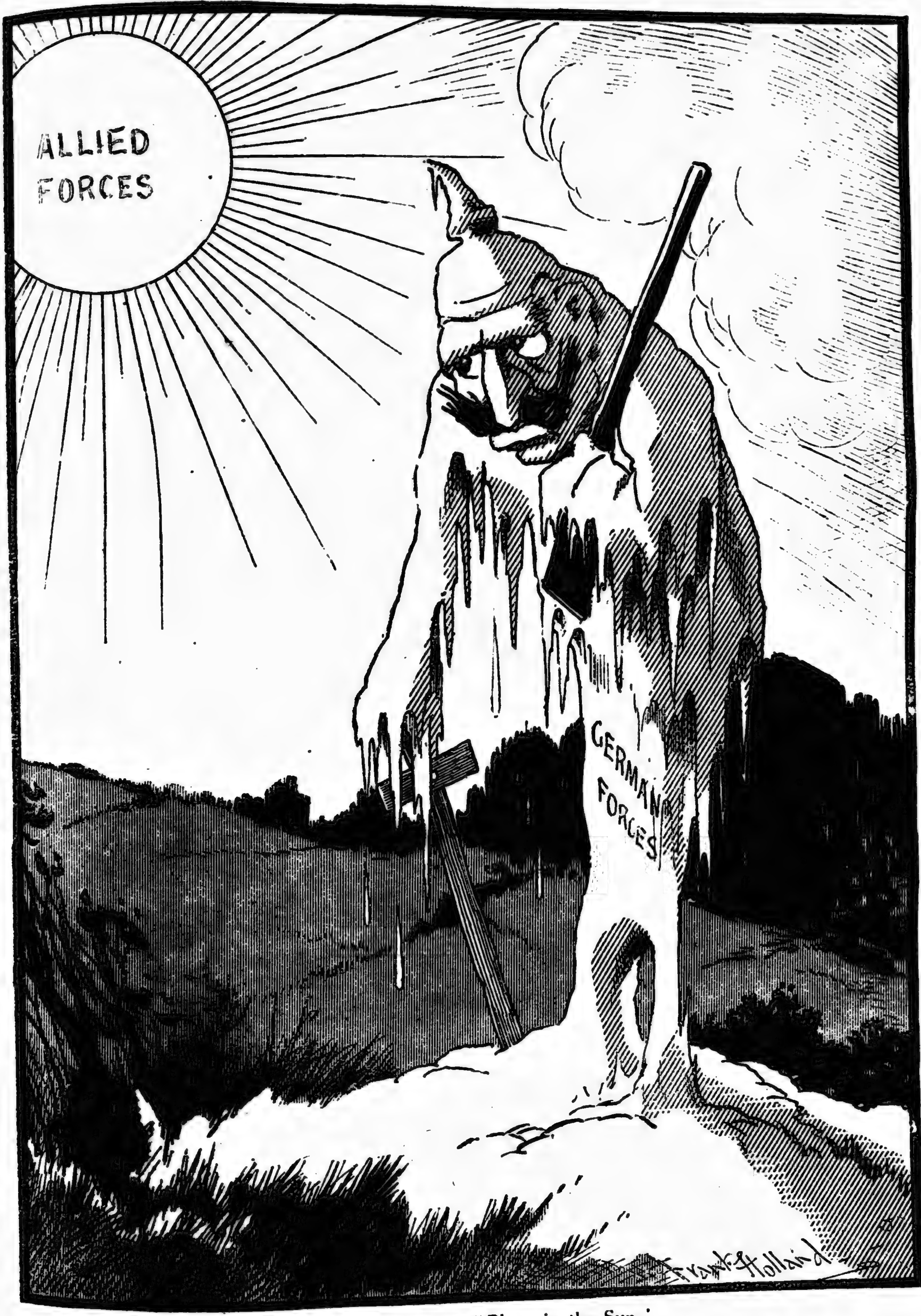
He saw the man of ribbons and a gold ring and a cane,
And the man of ribbons saw him, and his duty it was plain:
He couldn't sign him "Sleeky Sam," so booked him up as "Smith,"
Which in military circles is a name to conjure with.

Soon they fitted him in khaki, but they did not fit him well;
He had room for chest expansion and for other parts to swell:
But he made a decent Tommy and they pushed him off to France
With a rifle and a bay'net, which were better than a lance.

He knew not fear of God or man, no dread of Hell was his:
A wholesome hate obsessed his soul—such as a hero's is:
He clutched his musket, clenched his teeth, and charged as Britons can
And proved—as Huns might testify—a soldier and a man.

Beside a wounded comrade in the firing line he lay,
And with his lonely rifle he kept the fiends at bay:
A sniper nipped him in the neck—no thought of praise had he,
But Britain knows her brave men, and she gave him a V.C.

He's a tough nut and a rough 'un—he's not near so good as you,
But he's done his bit for Britain, and right well he did it too:
And when the final records sift the worthy from the sham
May you and I be reckoned on the side of "Sleeky Sam."



Once he wanted a "Place in the Sun,"
And he gleefully toasted "The Day";
But the Day and the Sun
Are now "toasting" The Hun.
And he's steadily dwindling away!

MEN · I · HAVE ·

Mr. Gladstone.

LAST year I started to write about "Mice and Men" whom I had known—but got no further than the Mice, who, you may remember, were all lawyers.

To-day I'll try to recall a few stories about the *Men*.

A "CHAT" WITH GLADSTONE.

Here is one about old Gladstone—and I don't think I have told it before. It was the last day of the year 1887. I remember the year because a few months previously I had fought my first parliamentary election. I had contested the Hornsey Division of Middlesex as an ardent young Radical and Home Ruler. If that confession offends you, dear reader, you must forgive me—I was very young—only twenty-seven! And on the last day of the year I was crossing the Channel on my way to France. And on board the boat was the great Gladstone, with members of his family, his secretary and his servant. Now you must understand that when a young man of twenty-seven has fought an election he rather fancies himself. Besides, not only had I knocked the Tory majority about somewhat badly, I had also been presented with the regulation service of plate and "illuminated" album, in recognition of my great "moral victory." (I became accustomed to these "moral victories" as I grew older—but that by the way.) Who, then, was more entitled than I to intrude himself upon the presence of the Prime Minister and to enlighten him as to the sentiments of the country? But the secretary would have none of it. "Mr. Gladstone," he said, "is not a good sailor and is very tired, and is resting in his cabin." That settled it. Always somewhat pugnacious and persevering I soon decided upon my course of action—and five minutes later I was interviewing the servant whom I found on guard at the cabin door. I will not disclose any of the secrets of that interview; but in the end my card, duly embellished with my recent political exploit, was in the hands of the Old Man—and then I was ushered into the cabin "just to shake hands"—the while the valet stood outside looking through the window to see that I did not overstep the time limit. The usual compliments exchanged, I prepared to take my leave—when something happened. I mentioned the words "Home Rule." Now, you have seen that famous picture—"Who said rats?"—haven't you—depicting the sick dog springing up from his bed at the sound of the word. If I could paint I would do a picture—"Who said 'Home Rule'?" showing an old politician, with leonine head and locks, springing up from his bunk in a Channel boat cabin. Vainly the valet beckoned me to come out, but every time I made a move the old man would point out to me another "aspect" of the great question, as I would meekly acquiesce and make a move towards the door. On and on rushed the torrent of words, punctuated only by the occasional lurch of the vessel—*and in that way the whole of the passage was occupied.* And now for the point of the story: We were at Boulogne landing stage; the valet entered to collect the luggage; I thanked Gladstone for seeing me, and this was his reply: "On the contrary," said he, "I am much obliged to *you; I have been greatly interested in all you have told me!*"

A RECOLLECTION OF DR. PARKER.

You all have heard of Dr. Joseph Parker, the famous preacher of the City Temple, before the days of the erratic Mr. Campbell. Here are three little stories about him: Once upon a time I owned the old evening paper the *Sun*, and it was my custom occasionally to place its editorial chair at the disposal, for a day, of some prominent public character. In this way Dr. Parker was for twenty-four hours its editor. One of the features of the paper was, of course, the early Betting forecast—and I was surprised when Parker told me that he intended to retain it, but that he should predict the odds himself. And this is what I found:

20 to 1 on Damnation.
33 to 1 agst. Salvation.
50 to 1 agst. The Public.

Then, during the day, we had a long conversation. At that time I was busily engaged addressing a series of meetings at Cannon Street Hotel in connection with the reconstruction of certain companies with which I was connected, the shareholders being asked to put up anything from 1s. to 5s. per share. It was at one of these meetings that a big crowd which had received me with hooting and hiss-

Mr. George Edwardes.

KNOWN

By HORATIO BOTTOMLEY.

ing, wound up by singing that I was "a jolly good fellow," and Parker commented on the fact. "Yes," said I, "the only difference between us is that I preach in Cannon Street and *you* on Holborn Viaduct." The old chap thought a moment, and then observed sadly—"Yes, that is so—*but look at* YOUR *collection*."

Dr. Parker.

After that we got on to various topics, including that of Prayer, and several members of the staff, including a very pronounced agnostic, ridiculed its efficacy, pointing out how impossible it was for God to answer diametrically antagonistic supplications—and so on and so forth. In the end, Parker said he was profoundly impressed and that if we would come to his mid-day service the following day he would deal with the matter. We went, and when it came to the time for the usual Prayer, the large congregation was startled to hear their pastor say that he had been listening to a learned discussion the previous day and had been convinced that prayer was "out of date," that it was "all right for children, but not for grown-up men and women," that it was "a remnant of early superstition and ignorance," and that it was "embarrassing to the Almighty." Then came a painful pause—everyone looking at his neighbour in dumb bewilderment. *And then*, in deep sonorous voice, with hands uplifted and clasped, and eyes closed, these words rang out and electrified the worshippers—"NOW, CHILDREN, *let us Pray*."

King Edward

TWO STORIES OF KING EDWARD.

For the first, I have to go back to the days when he was Prince of Wales. It was somewhere about the year 1888. I was parliamentary candidate for North Islington and was one of the Committee of Reception when His Royal Highness and his suite visited the Great Northern Hospital in Holloway Road. We walked about the place with them, from floor to floor — till by chance I found myself alone, at the Prince's side, at the entrance to one of the wards. "Take me through quickly," he said to me, looking furtively around, "*You* take me through—you are the only one who doesn't call me 'Royal Highness' every time."

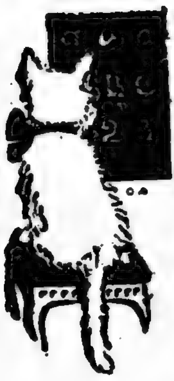
For the second, I go to Epsom races, where at one meeting King Edward and I each had a horse in a certain race. They both appeared to possess good chances, but in my own opinion I thought that another one—I think it was one of poor George Edwardes'—would beat us. My box was next to that of Mr. Leopold Rothschild, to which the King was a frequent visitor; and as the horses were cantering to the post he came in and, leaning over the partition, asked—"Well, Mr. Bottomley, I suppose you're going to beat me?" I replied that I thought it would be a very close race, but mentioned the horse which I regarded as a danger to us both. That horse won the race, and when the King came to the box a little later he said, "Thank you very much; we all backed it—*you saved us from ruin*."

A STORY OF GEORGE EDWARDES.

Poor George! I believe that the last race he ever attended was at Newbury, about eighteen months ago. I was talking to him in the paddock when a lady came up and asked if he would oblige her by putting her daughter on the stage. "She has a lovely voice and is very clever," said the proud parent. George promised to see the budding genius, and when we were again alone, told me this delicious story: "I am always being pestered," said he, "with these wonderful singers and actresses. The other day the Duchess of —— begged me to hear one of her friends sing, and I couldn't very well get out of it. So I fixed a time at which I had arranged for one of my leading artistes to run through a new song. She was a girl with a divine voice and a most finished singer, and I was told that this particular song was the best thing she had ever done. And an idea occurred to me. I placed the young *protégée* of the Duchess in the stalls and asked her to wait a few minutes whilst I heard another girl who wished to join my company; and having explained the situation to my Star, I listened to the song. She never sang better in her life, and as a matter of fact the song became the rage of London. But when she had finished, I remarked, in the most casual way—'Yes, I think you will be all right after a few more lessons; come again in about a month'; and then as I turned round for the embryo Patti, I found her preparing to leave, saying she would come another day. I never saw her again." Poor George!

And Thereby Hangs a Tale.

By WILLIAM HENRY BEALE.



COLONEL SMITH'S dog was the talk of the village. It fetched its master's newspaper every morning, it could count (by barking) up to ten, it balanced a lump of sugar on the top of the nose and caught it in its mouth when you clapped your hands. It begged in the most approved fashion, pretended to be dead, and did all the tricks that any educated dog was known to do. The Colonel was naturally very proud of his dog and always glad to show its prowess to visitors to the little seaside Cornish village where he lived.

For some unaccountable reason the Colonel had a strong antipathy to London. He would probably have been the local M.P., but when approached on the subject let it be understood so emphatically that he would not set his foot in the Metropolis, that the subject was quickly dropped.

His son Jack had no such aversion. Jack was nearly twenty years of age and had a chum who had gone to London to live. His friend's glowing account of life in the great city, its wonderful sights and the marked contrast with the Cornish village, made Jack very keen to join him. But the Colonel would not hear of it. Nobody belonging to him should ever visit that infernal place. Rumour had it that the Colonel had been the victim of the confidence trick some years before, and had been locked up as an accomplice.

Jack's letters from his friend made him more determined than ever to go, and after unavailing persuasion and appeal, he came to the conclusion that if ever he was to achieve his desire, it would have to be through the dog.

BERLIN OFFICIAL—No Advance on the Front.

The Colonel, reading his paper one morning, suddenly said—"Listen, Jack, to this advertisement:—

> Professor Flapdoodle undertakes to teach intelligent dogs to talk. For particulars and terms, apply 15, Courtland Square, London.

"By Jove, if Fido could only talk he would be perfect. Write at once and get full particulars."

Jack dutifully obeyed his father's instructions, but made no mention of the curious fact that the Professor's address happened to be that of his own chum.

In due course the reply came to the effect that it was perfectly true that dogs could be taught to talk, that the fee was twenty guineas, and that it would take about two weeks, but that it was absolutely necessary that a member of the family with which the dog was well acquainted should accompany him.

"That settles it," said the Colonel "I wouldn't go to London for a fortune. But if Fido could only talk. Wouldn't he astonish the natives? By Jove, Jack, what's the matter with your going?"

After some little demur Jack consented, and in a few days he and Fido were on their way to the forbidden city. Jack faithfully complied with his father's instructions to write daily and let him know how the dog was getting on with his tuition. In a very few days he was able to report that Fido had progressed sufficiently to say "Good-morning," "How do you do?" and similar simple phrases. Later on he wrote that he could speak short sentences and ask questions. Just before the fortnight was up the Colonel received the following letter:—

> DEAR FATHER,—
>
> The Professor says that Fido is the most wonderful dog he has ever had under his tuition, and is able to speak better than any dog he has ever met. He says that if you will let him have him for another two weeks he will teach him French, a thing he has never been able to do with any other dog. His fee for this will be twenty guineas. If you want me to stay you will have to send me more money for expenses. I think you will be surprised when I come home.
>
> Your affectionate son,
>
> JACK.

The prospect of Fido being able to speak French overcame the Colonel's anxiety to see his dog, and the consent was sent as well as the necessary cheque. On the day of Jack's expected return, his father, who had kept the story as a pleasant surprise for the village, was at the station in good time to meet him. As he descended from the carriage the Colonel rushed forward.

"Why, Jack, where's the dog?"

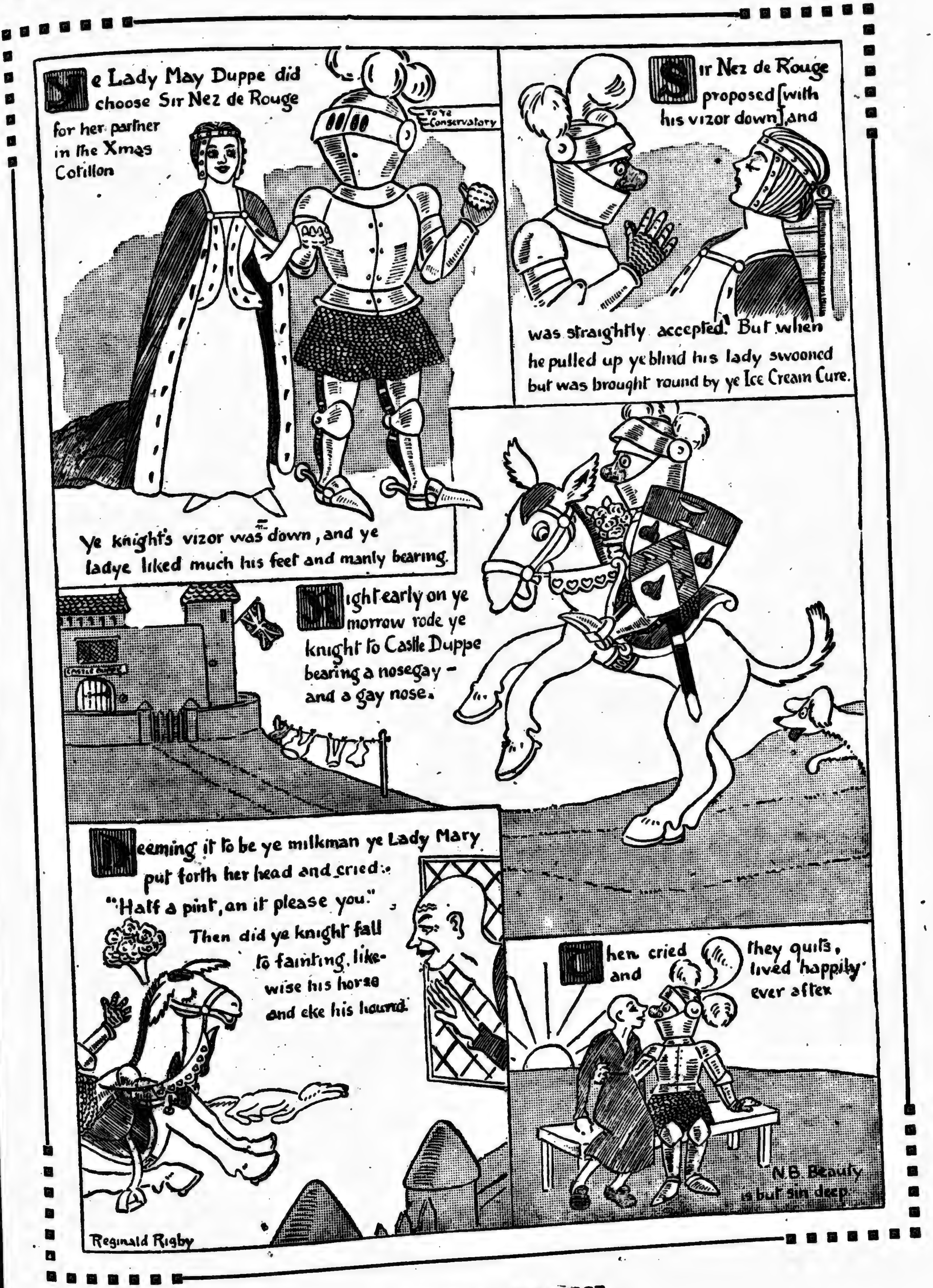
"Hush, father, wait till we get away from the crowd in the station and I'll tell you."

As soon as they got to a quiet spot Jack continued:

"You know, father, that dog got to talk almost as well as you or I. When we got to Paddington I took him in the compartment with me, and as I was about to take the window seat he said—'Hold on, Jack, I want to sit there.' You should have heard the passengers laugh to hear a dog talk. They crowded in from all parts of the train till one could scarcely breathe. In a few minutes Fido said to me, 'How's your father, Jack?' The people roared with laughter again, and I told him you were all right and ready to welcome him home. Then he inquired, 'How's your mother?' And the crowd laughed again. I told him, and he then said, 'Gardener well?' I said I supposed he was all right. Then I'll swear that dog had a knowing look in his eye as he said, 'And how's the pretty housemaid?' How the passengers did laugh, dad! I said I supposed she was all right. Then I distinctly saw him close one eyelid as he said, 'Does the old man still kiss her as he used to?' I thought they would never stop laughing, but I was so angry that I took the blamed dog and threw him out of the window, and an express train running past ran over and killed him."

"That's all right, Jack," said his father, hastily. "But for goodness' sake don't say anything to your mother."

THE END.


Ye Lady May Duppe did choose Sir Nez de Rouge for her partner in the Xmas Cotillon
To ye Conservatory
Ye knight's vizor was down, and ye ladye liked much his feet and manly bearing.
Sir Nez de Rouge proposed [with his vizor down] and was straightly accepted. But when he pulled up ye blind his lady swooned but was brought round by ye Ice Cream Cure.
Right early on ye morrow rode ye knight to Castle Duppe bearing a nosegay – and a gay nose.
Castle Duppe
Deeming it to be ye milkman ye Lady Mary put forth her head and cried:- "Half a pint, an it please you." Then did ye knight fall to fainting, likewise his horse and eke his hound.
Then cried and they quits, lived happily ever after
N.B. Beauty is but sin deep.
Reginald Rigby

A MEDIÆVAL ROMANCE.

The Finger of Fate.

By A. C. MASON.

TWENTY years ago, Smith, Jones and Robinson were playing pool together in Robinson's billiard-room. In the middle of their game, the maid entered and announced that a queer, old, dark-skinned man wished to see the head of the house.

"Who is he?" asked Robinson. "What's he like?"

"He's like a mummy, sir!" the maid giggled.

"A—a mummy!" echoed Robinson. "What the deuce do you mean?"

Smith and Jones were curious about the visitor, so the maid departed with Robinson's invitation. Presently an old man appeared—an Indian native, a Mahommedan. He wore a flowing robe and a turban, and he looked incredibly ancient. "Well," demanded Robinson coaxingly, "what do you want?"

"I am a fortune-teller, Sahib," the fakir answered. "I can foresee the future."

The three friends laughed. "I've heard of you before," Smith mentioned, casually. "You've been in this town some few weeks, haven't you?"

"Yes, Sahib. I have been here some few weeks."

"A wonderfully good hand at guesswork, too, I'm told," Smith whispered to Robinson. "Let us try him, for a joke."

The young men agreed to have their fortunes told, and Smith was the first one to step forward. "What will it cost me?" he asked, half in jest. "A shilling or half-a-crown?"

The old man looked calmly at him. "It costs what the Sahib thinks wise," he made answer. "I must live, though I speak the truth eternally."

"Humbug!" muttered Robinson to Jones.

The fortune-teller gazed into vacancy. "I see a long, dull space," he droned, holding Smith's hand. "I see children, and a woman. I see a vast content with very little cause. Therefore, I see happiness."

Smith did not appreciate this forecast of his life, but Jones and Robinson were amused by it. To them it appeared to fit Smith like a glove. "A precious poor shillingsworth!" Smith grumbled, as he made way for Jones.

The native held Jones's hand, but he did not speak. There was silence.

"Hurry up!" said Robinson, impatiently. "What's happened?"

The man turned to him. "Sahib," he answered, in a gentle voice, "nothing has happened. May I now leave you?"

"Not until you've told us our fortunes!" Robinson cried. "Go on with it, man!"

Jones was released. "The Sahib's fortune is told," he was informed quietly.

Jones grinned uneasily. "A soft way to earn two bob, anyway!" he remarked. "Do you call that full money's worth?"

"The Sahib has had his full money's worth."

"Oh, be hanged to this!" Robinson exclaimed. "Let me have my turn!"

The fortune-teller smiled. Touching Robinson's hand, he spoke dreamily. "I see a brilliant light," he said. "I see riches, honour and success. Everything is golden, and this glow lasts for many years. Then I see a giant numeral. It is 50. Afterwards, I see nothing."

It was Robinson's birthday. He was thirty. "What does the numeral mean?" he asked.

The native replied in his natural voice. His trance-like expression vanished. "The Sahib asks me a question which I cannot answer. What did I say?"

"Oh, come, now!" Robinson looked cross. "Surely you remember what you told me! Don't be such a humbug!"

"I remember nothing," said the old man.

They did not argue with him. Instead, they concluded that it was part of his trade to pretend ignorance. They let him go, and Smith, Jones and Robinson resumed their game of pool. They made fun of the fortune-teller for a time, and then forgot all about him. It was Robinson and Smith who remembered him the next morning.

Jones had died in his bed overnight.

Whether this coincidence influenced Robinson's mind it is difficult to say. Certainly, he never alluded to the experience again. The years have passed, and Robinson to-day is forty-nine. To-morrow he will be fifty. Since that night when the three friends played their game of pool the fairies of finance have been kind to Robinson. He has prospered and has great wealth. Latterly however he has been arranging his affairs and behaving generously to his wife, his family and his relatives. Yesterday he made his will. Honour also has been an outstanding feature in Robinson's career. Those who sneer at riches, and who declare that it is impossible to amass wealth and to remain honest may look to him for the living negation of their statements. Even his insurance policies are on the endowment principle—payable at fifty. If this is not Honour then what is?

Of course, the Indian did not mention details. He merely stated that he saw a giant 50, and, after that, saw nothing. This may mean that, to-morrow, Robinson's golden age will cease; that his wealth only will be snatched away from him: not his life. And this is the interpretation I prefer.

For I am Robinson.

A War Wedding

He had two fine eyes as black as sloes,
A skin like a girl's of white and rose,
As well as a perfect Grecian nose,
Rather less than a year ago.

His tie and handkerchief matched his socks
(Which were lavender silk with purple clocks),
And it gave him several painful shocks
When the maid of his choice said "No."

He was scorched and scarred by a bursting shell,
That wrecked the trench into which it fell,
And spoilt the shape of his nose, as well
As the sight of his starboard eye;

But at a war wedding yesterday
(The groom in khaki, the bride in grey),
When asked, would she "honour" and "love" and "obey"?
"I will," was that maid's reply.

ADA LEONORA HARRIS.

MAKING SURE FIRST.

Little Freddie gazed at his Grandmother doubtfully. Then having apparently made up his mind, he said:

"Granny, have you got good teeth?"

"No, darling," replied his Grandmother; "poor Granny has no teeth now."

"Then," said the child, "I'll let you mind my bag of nuts till I come back."

HAPPY OUTINGS.

By W. PETT RIDGE.

Illustrated by LEO CHENEY.

"It was my mother."

ONE of the men asked permission to remove his collar, on the grounds, first that it was new, second that the evening seemed warm. His wife remarked to the other two ladies that he was one of the few to whom the fact of being in Sunday clothes made no difference; he had no manners when she first met him, and even now, despite years of training, he appeared to have none to spare. He mentioned that his motto had always been, and would ever be, "Ease before elegance."

"Well enough for the ladies," he explained, confidentially, to the group of men near the window. "They don't think they're properly dressed up unless they feel a bit uncomfortable. We're diff'rently constituted, if I may say so. And I could answer her back as well as anyone only that I prefer not to. Leads to endless argument, and bickering, and what not, and——" His wife from the mantelpiece demanded to know what James was muttering about. "I was just remarking, my dear, that we couldn't have had a finer day for it. Great advantage in these sort of affairs to have 'em happening in the good weather."

The three women did not move, but they took up with animation the suggested topic, and directing the five-year-old girl in the corner to go on playing with her collection of tram tickets, reviewed notable incidents of the past, and the temperature that had accompanied them. When the memory of one failed over some detail, others prompted and, monopolising the conversation, they spoke of days that were pouring with rain, of days with the sun enough to scorch you, of days of such chill that you wished to goodness you had put on an extra flannel petticoat. Their men folk listened resignedly; one passed his tobacco tin around. The ladies threatened that if pipes were to be lighted they would certainly withdraw to the other room, for smoke hung about one's clothes for days, and weeks, and months. Matches were at once struck.

"Now that they have taken their departure," said James, elaborately, "for the time, at any rate, I beg to propose that we take off our coats and sit here, peacefully and quietly." The rest supported the motion, and it was carried. "An affair like we've had this afternoon is always somewhat upsetting to the fair sex. They consider it their duty to give way to tears, if I may so express myself, and it takes 'em some time to get their balance again. How often you see a day like this finish up with a bit of a scrap between two parties hitherto considered on friendly terms?"

"Rec'lect the time when you got married, James?"

"That, William, is all past and done with." The others clamoured for information.

"Oh, but you must hear this," said William, with relish to the company. "This all happened before you lot came into our set. James, you must understand, fancied himself at that period of his career."

"As good-looking a chap as there was in the neighbourhood, and chance it!"

"Perhaps," conceded William, "my eyesight wasn't quite so young then as it is now. Anyway, her father simply hated and loathed the very appearance of him. Went about saying so. Laid bets the wedding would never come off. Promised to eat his boots if it did. James, here, got to know of all this, and of course was up in arms. Takes her off, and gets married at the registrar's. I goes with him to interview the old man, and to stand by when he begins to show fight. Lo, and behold, directly we mentions our business, he offers his hand and says he hopes they'll both be happy. 'How d'you mean happy?' says James, on the defensive. 'Who are you getting at, I sh'd like to know?' And then the old man explains that he's been paying attentions to a widow, and didn't want to turn his gel out, and thought it best to take up the attitude he did so as to prevent any delay in the two getting spliced. You ought to have seen James's face. I've often smiled over it," added William reminiscently. "It's frequently cheered me up, on the way home from Kempton."

One of the group had a story, with a happier finish, of a christening and a sergeant and constable of the D division arriving when the festivities were at something above normal height

"I was trying," said James perplexedly, "to recall 'oo it was exactly . . . ."

and taking off the father and mother; the guests and relatives had to toss up to ascertain who should accept responsibility of looking after the baby. From this distinguished event talk went to more public occasions; a beanfeast at High Beech; a day at Southend; a Bohemian concert organised for a widow. In all of these, endeavour was made to be exact in regard to the number of pints, but sometimes regret was expressed that at a certain hour memory failed, and precise figures could not therefore be given. No veterans at Chelsea, recounting engagements, could have shown more pride and exultation; their most pronounced compliment to any hero of the past was, "He could always carry it!" James, out of the discussion by reason of the misfortune that his wife had long since compelled him to join an Ancient Order with prejudices in favour of abstinence, tried to divert conversation to food and the most remarkable exploits at table, but the others preferred their own subject. They did presently compromise, and an allusion to funerals started a fresh topic.

"My argument is," said William, strenuously, "that no one's got a right to make any profit out of it. If the money comes to, say, ten pound, let that ten pound be spent on the day. That's what it's meant for, and that's where it ought to go. A nice way of showing respect, isn't it," he went on, with bitterness, "to go and put some of it in the Post Office. When people talk to me about rainy days, I always say there's no sense in anticipating the worst. If rainy days come along, all you've got to do is to stay indoors."

"Too much talk about putting by, nowadays. What's the use of saving up? You can't take it with you when your time comes."

"Likewise," said the lecturer, acknowledging the support with a wave of his pipe, "there's a lot of unnecessary fuss made about staying on in this world. It becomes a perfect 'obby with some of 'em. If they get a touch of a cold, or a slight pain anywheres, it's—'Oh, I must see the panel chap,' or 'What do you think I ought to get from the chemist?' Gracious me, why, if relatives and so forth didn't pop off sometimes we should never know what it was to get a day's enjoyment. Selfishness, that's what I call it: pure, rank selfishness!"

The electric lights outside were turned on suddenly. In the next room the sibilant voices of the women could be heard, talking, as one of the men remarked satirically, nineteen to the dozen.

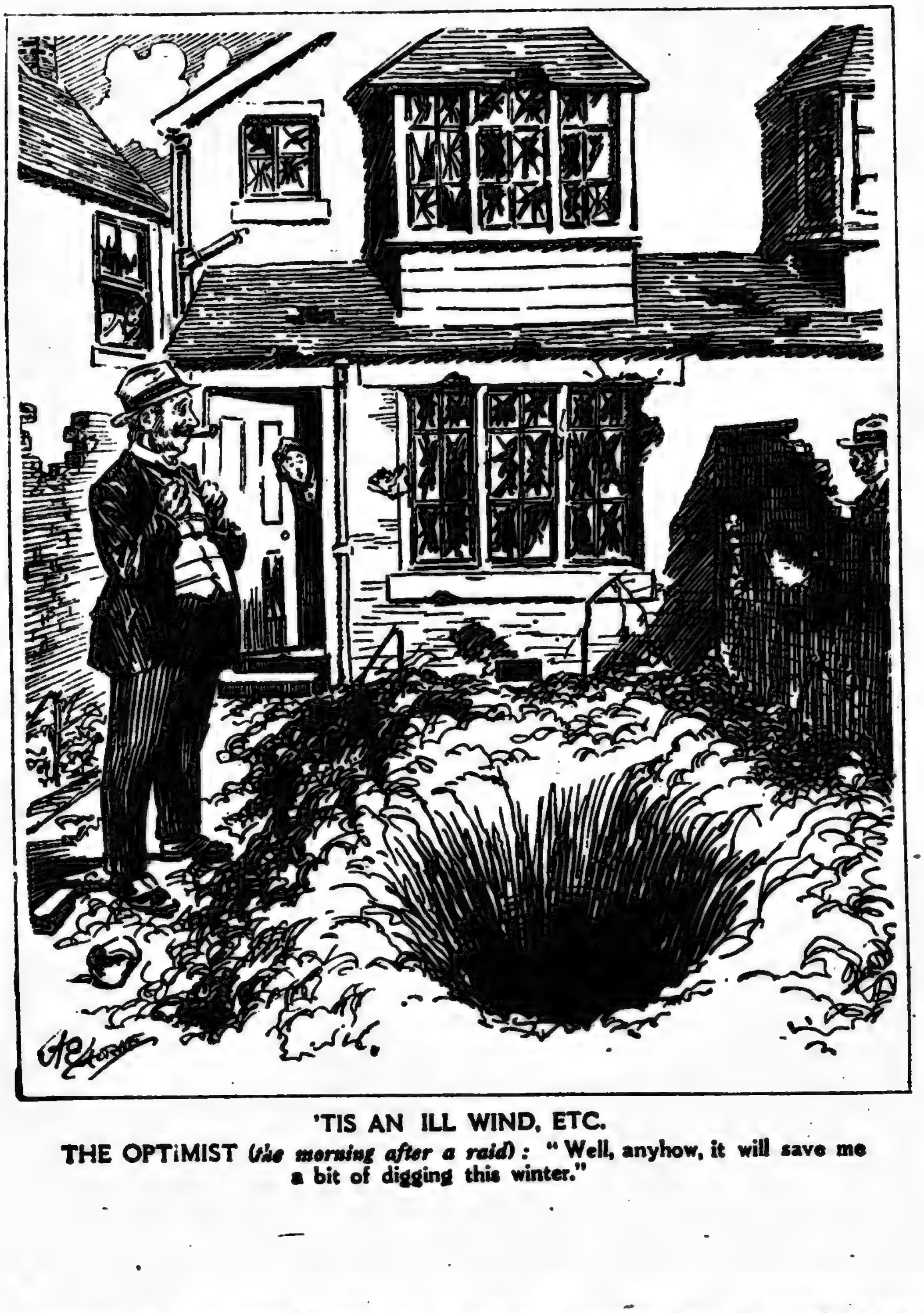
"As there seems to be nothing further in the shape of alcoholic stimulant about," remarked William, with a hiccough, "we may as well see about taking our departure. You seem very thoughtful, all at once, James. What's going on in that bloomin' nut of yours?"

"I was trying," said James perplexedly, endeavouring to fix a collar of insufficient size, "to recall 'oo it was exactly we put away at Kensal Green this afternoon."

A pause ensued.

"It was my mother," remarked the small girl from the corner.

"Bless her 'eart," cried the man, with enthusiasm. "Bless her dear li'l heart. Of course it was! She remembers!"



'TIS AN ILL WIND, ETC.

THE OPTIMIST (*the morning after a raid*): "Well, anyhow, it will save me a bit of digging this winter."

CHEERUPS FOR WORRIED HOUSEWIVES.

It is not generally known that a medium-sized fowl can be made to go round twenty-nine persons simply by chasing it.

* * * *

To make a pint of peasoup satisfying to the above number of guests, add, just before serving, a few drops of oil of castor.

* * * *

In most districts, at this season, the cheapest soup is mock chicken. One ordinary egg will be ample.

* * * *

As a rule, toast-eating is less expensive than toast-drinking.

* * * *

To make a sixpence go as far as a shilling, take a suite of rooms on the fifth floor of a high-class hotel, open one of the windows, and drop over both coins.

* * * *

For breakfast, a handful of porridge will be enough for the average person.

* * * *

To enable one to enjoy the nourishing qualities of orange pips, date stones, birdseed, etc., it is only necessary to have one's appendix removed.

* * * *

Don't fret. A poached egg inadvertently dropped on the carpet provides a fascinating plaything for baby.

WHAT MR. ATKINS HIDES.

By MARGARET BAILLIE SAUNDERS. *Author of "The Belfry," "Captain the Curé," etc.*

The Belgian infantry-man with a bandaged head shifted himself into a sitting posture on his straw and arranged a little store of tobacco between St. Peter's toes. Mr. Atkins watched him with envious curiosity. The big bronze statue of the sceptred and mitred fisherman, enthroned in pontifical splendour, looked down as calmly and benignantly unconcerned at the two of them as does a father when his child plays with his watch-chain. But below, on the floor, a great stretch of squalid straw and on it a strewn and ragged company of battered and broken men, lying, in all sorts of attitudes, bandaged, and propped and pillowed with clothes-bundles or hassocks or hay.

Silence lay over the place, the unutterable silence of snow and midnight. Most of the men slept, except the two occupied with the extempore tobacconist's, and an Indian lying on his stomach just across the little gangway made by a path in the straw that had once been the church-aisle. The sound of this poor fellow wailing softly to himself in some minor cadence that sounded like a Gregorian chant, and the heavy groaning of a German prisoner shot in the back by his own officer and lying on an improvised bed in the baptistry, alone broke the profound stillness.

Mr. Atkins, still occupied with thoughts of nicotine, raised himself on his elbow contemplating it.

"Lucky for you, old sport!" he said in a whisper. "Suppose we can't just have a whiff together?"

"Forbidden," said the Belgian sadly, in his solemn proper fashion. "At sleeping time. And they're all asleep, though it is Christmas Eve! All except that German devil, groaning. And your heathen black man, who whines—or does he call it Mohammedan music? I am indeed thankful that the blind cavalry officer over there in the Lady Chapel has given up blaspheming for the night. His language, and his foul railings at his fate, have been frightful for days. And to think this is a church!"

"P'raps, being blinded in both eyes, he don't particular know it from hell," said Mr. Atkins. "And as for you—" he fixed the Belgian with a glittering eye—"do you know what we should call you away in my country? A bloomin' bigot!"

"Pardon. I fail to comprehend your indignation. I did but groan to think that my own beloved church should echo with men's wild blasphemies, and to look and smell like what?—like a stable!"

"And the brute beasts all lying about in the straw!" said Mr. Atkins. "Isn't that the pulpit over there in the corner that they've stuffed with hay? What would parson have said if you'd told him his preaching box would be turned into a sort of a cow-manger!"

The Belgian looked prim, as only a Belgian can.

"Myself I have served mass in this very church many times," he said. "It is only three years ago that we had the Midnight office at that altar. The Bishop himself came. Glorious it was—the music, the lights, the vestments, the flowers, the people, a scene of gold and white and glitter, like the Nativity itself. I think there was a little hay and straw in the pulpit, even then." He paused and turned his head quickly in the direction of the chancel: "*Mais ecoutez!*"

"Hark to what? It's only the wind outside. It's working up for more snow."

"No, no; did you not hear the cry of an infant?"

"Get along with you! If you'd only give me some of that baccy—Lor, what's that noise? Oh! I say!"

"A baby, cooing; I declare it is so."

"Seems to be up there by the altar, at the side. I say, do you see that queer light? Up there. That's where the cooing is."

"Yes, you are right. Someone is singing a baby to sleep. That crooning music—it is a lullaby—I have often heard my wife, Yvonne——"

"Can't make out the bloomin' glimmer," said young Atkins, still peering hard at the distant place. "It's not like the rest of the lamps here. It's a sort of a glow—like London looks from the Crystal Palace."

"It is from a star," said the Belgian, peering up through his hands. "I can see it from where I lie by this pillar. It is shining in through the shell-hole in the roof. Odd, because it is snowing thickly. One would not expect the sky to be so clear."

They paused. A swirl of wind came singing round the building, wailing and wuthering in its maddened course. In the hush that followed it they heard the clock of the distant Stadhuis slowly strike midnight in twelve solemn, wind-blown booms of gusty sound.

"It is Christmas Day;" the Belgian crossed himself.

At this point the Indian soldier suddenly leaned forward, his eager mahogany face all afire with excitement.

"Listen! I hear camel-bells!" he whispered, ecstatically. "Hearken! There is no mistaking."

"Poor devil, he's stone deaf," said Mr. Atkins deprecatingly. "His hearing went in the last big shelling." But he nodded good-naturedly and waved his hand to the Sikh to show that he understood him.

"It is as the sound of a great cavalcade as it crosses the sand of the desert at night," went on the Indian, his two hands uplifted. "Behold some mighty Maharajah approaches this poor place in all his glory! I hear the sway of the trappings, the swinging music of the bells. Praised be Allah!"

As he spoke the church door swung open as though blown by the wind, with a rush of icy air and dry drifted snow that sent all the lamps flickering, and tossed aside the straw. In the path thus made a tall man entered, much muffled in draperies. He was followed by two others. "Chaps from the trenches," commented Mr. Atkins, and then paused. At first sight the heavy swathings of dun-coloured drapery might have been the torn and ragged khaki overcoats and trappings of trench-work; a second later, as the light fell more fully on to the approaching figure, one saw that this was only a sort of dust covering that hid something gorgeously embroidered and jewelled underneath. And what one took at first for fitments and kit bundles were found to be heavily swathed bundles, or objects of value, one of which the stranger carried carefully high before his face. What one took to be a trench-helmet revealed itself under the lamp light to be a sort of close-fitting and veiled turban. Moreover, the man had a long grey beard that glistened down his jewelled breast, and carried himself not at all like a Tommy. He was followed at a few paces by another of his kind, this one carrying something on chains that swayed from side to side and flung a wonderful sort of scented smoke in puffs all about the place as he walked.

The third figure was as dark-complexioned as the Sikh himself. He, too, carefully bore a heavy object on his breast. He had a young face and very bright eyes. There was a faint clash of silver chains, of hidden ankle bells, a suggestion of sandal-wood and spices, a flashed gleam of half concealed jewels as the three out-landers paced up the aisle in a hush unspeakable.

Most of the men were awake now, some lying propped on their elbows staring amazedly at the strangers. The Indian was down on his face uttering incomprehensible ejaculations. The Belgian was trying to get himself to kneel steadily, as he said something rapid in Latin. Mr. Atkins managed to limp to the door and shut it, feeling constrained either to be useful or swear. He hobbled back to his place by the pillar, his mouth a little dropped, his eyes staring wide open.

"*Arretez!*" whispered the Belgian, his voice profoundly awe-stricken. "Cannot you see—this is the Real Thing."

"*The Real Thing!*"

Mr. Atkins began a rallying protest and then his words died down on his lips in spite of himself, and he finished up a faint, "Well, I'm jiggered!"

Far away up in the ruined chancel, as on a stage, the three strange men were now kneeling in turn, the glow of light falling on their rich Eastern dresses and revealing their dark faces as, set sideways to the watchers, they presented their gifts to someone or something hidden behind the screen of hay. From here the light glowed continuously, and the music, a sort of crooning melody on strings and pipes, went steadily on and seeemed to bring with it a curious sense of soothing and sweetness, such as the poor tortured men lying about in the shadows had never dreamed of before. Some were gasping with suppressed emotion; some were smiling, the first radiation of childish happiness their thin and emaciated faces had known for many a long day. A few had clasped their hands. No one could quite say how long the three strangers remained, but when at last they had all departed silently by a distant door beyond the altar, and the last tinkle of their ankle bells had died away, the soft glow of light behind the hay-rick still remained.

Suddenly the Belgian said "Look!" and pointed to the Lady Chapel. From its dim shadows the blind cavalry officer who had blasphemed for days got up staggeringly to his feet. With groping hands and upturned grey face, heavily bandaged over the cavernholes that were once his eyes, he fumbled and floundered through the straw, holding on by pillar and chancel railing, clutching at this and that, but always going steadily in the direction of the light, still glowing beyond the pulpit manger, till he reached the place where the three men had knelt. Here he was seen to kneel down himself, bend his head and spread out both his hands wide, as they had done. What was it he offered? The gold of his eye-sight? He had nothing else to give.

At this the Indian gave out a great cry. Trailing himself heavily along the straw on his stomach, walking as it were on his hands, he went swiftly and sinuously along the same track, up the chancel steps, and flung himself face downwards before the same object, whatever it might be. His two brown hands were clutched conch-like at his ears. Perhaps he offered his hearing, and the frankincense of a blind instinctive devotion? Only he knew.

There was a hush. Then from the dark corner by the baptistry crawled a clumsy figure, dragging itself along sideways, in heavily breathed, painful jerks. It was the German, shot in the back. With many gurgled groans and swelling face, the breathless, uncouth object, looking like some rudimentary animal, struggled through the straw, its grey uniform torn and creased in the supreme effort of progress.

Arrived at last within the radiant circle this creature too fell forward with both arms put forward and hands rounded as if in supplication Possibly the offering was the myrrh of a penitent's death.

Mr. Atkins never knew if any of the chaps went up after that, because he began to say something desperately into his own hands, and by and by the sweet music of the weariness of his sickness sent him off to sleep.

When, some time afterwards, the night nurse came her rounds she found quite a lot of things disarranged, and the German lying prone and panting on the chancel steps and not by the baptistry, where his real bed was. She was naturally very cross.

"It is all nonsense, boys," she was saying, trying to cover her annoyance by scepticism. "You have imagined, dreamt the whole thing. Babies, indeed! There was no baby in this place at all. How could there be?"

"Pardon me, Sister, but I saw him," said the blind officer. "He was all blazing and shining, as though he was on fire. And he put his little hands on my eyes."

"Oh, my dear friend!"

"There was a young child. I heard him," wrote the deaf Indian on his ivory tablets. "I first heard the camel bells—it is to be gathered that I know the sound of camel bells!—and then later on he spoke to me. He is the so great Sahib of all the world. I knew him at once. It was the Krishna. Mine eyes have beheld the Krishna. None other."

"How could any of you know a Deity, anyhow?"

"But der iss not a doubt of it, *mein freundt*," said the German faintly between his gasps. "Dat wass der Christ Childt. I know, because he kiss me. On der forehead. *I know, den, because he forgive me.* Der iss no odder in the worrrld would do dat. I die dish night. He say, 'To-day thou be mit me in Paradise.' So I die glad. Ah, happy!"

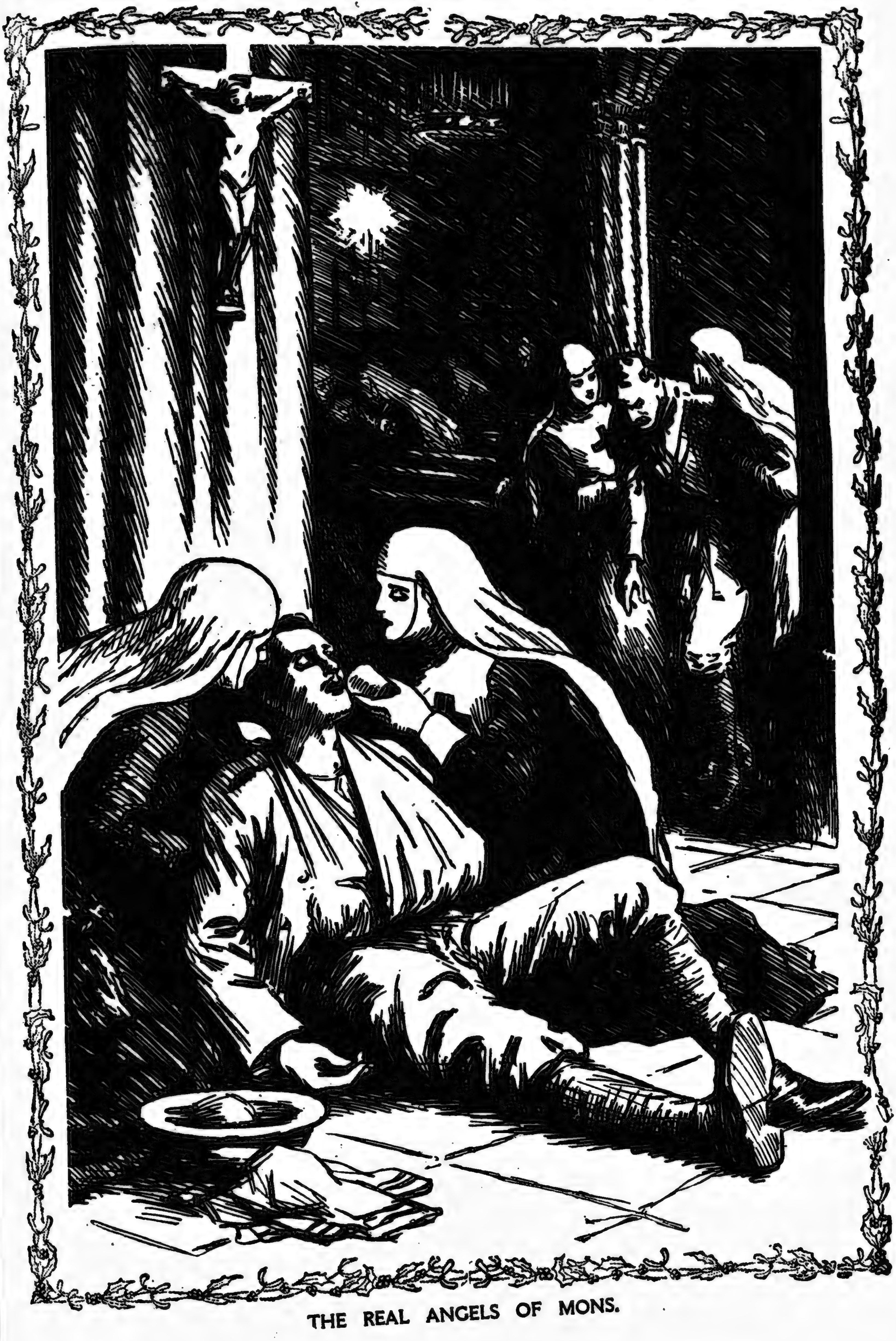
The Sister could not shake them. They persisted with their story. The Belgian supported them steadily. He saw no difficulty at all in the matter. Had he not served at that altar times out of number? As for Mr. Atkins, he and many others gave a kind of incoherent testimony of their own, by no means the least telling. Hadn't they all seen some rum-looking blokes all covered with gems and carrying their dunno-what-alls up to a place there where it was all a-shining like Shoreditch shines from Muswell Hill when you're coming home from a football match? Ra-a-ather. And hadn't they heard a kind of a sing-song going on that got at you like when kiddies sing when they're going to bed, only more swinging like? Not 'arf.

That night the German died, with a smile on his drawn face. The cavalry officer no longer mistakes his billet for hell; indeed he has brought the other country down to it for the others to bask in. The Sikh is a song incarnate.

* * * * * * *

Mr. Atkins does not tell the tale in England, now that he is home. The British public does not care for supernatural manifestations unless it can pay half-a-crown at the door and put on a pair of kid gloves and sit in the front row, and then have the matter heavily proved to have been materialistic after all, and no deception, ladies and gentlemen. The tale of a Divine vision having been seen by a blind man, heard by a deaf one, and vouched for by a sinner—and that a German—would hardly satisfy the demands of either the séance haunters or the science seekers. There might crop up quite a nasty personal hit-and-hit back sort of newspaper correspondence if Mr. Atkins told. So he says nothing. But he does not see that a base hospital in Flanders is so very far from Bethlehem. Or that the gifts offered up there are any less kingly than pearls and rubies.

"Gems from the mountain and pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine.
Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor."



THE REAL ANGELS OF MONS.

NO DECEPTION.

PROFESSIONAL WIZARD: "My dear madam, I assure you I do not happen to have enough about me to pay the bill. I must owe it to you till Monday."

LANDLADY: "Oh, get on! You don't gammon me. I saw your show at the Town Hall last night. What have you done with the twenty-five pounds you got out of the gentleman's silk hat?"

Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree.

A time-serving actress who lost no opportunity of saying the sweetest things to the manageress by whom she was employed, but had only nasty remarks for everyone else in the green room, was one day employed in her favourite occupation of ladling out the butter. Stroking the hair of the manageress, she said, unctuously, "I cannot understand why you *ever* wear a wig. With such exquisite hair as you own it seems almost sacrilege to do so."

Another actress, who had reached the sere and yellow leaf, was present at this scene, and who herself, in times gone by, had a theatre and company of her own, and sickened to death by this sycophancy, joined in the conversation. Passing her fingers across her scanty hair, she interpolated, urbanely, "*My* hair has been also very much admired."

"By whom, I should like to know?" said the sycophant, suspiciously.

"By my own company, madam, when I was in management!"

At a well-known sporting club one of the members made himself extremely popular by the dextrous manner in which he mixed a salad. One day he was preparing one for himself at luncheon when a friend called to him. "Jimmy," he said, "be a good fellow and mix me a salad, too?" – "Certainly," replied the expert, pleased at this appreciation of his skill. – "And make one for me," "And one for me," "I *should* like one, too," was heard from various tables in the dining room. The salad mixer soon found that about a dozen members were soliciting his services, and, nothing loth, set to work with a will. Beautifully dressed salads were despatched to all quarters of the room, and the grateful recipients had nearly all finished his handiwork before the amateur chef found an opportunity to sit down to his own luncheon.

He was just about to do so when, glancing at his hands, he noticed something that caused him to pause.

"What's the matter, old chap?" called out a friend.

"Oh, nothing much," came the answer in a puzzled voice, "but I cut my finger rather badly yesterday, and the sticking plaster seems to have disappeared!"

A certain Member of Parliament, well-known in Society and a persistent diner-out, is in the habit of telling long and pointless stories with a wealth of language of far too rich a dressing for the meat that they contain.

At a country house once, when he was late for dinner, he plunged into an anecdote which seemed never ending. He had taken about five minutes to reach the point where he discovered that his watch had stopped and how he suddenly realised that he was late. "Now, unpunctuality, to my way of thinking," he continued, "is indeed a heinous fault, and I was greatly disturbed in my mind in consequence. Extinguishing the light in my apartment, I made all haste down the corridor fearing greatly that among the guests assembled in this hospitable house I should be the last. What was my relief to see in the dim light, when I reached the end of the passage, which gives on to a short staircase, that there was a corresponding staircase *vis-à-vis* to the one I was descending, and that down that staircase a fellow guest was hurrying with all speed to quench the pangs of anxiety, in relation to a spoilt dinner, of our hostess. I stopped and so did he . . ."

A guest who was utterly sick of the long-winded narrative here intervened.

"I bet it was a looking-glass," he said.

The M.P. stared haughtily at his interrupter and continued his tale.

"'I am relieved to find, sir,' I said, 'a guest equally guilty with myself. The hour for dinner has long since passed.' He did not reply. I descended two steps and he did likewise, and then I discovered that I was encountering . . ."

"A looking-glass," said the persistent guest once more. "It couldn't be anything else."

"A *mirror*, sir," said the indignant M.P., "and I'll trouble you to pass the mustard."

WAITING FOR FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Billeted.

By A. PRITCHETT.

THEY say in the village that Miss Potter had never had a lover until the coming of Private James Bunion, and from observation and practical deduction I conclude, not only that this statement was absolutely correct, but also that the private realisation of her lack constituted the chief sorrow of the little spinster's career.

Starting with this hypothesis, one can the more readily comprehend the primary causes and surprising circumstances of Miss Potter's excursion into the realms of Romance.

When the 4th Battalion of the Blankshire Regiment were billeted in our village, the one vacant apartment in Miss Potter's tiny cottage was occupied by the aforementioned Private James Bunion and a friend. Miss Potter made no objection. Like the rest of us she rose valiantly to the occasion and made the most strenuous efforts to minister to the care and comfort of those two stalwart protectors of our empire.

Everyone opined that Private Bunion and his pal were in luck's ways, for Miss Potter was a cook and housekeeper of recognised ability, her rooms were comfortably furnished and her domestic arrangements almost pedantically efficient.

Miss Potter was at this time just verging on the shady side of fifty, and whatever hopes of hymeneal bliss she may formerly have entertained had doubtless been relegated to the regions of "what might have been."

In vain had her qualifications been displayed in the sight of the undiscriminating male, for in addition to her economic talents she possessed a tidy little income of her own, and had, moreover, a slight skill in performing upon the harmonium, being in point of fact the village organist.

But Miss Potter was ugly. Ugly with an ugliness past redemption, so that not even the brave, strong spirit of her could ameliorate the harshness of those all too homely features.

We all respected the little spinster. We listened deferentially to her candid but frequently shrewd criticisms, and the poorer folk often carried their physical hurts to the neat little cottage beside the church, sure of receiving a simple, but none the less effective, remedy together with some words of sharp advice.

So that when Miss Potter committed her extraordinary act of folly we were all amazed, and some of our susceptibilities were severely wounded by what we could not help regarding as worse than an indiscretion.

I went to call on Miss Potter, and found her in the churchyard beyond her garden wall, engaged in tending the twin graves which contained the mortal remains of her father and mother. Beyond the grey moss-stained wall stood her tiny cottage, neat and prim with its shining windows, in the morning sun. The little patch of lawn before it was green and trim, and the round flower-bed in the centre was ablaze with purple and white Michaelmas daisies, and dahlias of various hue. Over all dominated the little grey square church, plain and unwieldy in design, but boasting a queer, quaint dignity peculiarly its own.

"Good morning, Miss Potter," I said.

She looked up quickly, and I read doubt and a half-defiant hesitancy in her eyes. Doubtless she had received buffetings in the shape of cold amazement or sarcastic congratulations from the neighbours, and was prepared to meet with one or the other from me.

"I hear you are going to be married," I said, briskly. "I hope you will be very happy indeed."

She stood up slowly, and gathered up her basket and a few scattered spindle-berries at her feet.

"Thank you kindly," she answered, awkwardly, but with a clearing brow.

"When are you going to be married?" I asked, walking beside her across the churchyard, and through the little gate which led into her own garden.

"We're goin' to be called in church nex' Sunday," she answered, firmly, "an' we're goin' ter be married a month from ter-day. The battalion's leavin' the village come Toosday, but 'e's a-comin' back ter marry me in a month."

"I'm sure I hope you'll be very happy," I said, rather lamely, I'm afraid.

Miss Potter turned on her doorstep and regarded me with a certain defiance and anger.

"There's them in the village as *don't* 'ope it," she said, with much bitterness.

"Oh, no! Surely not," I interposed.

"It's true as I'm standin' 'ere. There's jealousies an' honcharitableness in this village as you'd never think ter believe. There's folks wot can't open their mouths without lettin' out somthink nasty an' mean, whether it's about ole maids or las' 'opes, or somethink so spiteful as never was."

She regarded me with a baleful eye.

"Not but wot I've 'ad me chances afore."

"Of course," I said, hastily, with more politeness than conviction.

"It's jealousy as does it," she added, after a moment of dark thought.

"Oh, I daresay some of them were just a little surprised, you know," I said, mendaciously; "after all, marriage is a very big step." She regarded me with an open contempt of the newly-affianced for a confirmed celibate.

All the village talked and conjectured about Miss Potter's engagement.

His motives were easy to fathom. Propinquity and the knowledge of her little bit of money had done their work.

Her's, except to the hearts that pitied and comprehended, were more obscure.

I met them once or twice, walking in the village street, she holding his arm, pale, tremulous and defiant; he, big, sheepish and palpably ashamed. He was a great hulking brute of a fellow of about twenty-three, sufficiently handsome and smart in his khaki; you know—the sort that makes a good solider but a darned bad husband.

Day by day she grew thinner—more pale—more defiant.

Village gossips told me much of the pitiful romance, personal observation told me more.

From the first he tyrannised over her—terrorised her—trampled on her heart with his coarse roughness as he trampled with his muddy boots on her spotless carpets, polluted her ears with his jests as he fouled her best parlour with the reek of his tobacco.

What she must have suffered from his loutish ways one can hardly conjecture; it is certain that his language

"Special Constable, ain't yer?"
"Er yes!"
"Nothin' doin'?"
"N—No!"
"Care fer an argyment?"

(which required bowdlerising more than any I have heard) frequently revolted and shocked her sensitive task.

But because he was her's, her conquest, her only romance—like many another woman, she worshipped the image of that for which he stood, overlooking the feet of clay.

It was a damp and nasty morning, I remember, when I joined the group of villagers who were waiting in the churchyard to see Miss Potter married. A grey, soft sheen lay over the dew-soaked grass and grave-mounds, and there was a sorrowful tang in the air as of falling leaves and decaying flowers.

Not alone from motives of curiosity had I come. There was a grave misgiving within me which urged me to see how matters really were—I wanted to know that the little bride looked happy and content, to be assured that she was less foolish than I had feared, the bridegroom more tender.

The women who stood near me in the churchyard holding bags of confetti and rice were not reassuring.

"A scand'lous thing I calls it," said Mrs. Muggins from the Hop Pole, who carried a bulging paper bag and an ancient satin shoe, "a scand'lous an' a shameful thing. Hany-one can see as it's 'er bit o' brass as 'e's hafter, an' 'er a respectable decent old maid if ever there was one. Wotever'll the likes of 'er do away in that big ugly town where 'e's agoin' ter take 'er? 'Owever will she get on wi'out 'er bit o' garden an' 'er parents' graves wot she's so fond of, an' 'er flowers an' all?"

"How is she this morning?" I asked, hastily.

"I 'aven't see 'er 'smornin'," said Mrs. Muggins severely, "she's awaitin' in the cottage till 'e's ready at the church. 'E were comin' by the first train this mornin', an' it seems ter me it's time as 'e were 'ere."

How the rumour first originated and grew I do not know. People began to nudge each other and whisper together. Someone said Mrs. Muggins was wanted, and she was fetched away. I saw her talking agitatedly to a worried young man in khaki whom I recognised as Private Bunion's pal and presumably "best man."

The whispering in the churchyard became more audible, and excitement and consternation grew. Presently Mrs. Muggins came hurrying back to me, her round red face positively glowing with heat or agitation, or both.

"'E ain't a-comin'," she said, in a terse whisper, "'e's gone hoff an' 'e ain't a-comin' back!"

We stared at each other in dreadful silence.

"Someone'll 'ave to tell her," suggested Mrs. Muggins at last. She led the way, clutching my arm and leading me along with her, talking as we went.

"It seems 'e *meant* ter come, but 'e couldn't face it at the last. It wasn't 'er *hage* as 'e minded, nor 'er sharp tongue an' old maid pernickerties, but it was 'er hugly mug. 'E couldn't abide the thought of 'aving it hopposite 'im at the breakfast table fur the rest of 'is life. You better come in along o' me—I'm feared as 'ow she'll take on somethink shockin'."

She was standing in the little front parlour when we got there, very small and pale and tremulous, in her pale grey gown and hat, with the autumn sunshine just breaking through upon her frosty face and hair. There was a big round bunch of dahlias in a vase upon the parlour table, and another held tightly in her hands . . . I don't know how they told her, for at the moment I could neither see nor hear. There was a long tense silence—then, suddenly, with a sharp loud cry, Miss Potter flopped down upon her knees. Her hands were clasped together, the dahlias crushed between them, and her upturned face was luminous, radiating a vast relief and joy.

"Oh," she cried in a soft, tremulous voice, "I shan't 'ave ter go after all! I shan't 'ave ter leave my little 'ouse, an' my flowers, an' the graves in the churchyard—an' the little 'armonium—an' all. Thank Gawd! Thank Gawd! I shan't 'ave ter go away an' leave it—after all!"

A MATTER OF OPINION.

"Peace on earth—Goodwill toward men."

The Calendar of God

by W. HOLT-WHITE.

A Merry Christmas to you!

How they jar, these words of the old familiar Christmas greeting of Merrie England!

Oh! the Hun across the water need not prick up his ears thinking that because I have said this he has, at last, found one Englishman with a coward heart. Still less need he imagine that we in England are in the dumps. It is not that.

* * *

I am no "dismal Jimmy" this Christmastide. In common with all my countrymen I believe that, with every day which passes, we tear a page from the Calendar of God which brings us nearer *the* Day when we shall mete out justice to the destroyers of the world's peace—the day when there shall truly be "peace on earth and goodwill toward men."

But—a Merry Christmas? Oh, no!

* * *

Merry? When death and sorrow stalk through many million homes, and where the shadow of death does not hang heavy, the anxiety is sharp and grim. The very thought is a profanation of a Christmastide which should, above all others, be the Christmastide of God.

A Happy Christmas? Ah, that is another matter. Happiness is from Heaven, and this Christmastide marks the opening of the last stage of the battle of Humanity for Happiness.

A Happy, Happy Christmas to you all. I say it with all my heart, believing that even where there is sorrow happiness may be found. . . .

It is Christmas night. The fire flames on the hearth, the curtains are drawn to, the room is warm and still fragrant with Christmas cheer.

But where are your thoughts? Not in that room.

* * *

If you and yours have partaken of a share in the world's fight for happiness they will be anywhere but there.

They will be brooding on the dark ocean, or on the dreary wastes of Flanders, or on the chill plains of France, or in the East, where the battle is not less bitter because the sun shines.

There is an empty seat—it may be more than one. Husband, father, sweetheart, brother—some one dear or near is absent fighting for the Prince of Peace, whose festival armed hosts are keeping by land and sea.

This Christmas should be a sublime day in a sublime war—a happy, happy day, but not a merry one.

Happy? When there are empty seats which never, in this world, will be filled again? Yes, even so. If Christmas means anything to a stricken and battling world it should mean forgetfulness of everything save that for which we fight—the splendour of the conflict should lift us far above our little personal sufferings and our little personal griefs.

* * *

If the chair is empty, thank God for it with a high and singing heart. "Whoso loseth his life shall save it and whoso would save his life shall lose it!" Weep not for the dead or the absent. The dead have died in honour, the absent fight in honour. Theirs is, indeed, a happy Christmas. Weep not for them. If you have tears, shed them on that day *for the man who is still at home!*

Think, upon this Christmas Day, of all the wonders taught to us by war. We leapt into this conflict proudly with no fore-knowledge of the rigours of the fight. We were arrogantly blind to our foemen's strength. We vaunted our own; we were boastful of speedy victory. Our saving grace was that we did, indeed, fight for Right as opposed to Might.

* * *

We are slow to learn. It was months before we grasped the strength of the Might opposed to us. It was months before we came to understand the sacrifices we must make in bitterness and blood before the end was won.

But there was no flinching. We believed our quarrel just. We fought, not for the glory of War, but for the glory of Peace—that Peace on earth and goodwill toward men—the high festival of which we keep on Christmas Day.

Without victory there could be no such peace, either for ourselves or for the world. We nerved ourselves to win.

* * *

When at last we understood it, we recoiled in horror from the Gospel of Might and all the tyranny and slavery, and senseless murder and vile brutality, and bestiality and nameless shame, the Gospel of Might implied.

Slowly at first, and dimly, but now with a rapidly clearing vision, we see that this is, indeed, a war between the followers of Odin and the followers of the Cross.

Out of the bloody welter of war the soul of the nation is being re-born. Well, therefore, may we be glad this Christmas Day.

And now—

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO YOU ALL.

Not the Christmas which is at hand, but the Christmas which will follow that. The Christmas of 1916.

Think of *that* Christmas. Set your minds on it. Dwell on it and all that it means.

* * *

The war will be over then. We shall have entered on a reign of Peace, and we, of this generation, and the next generation, and the next, will know no such war again.

We shall be living in a new world. Time will have softened many blows and healed many wounds. The wonder of Peace and the blessed security of Peace will be like wine in all our veins. The past will have buried its dead; we shall have begun the world anew.

We shall live and rejoice in a world which will be purged of many mean and sordid things. Many of the old divisions between class and class will have been swept away. We shall have a new brotherhood and a new ideal.

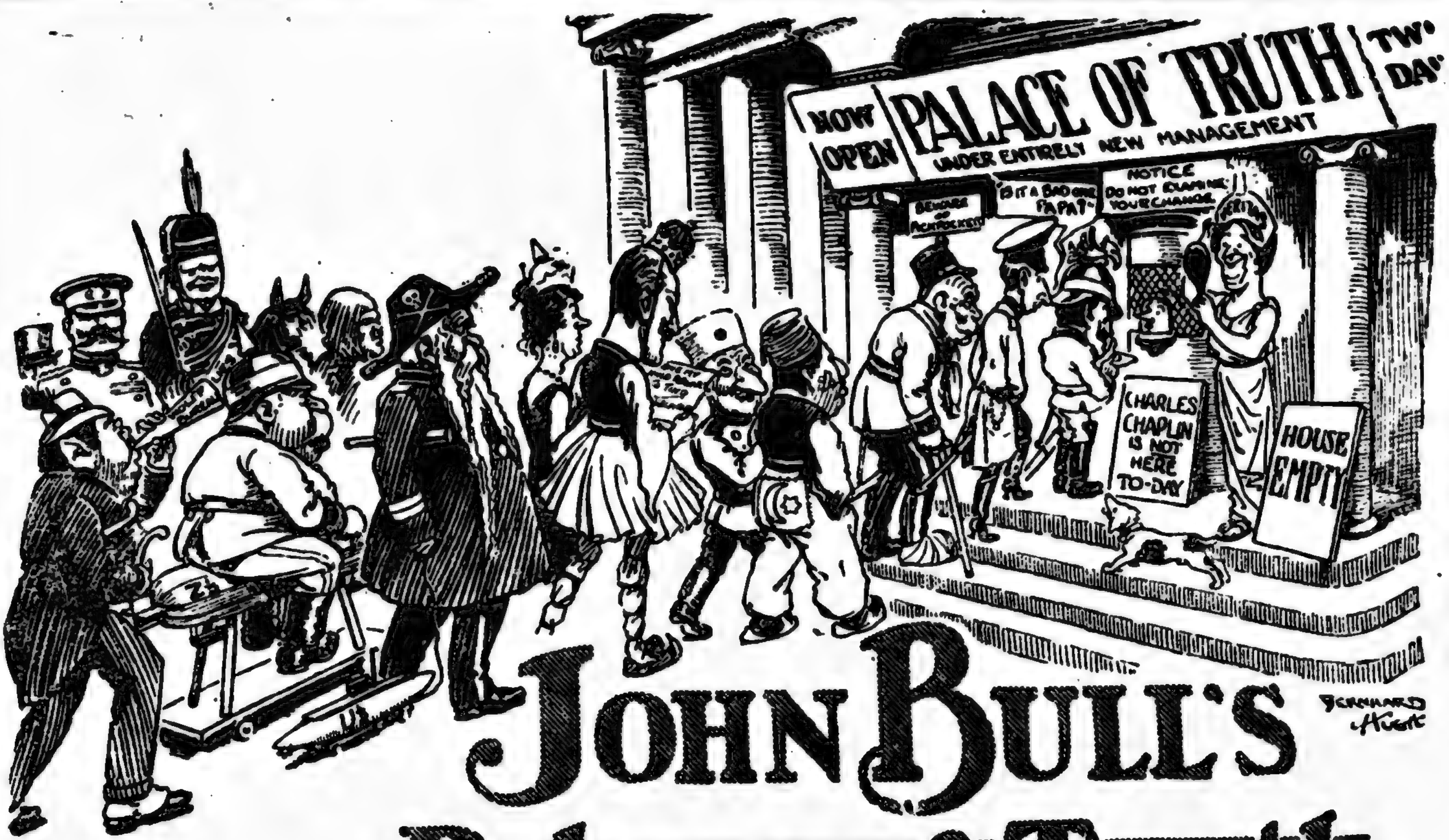
* * *

We shall be in the first flush of great victories won for all mankind. We shall all be at work building up a new civilisation founded on a new aim.

The cloud of the menace of war will have been lifted from our hearts. We shall sing at our work, and all the laughter of the world will be the laughter of a new Youth.

Oh, how the bells will peal, how all the peoples will shout with a real thankfulness and a young and splendid joy on the

MERRY, MERRY CHRISTMAS MORN OF 1916.

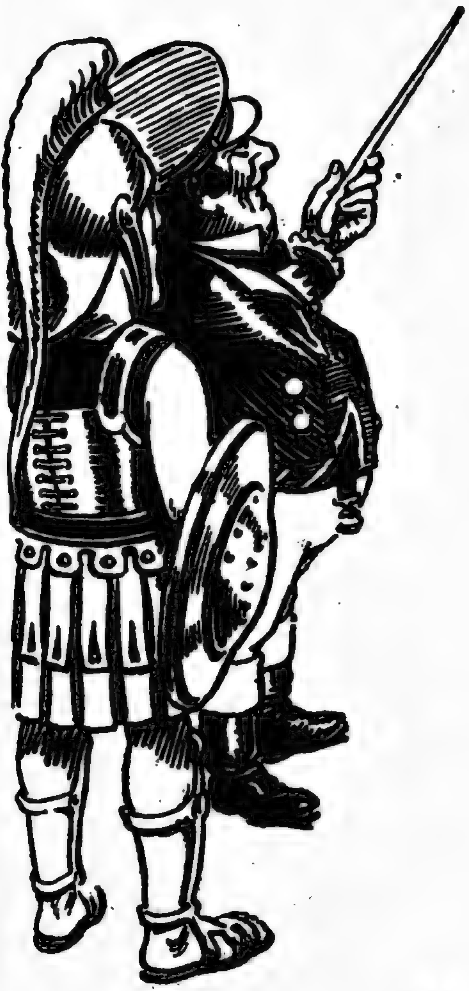


JOHN BULL'S Palace of Truth

A SATIRICAL CHRISTMAS REVUE

Written by ***ALFRED BERLYN.*** *Illustrated by* ***BERNHARD HUGH.***

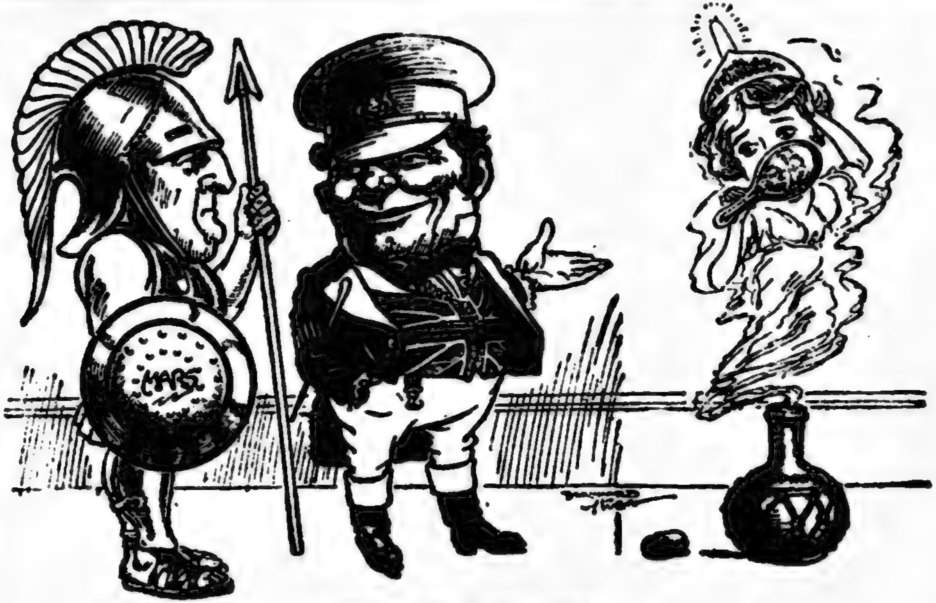
PROLOGUE



VERITAS *(the Truth-Spirit), loq.:*

Come, ye taradiddling mortals,
Welcome to our open portals;
Here within our magic dwelling,
All but truth you're barred from telling,
By our mystic power:
Cant and humbug here will fail you,
Bluff and swank will not avail you—
Shams and shibboleths abandon,
For, upon the ground you stand on,
Truth has built her bower!
Tricky leaders, dodgy rulers,
All the tribe of nation-foolers,
"Patriots" with double faces,
Germans in official places,
Frauds of every kind—
Pacifists and such-like traitors,
Spouting cranks and agitators,
To our Palace now betake you,
And within its walls we'll make you
Leave all lies behind!

We can show how to right all the things that are wrong,
And to banish the humbug that's lasted too long—
Till we find dear Old England renewing her youth
By the light from our Palace—our Palace of Truth!



Veritas, the Truth Spirit.

SCENE: *The Reception Hall of the Palace.*

Enter JOHN BULL *and* THE MAN FROM MARS *in earnest conversation.*

MAN FROM MARS: Splendid, Mr. Bull, splendid! If it's any satisfaction to you, I don't mind telling you that we couldn't beat your soldiers or your sailors even on *my* planet, and we know "some."

JOHN BULL (*gratified*): Very good of you to say so, I'm sure.

MAN FROM MARS: Yes, sir, when I get home and give my promised series of lectures on "Earth's Eccentricities," I shall have the pleasure of describing your people as the greatest nation of heroes and muddlers on the face of your globe.

JOHN BULL: Eh, what's that? Muddlers? I'm afraid you don't quite understand us.

MAN FROM MARS: Excuse me, I'm afraid you don't quite understand yourselves. Now look here, Mr. Bull, you like plain speaking, and the looker-on sees most of the game, as your proverb says. What about a people that has the biggest empire on the earth, and is always caught napping by its enemies? What about a people that lets itself be hag-ridden by cranks, preyed on by aliens, paralysed by party hacks, and bossed by political lawyers? By the way, what about your own "Business Government," eh, Mr. Bull?

JOHN BULL: It's coming, my good man, it's coming; and, as you know, it isn't *my* fault that I haven't got it yet. But I'll tell you what I *have* got—something that ought to help us a long way towards it.

MAN FROM MARS: And what's that?

JOHN BULL: You see this little bottle?

THE MAN FROM MARS: Yes, and what about it?

JOHN BULL: Inside here I have got VERITAS, THE TRUTH-SPIRIT! I have only to take out the cork, and at once this will create an atmosphere which will compel everyone who comes within these walls to speak *nothing but the truth!*

MAN FROM MARS: Great Jupiter, Mr. Bull, you're going to get some shocks when your friends come along! I hope you'll stay and meet them. You can ask them anything you like, and I can promise you plenty of material for your lectures up yonder. (*Enter* LORD DERBY.) Ah, here comes my M.C.! I gave him the job, you see, because he's such a good hand at getting people together. Between ourselves, I've got my eye on him for a big post in the Business Government, when——

THE M.C. (*advancing*): Mr. Bull, the visitors are arriving.

JOHN BULL (*uncorking the phial*): Admit them!

Amid a flourish of trumpets, the M.C. throws open the doors. Enter FERDINAND OF BULGARIA.

FERD (*sings*):—

I'm the German Tsar of Bulga-ri-a,
With a dash of the Semitic;
A *parvenu* (though my blood's *half* blue)
I've been called by the captious critic;
When I got my throne I was hardly known,
And I went up like a rocket;
'Twas the help of the Russ that raised me thus—
But I'm now in the Kaiser's pocket!
When the war began I laid my plan
While "neutral" vows I uttered,
And without remorse I threw my force
On the side my bread was buttered;
So I've joined the Turk in his dirty work
'Gainst my country's Liberator—
For honour's pap to this Royal chap,
When it pays to play the traitor!

JOHN BULL: But suppose you find it *doesn't?* You'll sing another song, my Royal welsher, when the settling day comes off in Berlin!

FERDINAND (*uneasily*): Phew, don't talk about it—that's what's keeping me awake at nights! (*produces heavily-scented pocket-handkerchief and mops his brow*). When I think of it, I wish, sometimes, that I'd been as clever at sitting on the fence as Tino. Ah, here he is—and his wife with him, of course. I'm told she never lets him out of her sight. Now, when *I*——

(*Enter* KING *and* QUEEN OF GREECE.)

KING: O, I'm the Kaiser's brother-in-law—
My course has been a twister—
A shiftier King you never saw—
QUEEN: And I'm the Kaiser's sister!
KING: I grant you that to some extent
I've played a part that's mean, O;
QUEEN: But don't forget dear Wilhelm sent
His kind regards to Tino!
KING: I might have joined with the Allies
As Venizelos planned it—
But think of my domestic ties—
QUEEN: And Wilhelm wouldn't stand it!
KING: Although for letting Serbia down
I really wasn't keen, O,
QUEEN: We tried our Hohenzollern frown—
That did the trick with Tino!

MAN FROM MARS (*to King*): But what about your *other* relations? They don't *all* live at Potsdam, do they?

"So I've joined the Turk in his Dirty Work."

KING (*sheepishly*): Oh, if you mean my *English* ones, how on earth was I to know that they really counted? You can't help getting a bit slippery, you know, when you've got Greece to look after. I should rather have enjoyed helping to knock Wilhelm out if there had seemed any chance of doing it. But, you see, I got all my German news from the Wolff Bureau, and all my English news from the *Times* and the *Daily Mail*—so I naturally thought Aunt Alexandra's people were bound to make a hash of it, and——

Enter HERR WOLFF.

WOLFF: Did I not hear someone in vain my name take?

JOHN BULL: Ah, Herr Wolff, I think! (*To the Man from Mars.*) Let me introduce you to the greatest German inventor of the age.

HERR WOLFF: Ja, dat is so! De great invendor of lies. Ha, ha! (*Sings*): If you vant to know

How mein Bress Bureau
Berform its leedle dricks,
Take all der losses of der foe
Und multibly by six;
Reduce mit bains
All 'ostile gains
Until dey disabbear—
Send out der vireless lies to show
Der Kaiser's triumph near;
Brove England's fleet
In safe retreat,
Svear Deutschland rules der zea—
For der truth goes hang
Mit mein great Bress gang
Vot vorks in Sherman-ee!

KING: "O, I'm the Kaiser's brother-in-law."
QUEEN: "And I'm the Kaiser's sister."

VOICE (*heard without*): Another reverse! More British blunders! Tell us THE TRUTH!!—here you are, sir—paper!!!

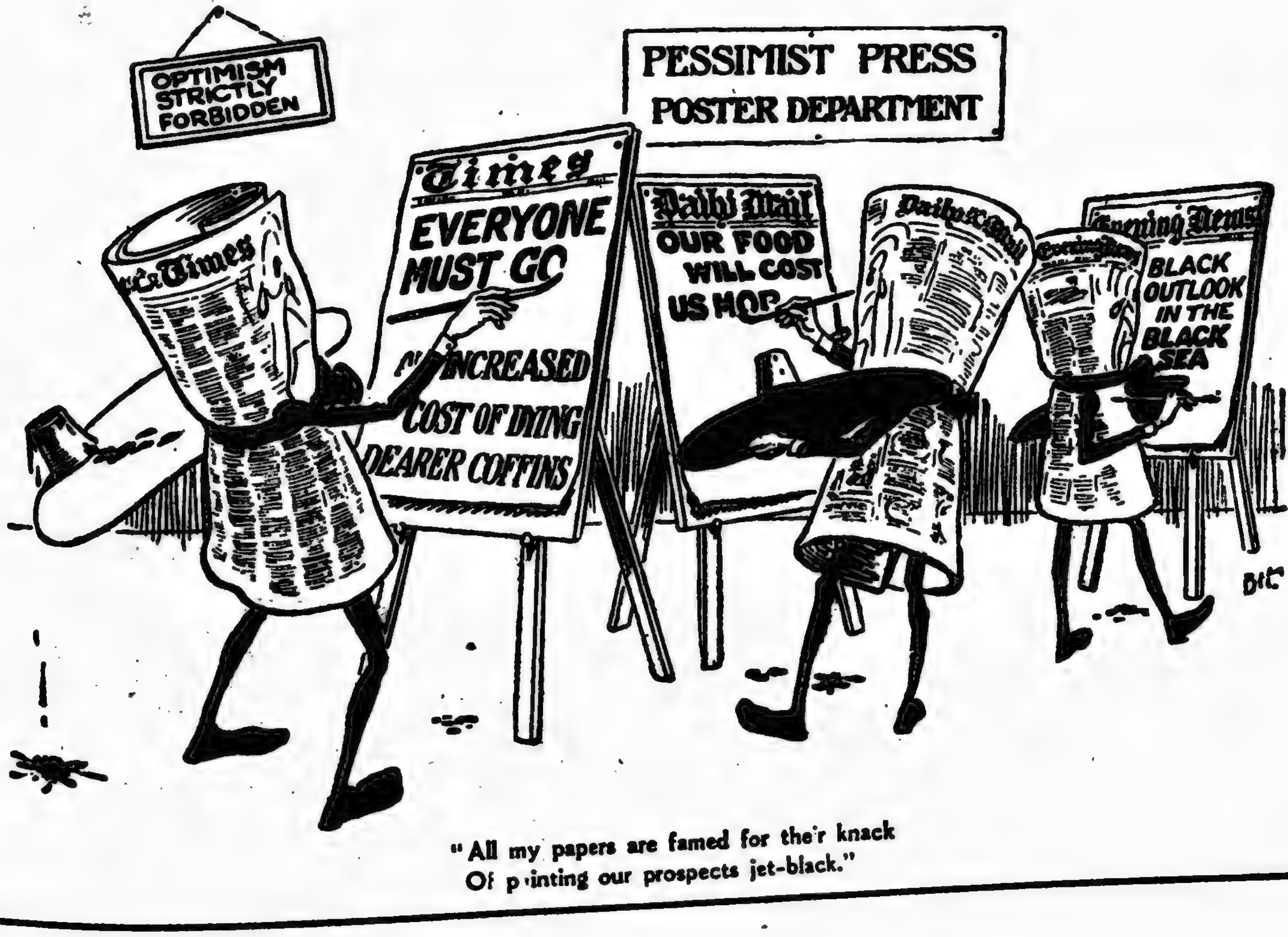
(*Enter* LORD NORTHCLIFFE, *as newsboy, displaying a selection of lurid contents bills as he runs several times violently round the Hall.*)

MAN FROM MARS: What on earth is he doing that for?

JOHN BULL: Oh, that's to keep up his circulation, you know—whatever he's doing, he never forgets *that*. He gets on some people's nerves so much that they often wish the quiet old *Times* could come back again.

NORTHCLIFFE (*sings*):—

I'm the King of the Pessimist Press
And Printing House Square's my address—
(When I grumble and grouse
From Carmelite House
I charge you a halfpenny less);
I crab everybody who dares
To take part in the nation's affairs—
For I've found that it is
On the whole, quite good biz
To establish a corner in scares.
All my papers are famed for their knack
Of painting our prospects jet-black,
(Though I'm bound to confess
That I got in a mess
When I named K. of K. for the sack);
But whoever our leaders may be,
At home, in the field, or at sea,
I shall howl—"We're betrayed
By the blunders they've made!"
Till they all take their orders from ME!



"All my papers are famed for their knack
Of painting our prospects jet-black."

"Hush! Hush! Hush! here comes the Censor Man! He'll run you through with pencil blue and gag you if he can."

MAN FROM MARS: Let's see—you're the man who owns "the paper that foretold the war," aren't you?

NORTHCLIFFE (*proudly*): Of course, I am. I'm the one man who has really understood all along how it ought to have been conducted. Now, if they'd only taken my hint at the start and left the whole thing to me and my staff——

JOHN BULL (*to Man from Mars*): The Germans wouldn't have had much to teach him about the use of gas, would they? But he's a wonderful chap in his way—even when he was quite a youngster he used to keep me amused with his ready *Answers*. Now that he expects me to take him quite seriously, he's more amusing still. (*To Northcliffe.*) Anyway, you can't say I didn't accept you as an authority on sweet peas—though here comes a Gardiner who's no friend of yours!

MY CADBURY!
MY CADBURY!
D.N.

Enter "A.G.G.," *of the* "*Daily News,*" *playing and singing to the Cocotina.*

A. G. G. (*sings*):—

Though all I write for thee, dear Boss,
Is still as gushing as can be,
I find the Party Truce a bitter loss,
My Cadbury! My Cadbury!

We vowed the war would never come,
And played the game of Germany—
To-day our Little Englandism's dumb;
My Cadbury! My Cadbury!

Since Pacifism doesn't pay,
Howe'er it may appeal to thee,
Thou scarce can'st know the old *D.N.* to-day,
My Cadbury! My Cadbury!

(*He suddenly catches sight of* NORTHCLIFFE, *and goes for him with a yell. The* M.C. *intervenes, and smoothes him down.*)

Chorus of Pressmen heard without:—

Chorus: Hush, hush, hush!
Here comes the Censor-man!—
He'll run you through with pencil blue
And gag you if he can;
Hush, hush, hush!
And all the pressmen ran
To look some hack quotation up
And "spoof" the Censor-man!

Enter the CENSOR.

JOHN BULL (*to the Man from Mars*): Allow me to respent to you the Censor—the new Special Providence who cuts all the things out of my papers that I have a right to know. He is supposed, when he's at home, to have several other heads besides the one you can see; but as he never seems to have read anything, they can't be much use to him.

MAN FROM MARS: Well, in *our* planet we shouldn't allow anyone to keep us in a state of perpetual eclipse like that!

JOHN BULL: Between ourselves, I never could have believed *I* should; but in war-time, you see, one has to be a bit patient with one's taskmasters and Buckmaster!

CENSOR (*sings*):—

When important news arrives,
Keep it dark!
When our heroes risk their lives,
Keep it dark!
When some fact despatches show
That the public ought to know,
Though it wouldn't help the foe,
Keep it dark!

When something's not gone right,
Keep it dark!
When we've suffered in the fight,
Keep it dark!
When incompetence, or worse,
Has involved its usual curse,
And there's news of a reverse,
Keep it dark!

JOHN BULL: You see, man, he takes me for a big baby. He can't understand, somehow, that the things which haven't gone right are just the very things I *do* want to know!

CENSOR: Very sorry, Mr. Bull, but my instructions are that *favourable* news is the only kind you have any right to hear. Supposing I had told you everything, you might have lost confidence in those who were conducting the war; and, you know, you really *must* keep up your confidence in *them.*

JOHN BULL: Whether they are earning it or not, I suppose? Why, if it hadn't been for you I might have made a wholesome clean sweep long ago, and saved no end of lives and money! Look here, you silly jackanapes—instead of making me play perpetual blind man's buff, and gagging the Press, why the deuce didn't you look after the sedition-mongers and shut up the pacifist cranks? Look at this one, for instance!

The Huns will hail my name with delight.

Enter **Ramsay Macdonald.**

Ramsay Macdonald (*sings*) *:*

I'm the pet of the Pacifist clique,
The pride of the weird I. L. P. ;
As a " Stop-the-War " dervish I speak,
For what's England's honour to me ?

The Huns hail my name with delight,
For the party to which I belong
Always find Britain's foes in the right,
And Britain, of course, in the wrong.

Yet if German I *had* chanced to be
And a similar weakness I'd got,
It would surely have happened to me
To be either imprisoned or shot.

We never, you and I, forgot the tie that boun."

Man from Mars : And that's what you pay him four hundred a year for ?

John Bull : Yes; but, my friend, he doesn't know that we shall have a few lamp-posts waiting for him and his friends before long, if they're not careful.

The Censor : But you won't treat *me* like that, surely !

John tBull : Oh, no—we shan't hang *you*. We shall only give you a dose of your own physic and suspend you. (*To Ramsay Macdonald.*) If you take my advice, my friend, you'll clear out of this in time, and book your passage to the U.S.A. You'll find plenty of other pro-Huns to hob-nob with there, and you may even get an invitation to a Pacifist tea-party — or wedding breakfast — at the White House.

Strains of " Yankee Doodle " heard outside; followed immediately by those of the " Wedding March," " O, Be Careful ! " and " Peace, Perfect Peace."

Enter **President Wilson**, *attended by a hyphenated (German-American) brass band.*

President Wilson (*sings*) *:*

I am a Peaceful President—
In war-time I sit tight ;
With prosy " notes " I rest content,
For I'm too proud to fight ;
Though countrymen of mine may die,
Slain by the Huns' U-boats,
How *can* I help it, with my eye
On hyphenated votes ?

Chorus : You won't get Teddy Roosevelt's way
From Woodrow Wilson, U.S.A. !

My highly moral tone, you bet,
Is perfectly sincere,
But sentiment I never let
With business interfere ;
Nootral ? Why, sure ! Who cares a dime
Which side at last may win,
While from both parties all the time,
We rake the dollars in ?

Chorus : He's *far* too 'cute to join the fray,
Is Woodrow Wilson, U.S.A. !

The only thing that makes me mad
Is Cousin John's blockade—
For that, you see, is rather bad
For my great country's trade ;
But though I've failed to make him stop,
I'll try a fresh " Note " soon—
Just now I'm going to shut up shop,
And run a honeymoon !

Chorus : Hail to the second wedding day
Of Woodrow Wilson, U.S.A. !

John Bull : Congratulate you, Woodrow, on your bride ; but sorry I can't oblige you in that little matter of the blockade.

President : Wall, I must pro-test——

John Bull (*genially*) *:* Of course, you must (*aside*)—it's the only thing you *can* do !

President : I say, I must pro-test——

John Bull : All right, fire away ! But if the only thing that matters is your cash, you can hardly expect me to pay much attention to your " Notes " !

President : See here, Jahn, I want the law——

Man from Mars (*to John Bull*) *:* He means he wants the law—and the profits.

John Bull : Oh, my prophetic soul ! This mars your record. (*To the President.*) If you want to make it a lawyer's question, you can't teach *us* anything about it. Why, our Government's *full* of them ! Ask Asquith.

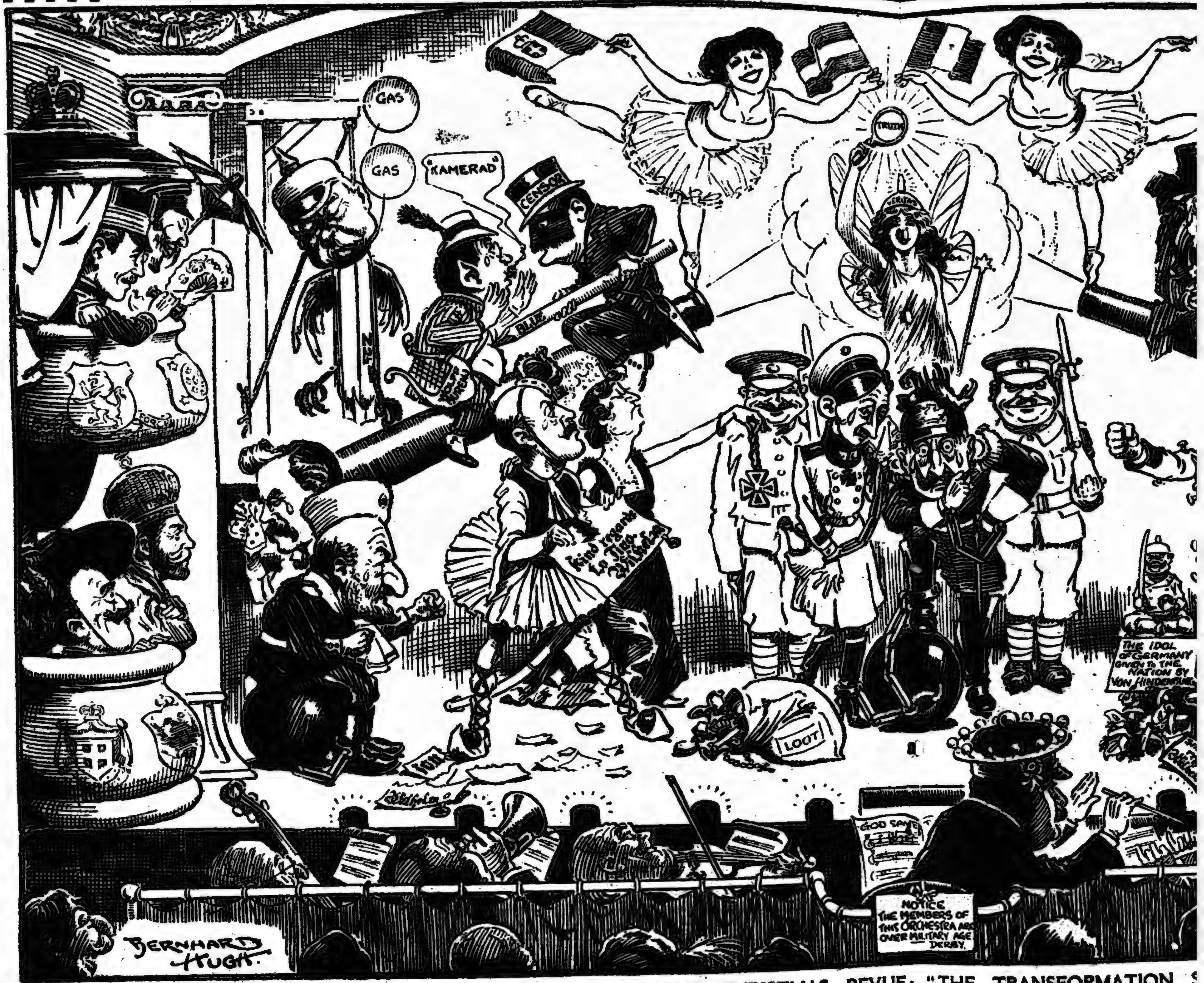
President : What shall I ask with ?

John Bull : With votes by choice. Ah, here he comes.

Enter the **Prime Minister.**

Prime Minister (*sings*) *:*

In days before the war broke out
I led the Rads. with unction—
All patriot movements then I'd flout
Without the least compunction ;
To keep my place I played the deuce
With Lords and Constitution,
And turned my motley Party loose
On schemes of revolution.


GAS
GAS
"KAMERAD"
CENSOR
BLUE
TRUTH
LOOT
THE IDOL OF GERMANY GIVEN TO THE NATION BY VON HINDENBURG
GOD SAVE
NOTICE
THE MEMBERS OF THIS ORCHESTRA ARE OVER MILITARY AGE
— DERBY.
BERNHARD HUGH.

JOHN BULL'S CHRISTMAS REVUE: "THE TRANSFORMATION S

When war swept Party tricks away,
And threatened my position,
In office I contrived to stay
And formed a Coalition;
My former foes served under me—
The move, you'll own, was clever;
And still my game's to wait and see,
And stick in power for ever!
For this is law I will repeat,
Whate'er the papers say, Sirs—
That there I am in Downing Street,
And there I mean to stay, Sirs!

MAN FROM MARS: Ah, this is interesting! So you find, after all, that you're able to get on without your wonderful Party system?

THE PRIME MINISTER: I must have notice of that question. What? In the Palace of Truth? Very well, then. As a matter of fact, we've worked it between us all along—the only difference is that we're able to do it openly now, instead of behind the Speaker's Chair. If my pal Bonar Law were here——

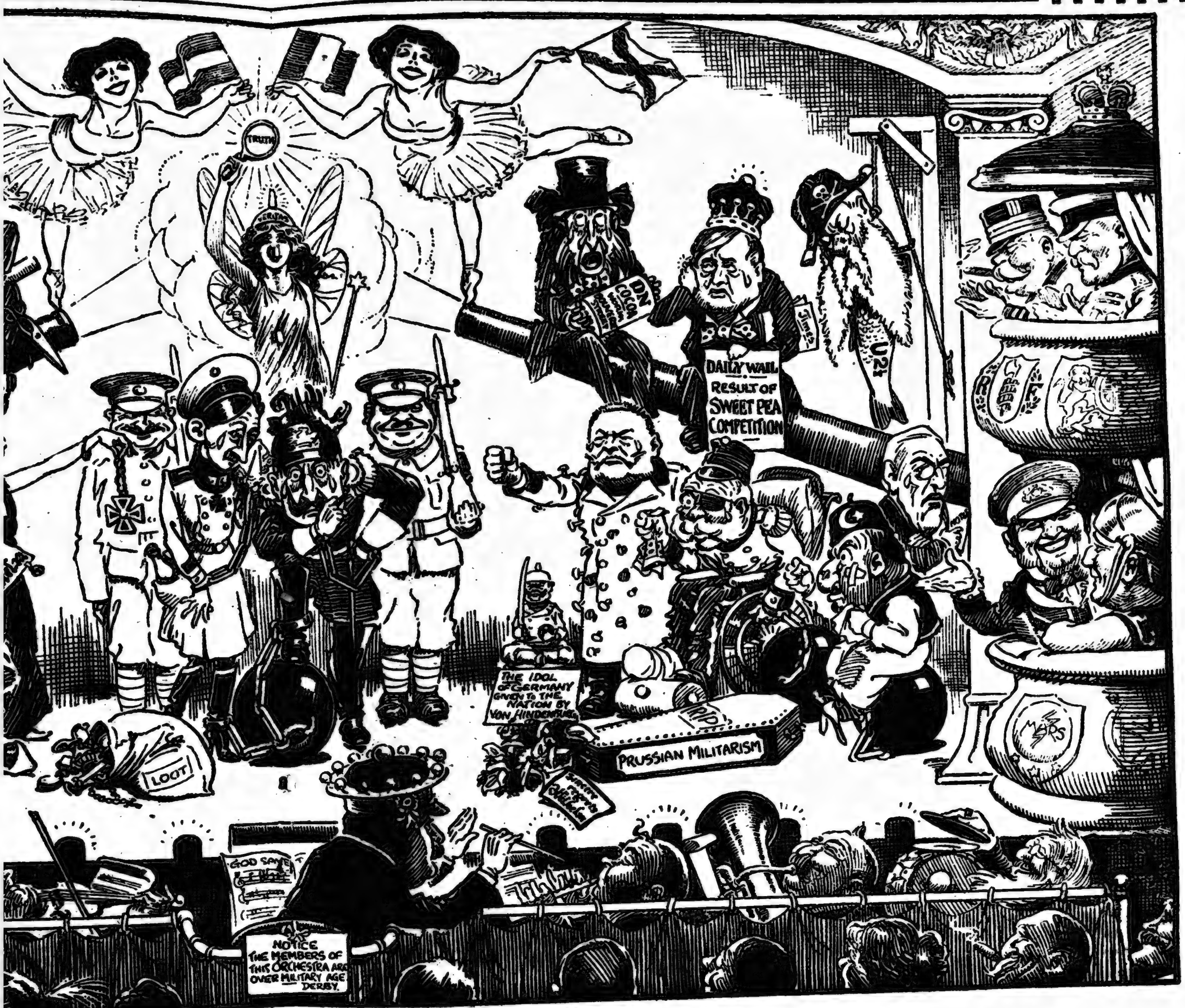
Enter BONAR LAW. *He rushes up to the* PRIME MINISTER, *and they embrace cordially.*

Duet (PRIME MINISTER *and* BONAR LAW):

PRIME MINISTER: In language fierce and hot.
We used to slang each other;
BONAR LAW: I said you hadn't got
Convictions, O my brother!
PRIME MINISTER: I mocked the cause you backed
With pumped-up indignation;
BONAR LAW: I swore if you weren't sacked,
You'd simply smash the nation!
PRIME MINISTER: But though our words ran high,
While factions raged around us,
BONAR LAW: We never, you an
Forgot the tie that boun
PRIME MINISTER: Our objects w
Whichever way they'd tw
BONAR LAW: To play the Party
And guard the Party Sy

JOHN BULL (*to the Man from M*
But they're not going to guard it
war is over—not if *I* know it! H
to remind you that we don't d
jugglers to do the trick for us w
business!

Enter, arm-in-arm, LORD KIT
FRENCH, ADMIRAL JELLIC
BEATTY. *They salute John*
together.


TRUTH
DAILY WAIL
RESULT OF SWEET PEA COMPETITION
U21
LOOT
GOD SAVE
NOTICE THE MEMBERS OF THIS ORCHESTRA ARE OVER MILITARY AGE — DERBY.
THE IDOL OF GERMANY GIVEN TO THE NATION BY VON HINDENBURG
R.I.P.
PRUSSIAN MILITARISM

BULL'S CHRISTMAS REVUE: "THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

atter of fact, we've worked it
the only difference is that we're
y, instead of behind the Speaker's
ar Law were here——

e rushes up to the Prime Minister.
embrace cordially.

and Bonar Law):
n language fierce and hot.
lang each other;
you hadn't got
O my brother!
mocked the cause you backed
d-up indignation;
re if you weren't sacked,
smash the nation!
But though our words ran high,
is raged around us,

Bonar Law: We never, you and I,
Forgot the tie that bound us;
Prime Minister: Our objects were the same,
Whichever way they'd twist 'em—
Bonar Law: To play the Party game,
And guard the Party System!

John Bull (*to the Man from Mars*): There you are! But they're not going to guard it any more after the war is over—not if *I* know it! Hullo, here's something to remind you that we don't depend on our Party jugglers to do the trick for us when we really mean business!

Enter, arm-in-arm, Lord Kitchener, Sir John French, Admiral Jellicoe, *and* Admiral Beatty. *They salute John Bull, and exeunt together.*

Man from Mars: Ah, I see you've got your Super-Men down here, as well as we have in my planet. But why didn't they say anything?

John Bull: Well, you see, it isn't in their line. Men like them never waste time talking—they *do* things!

Man from Mars: Strikes me, Mr. Bull, you want a few more men like that, and a few less——

A loud whirring noise suddenly heard above. A moment later, a bomb descends through the roof of the Palace, but fizzles out with a feeble splutter as soon as it touches the floor. Enter Count Zeppelin, *looking very crestfallen. The hyphenated band makes a faint attempt to strike up the "Wacht am Rhein," but is immediately suppressed.*

"GOTT STRAFE ENGLAND'S BABES!"

"Und to strafe a few babes in their cots."

COUNT ZEPPELIN:
Ven I mein big gas-bags had made
By our mighty All-Highest's decree,
Mein Master und I both believed
That London in ruins we'd see;
But though they've reached Albion's shore,
Und some people und buildings they've hit,
Yet London still stands as before,
Und her volks don't seem frightened a bit!

As we drop down our bombs from the skies,
Und expect der whole city to fall,
Der people look up in surprise,
But mitout any panic at all;
O, how can mein Zeppelins pay
When of money they've cost us such lots,
Just a few odd civilians to slay,
Und to *strafe* a few babes in their cots?

MAN FROM MARS: If your bombs have been such a failure, why not drop them?

COUNT ZEPPELIN: But dat is shoost vot I *haf* been doing!

JOHN BULL: Hullo, another Hun-fortunate?

MAN FROM MARS: They don't seem a very happy lot, these German Frightfulnesses! But what has this chapel deacon got to do with it?

JOHN BULL: Chapel deacon? Surely you recognise those whiskers? This, my friend, is Von Tirpitz!

Enter GRAND ADMIRAL VON TIRPITZ.

VON TIRPITZ (*sings, tearfully*):
O vere, O vere are mein U-boats gone—
O vere, O vere can dey be?
Of dose Untersee-boats dare vill soon be none
Dat isn't unter de sea!

O, vat's become of mein great blockade?
And vat'll become of *me*,
Now de British Navy's stopped our trade
And spoilt my piracy?

O how, O how can mein poor Grand Fleet
From Kiel Canal get free?
For it daren't come out of its safe retreat,
Vile Britain rules the sea! (*Weeps.*)

JOHN BULL: What! haven't we given you rope enough? Never mind—we shall have a bit more for you directly! But we've some bigger villains to attend to first. (*To M.C.*) Bring in the chief criminals!

Enter the KAISER *and the* CROWN PRINCE, *in chains, and closely guarded.*

Duet (KAISER *and* CROWN PRINCE):
KAISER: On world-dominion I was bent,
And all my people knew it;
To reign as Europe's boss I meant—
CROWN PRINCE: We *quite* thought you could do it!
KAISER: I've played a ruthless butcher's game,
Disgraced by methods frightful!
CROWN PRINCE: You have, Puppa; but, all the same,
That looting was delightful!
KAISER: I reckoned France an easy prey—
I thought the same of Russia,
Till hated England joined the fray—
CROWN PRINCE: My eye, that *was* a crusher!
KAISER: I meant to smash *her* up ere long,
But all my hopes have vanished;
CROWN PRINCE: And now she'll still be going strong
When we're both hanged, or banished!

"O vere, O vere are mein U-boats gone!"

Enter the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA *and* ENVER PASHA, *escorted by a guard, which also arrests* FERDINAND OF BULGARIA. *On catching sight of the* KAISER *and* CROWN PRINCE, *all three exhibit signs of rage and desperation, and are about to denounce them, when* VERITAS *interposes, fitting between them and holding up her hand for silence.*

VERITAS: Enough, ye mortals! Let your babel cease,
And learn that Truth alone can win you peace.
No further revelations I demand—
I've heard about as much as I can stand!
Your fib-ruled earth is still no place for me—
Farewell! Good Lord, what fools ye mortals be!

She vanishes into her bottle. As she disappears, all the characters stand looking at one another in growing dismay and horror, as they realise the effect of the spell that was cast upon them. Then they break out into a despairing chorus:

We've been telling the truth,
We've been telling the truth!
The sensation was painfully new—
We ceased playing parts
And we spoke from our hearts—
And now what on earth shall we do?
Though we sorely repent
We said just what we meant,
For somehow we couldn't refrain—
But we're now "As we were"!
And we'll take dashed good care
We never will do it again!

JOHN BULL *turns to the* MAN FROM MARS, *and finds him shaking with suppressed laughter. Then the Palace slowly fades away, and*—JOHN BULL *wakes up.*

THE GREATEST BRAIN.

A SHORT STORY BY BART KENNEDY.

THEY had no idea what to do with Tompkins, for he was a powerful and violent person. It would have taken a squad of policemen to handle him. And they were afraid that at any moment he might take it into his head to thin out the population.

He kept a hotel, and the two doctors who had come to see him under various pretexts had adjudged him insane. They had asked him concerning the weather, and the origin of life, and the number of beans that went to make five, and all the other varied and profound questions whereby mad doctors test the state of one's psychic health. After that the magistrate had made the necessary order, and all that had to be done now was to get him to the institution where he would be looked after and have his mind tuned to the proper key. In three or four months he would be all right!

Of course he was not mad. No madman ever is. Indeed, according to some philosophers, madness is an ultra-sharpening of the mental faculties. And the fact of the matter was that Tompkins was rapidly becoming brilliant. He had been a somewhat silent man, but in an astonishingly short time, after the doctors had passed their verdict upon him, he got to be able to argue about all sorts of things in all sorts of ways. To listen to the flow of his words would have made one believe that he had done ten years in parliament. Words exuded from him. And he was full of plans for the regeneration of the world in general and his friends in particular. And this, combined with the fact that they had no idea what he was going to do next, made them feel that his room was a much more enticing and pleasurable thing than his company.

There was nothing for it but to get him into the institution where his loose mental screws could be tightened up.

But how? How were they to manage it? Suggesting to him that he was not all there in the head would have been too much even for the nerve and courage of a canvasser for life assurance. Besides, as suggested, he had got to be able to talk the heads off any ten men at one and the same time. And, added to this, he had the fixed idea that his brain was the most profound and brilliant brain that had ever happened.

All sorts of ruses were tried to get him to shift from home in a gentle manner, and all of them failed. And it began to look as though forceful means would have to be adopted. His friends were in despair.

But—well, there appeared on the scene one Billy Jackson. He dropped in on a visit to the hotel. He was an old friend of Tompkins's, and Tompkins was always pleased to see him. Billy's profession, it must be confessed, was that of a bookmaker in a large way. In his time he had been a teller of the alluring tale of the odds on racecourses. His voice, though somewhat hoarsened, was still a pleasant and soothing voice to listen to. But when he interviewed Tompkins on this occasion his voice got very little chance to allure and soothe. Tompkins talked a good thirteen to the dozen through the whole of the time.

After telephoning to a certain place, Billy appeared the next day at the hotel. Tompkins was in the lounge, and as usual he was delighted to see him. He conveyed this fact to Billy in the midst of an avalanche of words. He also threatened to do in a lot of men who, he conceived, were personal enemies thirsting for his blood.

When in the fulness of time the avalanche of words began to soften down, Billy began to laugh. He laughed and laughed till at last he began to choke.

Tompkins looked at him, and finally he pulled his mind away enough from the serious affairs of the earth to inquire as to what made him laugh so.

"What's the joke?" he asked.

But Billy did not tell him. He only laughed and laughed.

The man who was mad looked at him, and then he laughed a little himself.

"Come on, Billy, what's the joke?" he asked. "Come on, tell me. Don't keep it all to yourself."

"Well," said Billy, "it—it—" Again he relapsed into prolonged laughter.

Tompkins now began to get curious. His mind was diverted from himself and his own ideas. He wanted to know what Billy was laughing at—what the joke was.

"Well," said Billy, "I must tell you. It's the funniest scheme I've ever put up—funnier than anything that I've ever known to happen in connection with racing. Why, Tompkins, it'll turn out to be the funniest stunt heard of for years." And he again went off into laughter.

Tompkins got impatient. If it were so funny why couldn't Billy tell him about it? He kne wthat Billy was up to all kinds of practical jokes.

"Come on, Billy, come on. Let's have it!" he said. "Don't be all day over it. Let's have it."

"Well," said Billy, "I must first tell you about the man."

And he began to weave for Tompkins a moving tale, concerning a man named Popson, who was mad, and who thought he had the greatest brain in the world.

Tompkins at once became wildly interested, for needless to say he had no more idea that he himself was a bit over concert pitch than the man in the moon. To tell the truth, he had been congratulating himself lately because of the growing power of his brain. He had never felt so clear in his life!

So he listened with both ears to Billy Jackson's narrative.

This Popson, went on Billy, was a very violent and powerful man, and they were puzzled as to how to get him into the asylum. They felt that he was dangerous and they had no idea what he was going to do next. On the top of all that, he was a terrible bore. He would listen to no one. Indeed, it would be a good thing for everybody if he could be induced to retire for a space into seclusion.

As a matter of fact, Billy Jackson described the whole of Tompkins' symptoms. But Tompkins naturally did not apply them to himself. What did strike him, however, was that it was the height of presumption for this Popson to assert that he had the greatest brain in the world. Tompkins felt that the mere having of such a delusion was in itself a sort of personal affront to himself. He was very vexed. This person ought to be at once put away.

"Now," said Billy, after he had told Popson's story, "he is coming in here this afternoon. He thinks he has some business with me, and I have made an appointment with him. But this is my scheme. And if you'll only work in with it, it's the funniest scheme ever was"—and Billy went off again into roars of laughter.

"Tell me your scheme," said Tompkins.

Billy told him, with the result that Tompkins laughed till the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"Well," said Billy at last, "will you join in with it? Will you take a hand? You just look right for the part, you know. You're big and powerful and burly."

"Why, of course, I will," said Tompkins. "Of course I will. It's the best joke I ever heard of. When is he coming?"

"He'll be here any minute now," answered Billy.

"I'll go and change my coat," said Tompkins. "I'll be back at once."

It was a great joke, a great joke, thought Tompkins to himself. And it was a grand thing to be able to work it off on this fellow Popson—this fellow who thought that he had the greatest brain in the world. The cheek of it!

When Tompkins got back to the lounge he saw Billy talking to one of the most powerfully built men he had ever seen. It was evidently Popson, for Billy turned his head slightly and gave him the wink.

Tompkins hesitated. This man was determined-looking and he looked enormously strong! But the hesitation was gone in a flash, for Tompkins feared nothing. He would have tackled a regiment of soldiers.

(Cont. over page.

He walked right up to the two men.

"Excuse me, sir," he said to Billy, as though he were a stranger to him. "Excuse me, but I have business with this gentleman," nodding towards Popson.

"What business?" asked Popson. "I don't a-know you, sir."

"But I know you," said Tompkins loudly. Fortunately there chanced to be no one in the lounge. "I know you," he continued. "You're the man who imagines that he has the greatest brain in the world."

A guilty look came into the face of Popson. And Billy Jackson looked uncomfortable.

"Yes," said Tompkins, "you go around talking about your wonderful intelligence. You are a great nuisance to everyone. No one can get a word in edgewise when you are around. It is talk, talk, talk the whole of the time. Besides, you're a danger. No one knows what you are going to do next. Your brain, indeed! Why, sir, if you had a brain like mine you might talk. I have the greatest brain that has ever been known. I know everything. As for you, you daring to say what you do say, and boasting as you do boast—why, it is too much. But your number is up, sir. You must come with me at once."

"Wha—watcher mean?" stammered Popson. "I—I don't know you, sir."

For such a powerful and such a determined looking man he appeared oddly nervous. He made a move as if to leave the lounge.

But Tompkins got in front of him.

"Look here," he said. "You are mad, and I am now going to take you along. Come at once! I am the head keeper of the Scrumwood Lunatic Ayslum, and I've come for you. You've been adjudged insane, and I'm going to take you there now. The greatest brain in the world, indeed! Come along!"

Tompkins felt that the only way to deal with a dangerous lunatic was to be stern and authoritative with him.

"Let's see yer authority?" asked Popson, in a meek voice.

"No," said Tompkins firmly. "You'll see nothing."

"Can 'e take me like this—me with my brain?" asked Popson of Billy Jackson, appealingly.

"I don't know," answered Billy diplomatically. "Of course, I'd no idea of this business. I didn't know you were off the rails. Are you?"

"I feels a bit funny sometimes," admitted Popson. "But can 'e take me like this? Ain't it against the law?"

"I can and will, sir," said Tompkins. "I have the authority. Come on. A great brain, indeed!"

"Perhaps," said Billy to Popson, "you'd better go. He has the authority to take you, I'm afraid. Yes, I think you'd better go. I'll come with you."

"All right," said Popson, resignedly. And the three of them left the lounge of the hotel.

They got into a taxi and drove towards the station, Tompkins all the time keeping a wary eye on Popson. He was taking no chances. There was no knowing what the lunatic might do, or when he might break out, and he had to keep a careful watch upon him. He had entered into the business in the first place because it was a good joke, but now he felt that he was doing a good thing for society in having this Popson put away. For him, Tompkins, the humorous element of the situation had quite vanished. He was performing a public service. Besides, he felt irritated at the fellow presuming to have the greatest brain in the world. Even though Popson was only a lunatic, it nevertheless savoured of impertinence for him to have a delusion such as this.

At the station Billy Jackson suggested that a drink would do no harm, and the three of them went into the buffet. But when Tompkins saw Popson lifting his glass to absorb the whisky and soda, the sight was too much for him. It was a bad thing to allow a lunatic to drink! And he took the drink roughly away from him. Popson's eye hardened for just an instant. He was a man who liked a drop now and then. But he controlled himself and looked humble.

Billy Jackson went off to get the tickets for Scrumwood, whilst Tompkins and Popson waited near the bookstall.

"Look 'ere," said Popson to Tompkins. "Look at that engine there. Do you know as 'ow I'm a hinventin' in my brain a way as'll make it fly. You can't think o' things like that. But then few have got my wits."

Tompkins scowled at him.

"You!" he said, contemptuously. "You! Why, sir, you haven't the brain of a rabbit. Your forehead is too low for one thing. I like your impertinence, talking about a thing you haven't got. Brain, indeed! If you had a thousandth part of the brain I possess, or even a millionth part, you might talk. But you have not. You are utterly unintelligent. Every time you open your mouth you let something fall."

"What do I let fall?" asked Popson.

"Your h's," said the madman, with a grin. And Tompkins went on talking at a terrible rate. Popson endeavoured to work up the situation by trying to get in a sentence now and then concerning his own wonderful cerebral development. But Tompkins gave him no chance. He talked on in a flood.

Billy Jackson appeared with the tickets.

"I'm sorry I was so long," he said. "There were a lot of people before me. The Scrumwood train starts in eight minutes. There! It's just backing in. Let's go and get our seats."

As they were walking along the platform, Billy quietly pressed something into Popson's hand. It was a little bottle—a traveller's nip of whisky that Billy had got for him at the buffet after getting the tickets. He felt that it was unfair that Popson should be done out of his drink.

They were now in a compartment by themselves, and the train was steaming out of the station. Popson watched Tompkins, and when he thought he was not looking he began to negotiate the nip of whisky. He was not quite successful, however, for Tompkins turned and snatched the bottle from him.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" he cried. And he flung the bottle under the seat. "Drinking! a lunatic like you drinking! It's dangerous. I won't have it."

Again Popson's eye hardened, but Billy Jackson came to the fore with his soothing voice. It was difficult, however, to soothe Tompkins. He was full of smouldering wrath against Popson. Indeed, it looked once as though he would assault him. Billy felt that he would be very glad when they got to Scrumwood. This chaperoning of Tompkins was getting on his nerves.

When they got to Scrumwood a conveyance was waiting for them.

Something seemed to dawn suddenly upon Tompkins, and he looked at it suspiciously. But Popson came in here with skill. He backed away from the conveyance.

"I'm not a-goin'," he said firmly. "I'm not a-goin' to no lunatic asylum. My brain is too great to mix with such as is there."

Tompkins, in a rage, grasped his arm violently and pushed him towards the conveyance.

"No nonsense!" he said angrily. "You must come." His rage made him forget the suspicion that had come upon him.

The three of them were now going along towards the asylum. And here at last was the gate. It had a solid, strong, prison-looking air about it. It opened just as they drove up.

They got out of the conveyance, and again something seemed to dawn upon Tompkins. A puzzled look came into his face. He glanced doubtfully at Billy Jackson and Popson.

But Popson was again equal to the occasion.

"I'm not a-goin' in there!" he shouted. "I'm not a-goin' in."

"Oh, aren't you," said Tompkins. "We'll see about that." And he shoved the struggling and protesting Popson through the gatway.

The gate closed behind them, leaving Billy Jackson outside. And then came the sound of the pushing of heavy bolts.

* * * * *

Billy took out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

"Well," he said to himself, "I'm glad it's over. It was a shame to put it across poor old Tompkins like that. But there was nothing else for it. He'll be out, anyway, in a month or so. That keeper, Popson, played his part well. Come on," he called to the driver. "Let's go back to the station."

IONA SCOTCH WHISKY

is the result of almost a century's experience in the art of whisky blending, and its delicate flavour and delightful bouquet is evidence of the high-class malts from which it is distilled. The whiskies in its composition are of great age, and immense reserves ensure that "Iona" will not deviate one particle from the outstanding qualities which have for so long distinguished it.

If you have not tasted "Iona" you have not yet realised the perfection of Scotch Whisky.

"Iona" can be obtained from your wine and spirit merchant. If he hasn't it in stock he can get it for you.

G. & J. MACLACHLAN, Ltd.,
Auchentoshan Distillery, N.B. Glasgow. *Established 1820.*

Vitality quickly ebbs through sodden soles. Dri-ped keeps out the wet and keeps in the cheer. That's why our soldiers wear it.

DRI-PED

THE SUPER-LEATHER FOR SOLES.

Lance-Corporal Edward Dwyer, V.C., writes:—

"Wounds and nerves are only some of the troubles of the trenches, wet and swollen feet are the limit. The terrible banging of the guns you get used to, but if your feet are bad life's a misery. I got a straight tip from a pal before going into the trenches. My pal sold me some Dri-ped soles to fix to my boots. A lot of chaps are wearing them. I must say it was money well spent, they're simply grand, and keep your feet fine and dry, even in the wettest trenches."

Dri-ped sole leather costs a little more, but the extra cost is thrice repaid by the double or treble wear it gives.

See the Diamond Trade-Mark as shown above, in purple every few inches on each sole; without it, the leather's a Substitute.

Get new boots with Dri-ped Soles, for Men, Women, or Children. Have Dri-ped used for all re-soling.

GET THIS FREE BOOKLET *Ask your Repairer or Dealer (or write us direct) for the illustrated Booklet "About the Diamond Sign of Double Wear," post free from William Walker & Sons, Ltd., Advt. Dept., County Buildings, Cannon Street, Manchester.*

Morris's Famous Blend Cigarettes

We want all smokers to know that in purchasing Morris's Blend Cigarettes at 8d. for 20 they are getting a really choice and reliable cigarette at a moderate price.

There are several kinds:

MORRIS'S

HAVANA,
VIRGINIA,
TURKISH,
RUSSIAN,
EGYPTIAN,

each having its own distinctive charm, which cannot fail to please according to taste acquired.

ALL have a delightful fragrance and give a sweet, cool smoke—are of full weight.

Each kind can be obtained at your tobacconist at the price of:—

8D. FOR 20

B. Morris & Sons, Ltd.,
LONDON, E.

The Desert Race.

A MODERN FABLE.

"MY word," said the Longbill, "you have got the hump to-day."

"Always have," said Clarence the camel. "This weather's enough to give anyone the hump, and I'm fed up with this old desert. Tell you what, though, we might have a race."

"A race?" said the Longbill, smiling. "Why, I should beat you hollow."

"Would you?" said Clarence wearily. "I don't know about that. I can leg it a bit, you know. 'Ship of the Desert' I'm called. Your wings aren't any too big for the size of you, you know."

This made the Longbill rather angry and he screamed at Clarence. "You long-legged, hump-backed, sponge-footed quadruped, I could beat you easily at any distance. I'll give you one of my wife's eggs if you can beat me."

"'Nothin' doin',' " said Clarence, calmly. "Don't get excited."

"You're afraid to take me on," said the Longbill.

"Am I?" said Clarence, who was beginning to doze. "I'll race you for a hundred miles if you like."

"Right," said the Longbill. "Which way shall we go?"

"There's an oasis," said Clarence, "about ninety-eight miles due north from here. The one who gets there first wins."

"Right-oh," said the Longbill, who was certain he could whack Clarence easily. "Are you ready?"

They set off, Clarence ambling along easily with big strides. The Longbill, flapping his short but strong wings, went rapidly ahead and was soon out of sight.

Before they started it was agreed that they should stop at sunset each evening, and start again at sunrise the following morning. So when the sun sank behind the horizon the Longbill settled on a palm tree for the night, and Clarence, about fifteen miles behind, sat down and calmly chewed the cud, or whatever camels do to amuse themselves in the evening.

Of course you see Clarence's idea in choosing such a long distance. He could take in enough food and water at one meal to last for several days, and the Longbill couldn't. At the end of the second day the Longbill was feeling about done. There was no water to be had till he reached the oasis, and there was no food of any sort to be found. He had to rest several times that day, but pretended that he was only pulling Clarence's leg and waiting to give him a chance of catching up.

"How slow you are," he said, as Clarence caught up to him for the fifth time, just as the sun was setting. But the Longbill's tone was not very cheerful, the droop of his feathers rather gave him away. They had still twenty-three miles to go when they settled down for the night. The Longbill was so tired that he had to roost on the ground

Early in the morning while Clarence was fast asleep the Longbill hopped on to his back very quietly, and managed to keep his balance, when Clarence, who had overslept himself, and was still only half awake, rose to his feet and started off again for the oasis.

Clarence thought that the Longbill must have left some time ago, and considered he was no sportsman for not having wakened him. As he ambled along his rival swayed backwards and forwards on Clarence's hump, and every few minutes his long beak would dig into the camel's neck, causing the latter to think that he was being bitten by "some" insect, and so, tucking his long legs under him, he spurted for the oasis, meaning to plunge into the cool water and rid himself of the unwelcome guest.

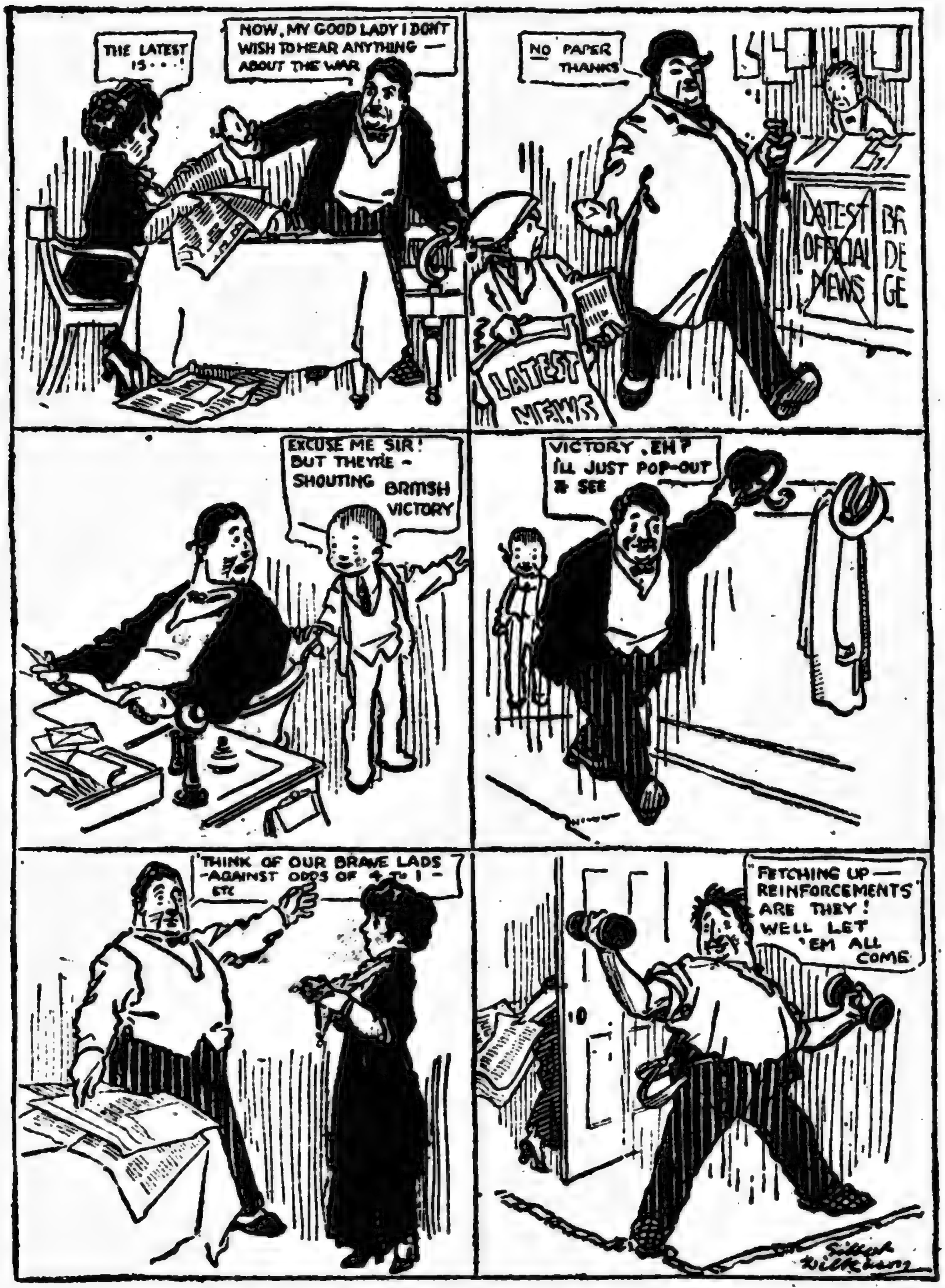
About three o'clock in the afternoon he sighted the palm trees surrounding the pool, and as the clock struck four, or would have done so had there been a clock to strike, Clarence took a last mighty stride and dived into the lake, the wily Longbill slipping off behind and landing in the mud on the bank.

"So you have arrived at last," shouted the Longbill, struggling to his feet. "I've won easily."

When Clarence saw the mud on the Longbill's back, and the hairs sticking to his claws and beak, he put two and two together and felt sure he knew why he had been getting it in the neck, but he only said, "Well, by-bye, old man. I'm afraid you'll have to walk home."

When the Longbill, with not a single feather left, reached home, footsore and weary, his wife gave him "what for"; and Clarence, dozing at the foot of the palm tree, smiled as he listened to Mrs. Longbill's lecture to her husband.

Moral: Don't despise a fellow because he has a hump.


THE LATEST IS - - -!
NOW, MY GOOD LADY I DON'T WISH TO HEAR ANYTHING — ABOUT THE WAR
NO PAPER THANKS
LATEST OFFICIAL NEWS
BR DE GE
LATEST NEWS
EXCUSE ME SIR! BUT THEY'RE - SHOUTING BRITISH VICTORY
VICTORY, EH? I'LL JUST POP-OUT & SEE
THINK OF OUR BRAVE LADS - AGAINST ODDS OF 4 TO 1 - ETC
FETCHING UP — REINFORCEMENTS ARE THEY! WELL LET 'EM ALL COME

One touch of heroism—makes the whole world kin.

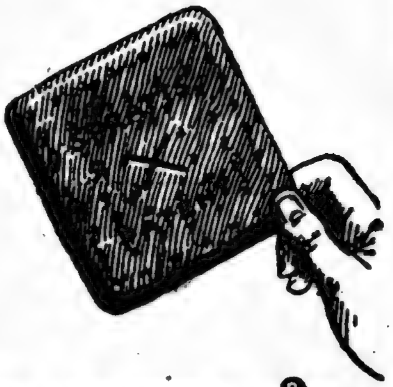
BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

¶ In asking you definitely to say "Spratt's" when buying DOG, POULTRY or CAGE BIRD FOODS, we are asking you to accept our guarantee of the dependability, purity, and excellence of all our productions.

¶ Everything used in the composition of Spratt's Foods is used for the definite purpose of promoting vigorous health.

¶ NO FANCY-NAMED FOOD is of our manufacture unless coupled with our name and trade mark X

¶ In the best interests of your pets, therefore, when ordering their food, remember always to



SAY SPRATT'S

"Spratt's Biscuit Book" illustrates and describes the food for your dog. Write for a copy (state breed). Spratt's Patent, Ltd., 24 & 25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C.

"I cannot do better than send"

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

THE World's Best Fountain Pen is a good enough gift to send anyone. It is just what most people need. Always ready, always right, Waterman's Ideal is the writer's delight.

Buy NOW for friends abroad and those on Active Service.

Regular Type, 10/6 and upwards; Safety (best for Active Service and Ladies), and the New Lever Pocket Self-Filler, 12/6 and upwards. Every pen guaranteed. Nibs to suit all hands.

Of Stationers & Jewellers.

Booklet free from:

L. G. Sloan,
The Pen Corner
KINGSWAY,
LONDON.

Best Wishes!

Gillette Standard Set. The original Gillette Set that introduced the Modern way of shaving no stropping, no honing—known the world over. Contains Triple Silver-plated Razor· Blade Boxes with 12 double-edged Gillette Blades (24 Shaving edges). The whole contained in Morocco Grain Case. 21/-

GIVE a man a Gillette, and it becomes the biggest little thing in his life. More than a gift, the Gillette is a *service*. It makes his shaving just what he has always *wanted* it to be—easy, smooth, and quick. *You* are just the person to give him one for Christmas.

Ask at any shop where razors are sold to see the Gillette sets in their handsome gift cases. Thirty different styles to choose from. Prices One Guinea to £10. BRITISH MADE. Write for illustrated Catalogue post free. Mention "John Bull."

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR LTD., 200, GT. PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W

Gillette Safety Razor

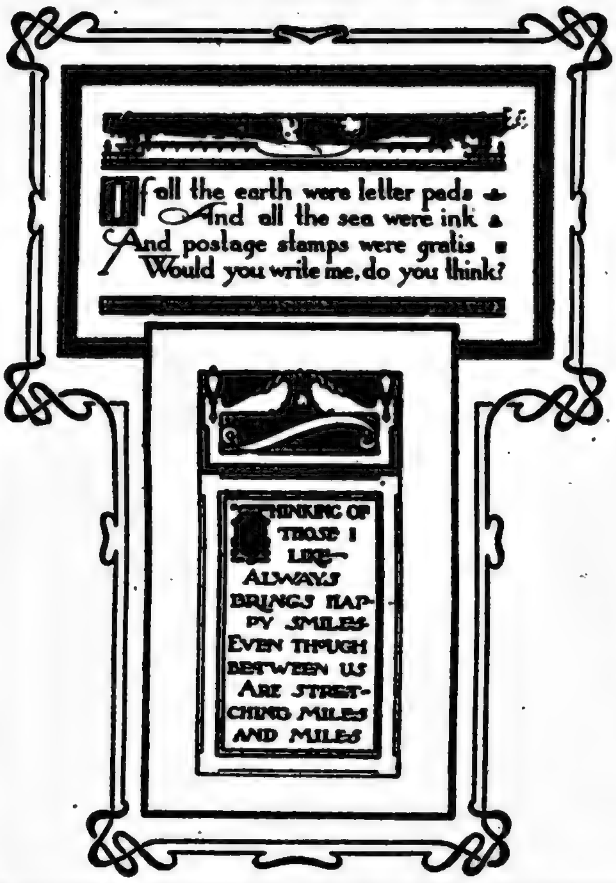
Did you?

"Did you 'NUGGET' your boots this morning?"

"NUGGET" BOOT POLISH IN 1d., 2d. and 4½d. TINS

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER!

10,000 Davis "Message" Postcards Free.


If all the earth were letter pads
And all the sea were ink
And postage stamps were gratis
Would you write me, do you think?
THINKING OF THOSE I LIKE—ALWAYS BRINGS HAPPY SMILES EVEN THOUGH BETWEEN US ARE STRETCHING MILES AND MILES

HOW to send one's Christmas wishes in a manner suitable to the time in which we are living—a time when the stereotyped form of Christmas Greeting is not always suitable—that is the question which you and thousands of other people will this Christmas-time set themselves to solve.

Realising the difficulty the publishers of DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards have arranged to send, **free of charge**, two examples of their unique Cards, together with illustrated Art Catalogue No. 12, to all sending 1d. stamp to cover postage.

The crisp and hearty messages on the one side, supplemented by the sender's personal wishes for Christmas on the address side, make a charming combination which cannot fail to be fully appreciated.

Every up-to-date stationer has a large assortment of these Cards. Do not be put off with inferior imitations. Insist on having DAVIS "Message" Postcards, and see that the Trade-mark A.M. DAVIS & CO. QUALITY CARDS LONDON. is on every Card you buy.

1d. EACH, OF ALL LEADING STATIONERS.

DAVIS 1d. "Message" Postcards, kept ready to hand for ordinary correspondence, saves endless time and the trouble of writing many a letter. There's a DAVIS "Message" Postcard for every occasion. Why not ask for it? There are hundreds of designs from which to make your selection.

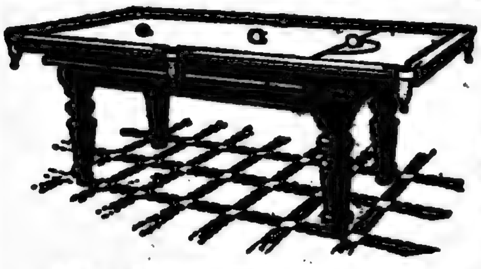
A:M:DAVIS & CO.
QUALITY CARDS
11 & 12 FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON E.C.

Home Billiards!—

happy evenings for Christmas —and for all the rest of the year.

3½d. a day—you play as you pay —and seven days' Free Trial Guarantees Your Satisfaction.

IN the vacant hours from dinner to bedtime—it's then that the young people feel the boredom of doing nothing—then's the time to bring out the "Riley," and in a trice you've got them so fascinated they'll never think of looking outdoors for amusement.



Riley's Miniature Billiard Tables.

To rest securely on any dining table. Solid mahogany, French polished, with best slate bed, low frost-proof cushions, ivory or crystalate balls, and all accessories included.

RILEY'S NO-TROUBLE WAY TO PAY.

Send 8s. 6d. postal order to us this evening and within two or three days the 5-guinea size **Riley Miniature Table** will be dispatched, carriage paid (no charge for packages), to any address within a mile of railway station. The remainder you pay in twelve monthly instalments of 8s. 6d. Any other price of table in 13 equal monthly payments, 5 per cent. being added to cash price.

8/6

Cash Prices—

Size 4ft. 4ins by 2ft. 4ins.	£3	7	6	5/6
" 5ft. 4ins by 2ft. 10ins.	4	7	6	7/-
" 6ft. 4ins. by 3ft. 4ins.	5	5	0	8/6
" 7ft. 4ins. by 3ft. 10ins.	7	5	0	11/6
" 8ft. 4ins. by 4ft. 4ins.	10	0	0	16/-

Or in 13 monthly payments 5 per cent. being added to cash prices.

FREE.—On receipt of postcard full detailed Illustrated Catalogue of Billiard and Dining Tables, and small or full-size tables and sundries. Write for it to-night; it means an enormous saving to you.

TRY FREE—for Seven Days.

Couldn't be a better guarantee of satisfaction than Riley's promise to accept the Table back if after seven days' trial you are dissatisfied. Send first instalment at once and make this test quite free.

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Premier Works, ACCRINGTON.

London Showrooms—147, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

Nerve-strain in Action

Every soldier needs this waistcoat pocket pick-me-up. Really effective for steadying the nerves during trying periods. A scientific vitalizer in the form of a handy crimson tablet, made by fully qualified chemists, from Phosphorus, Damiana, Bolivian Coca, etc.

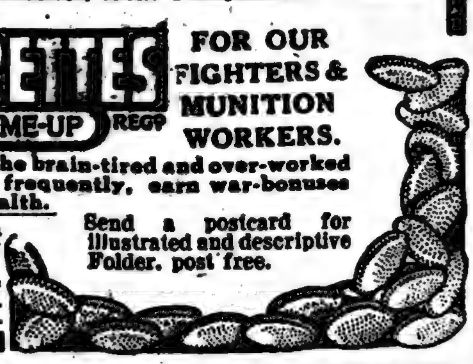
PHOSPHORETTES
THE GREAT PICK-ME-UP REGD

FOR OUR FIGHTERS & MUNITION WORKERS.

They are of special use to the brain-tired and over-worked men and women who, too frequently, earn war-bonuses at the expense of their health.

Remarkably effective and have a really permanent action in every case. Send a P.O. for a metal cas of 36 tablets—2/6 post free. The **Phosphorette Co.** (Dept. 33). Stirchley Laboratories, Birm'ham.

Send a postcard for illustrated and descriptive Folder, post free.



Write in the Dark!

Every soldier, journalist or traveller needs this self-illuminating pencil, for use in the trenches or anywhere

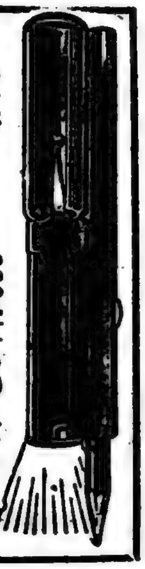
ELECTRIC TRENCH PENCIL

No wires. Sliding the pencil out switches the light on. Nothing to go wrong. Handy, compact, little bulkier than a pen—clips in the pocket. Nickel-plated. Post free, complete with long-life battery **5/6**

Send one to your soldier. Extra batteries 1s. each.

ROWLEY & Co., Ld.
(Dept. E), 34, King St.
MANCHESTER.

Agents Wanted; apply for profitable terms —a postcard now



Rexine

The Perfect Upholstering Material

wears better than leather—never cracks or peels—is absolutely stain and waterproof — and costs only a quarter the price of leather.

Ask your furnishing house to show you samples of Rexine.

The British Leather Cloth Manufacturing Co., Ltd.,
Hyde, Nr. Manchester.

THE WINK.

By JESSIE POPE.

VIOLET LEE was as shy as she was pretty, which is saying a good deal. As a little girl, the admiring attention of strangers would make her weep, and though, when she left the flapper stage behind, her blue eyes brimmed less frequently in public, she was still, in the early twenties, as retiring as her born-to-blush-unseen namesake—in spite of the fact that Violet's own blushes were very often in evidence.

By the law of opposites her particular chum, Madge, was a hefty, masculine, cigarette-smoking Amazon in khaki uniform, who found a vent for her energy in working for many martial organisations, and who in Violet's opinion practically ran the war.

"Look here, Vi," ejaculated Madge, looking in upon her friend one morning, "I want you to write letters to a lonely soldier."

"Oh!" gasped Vi, growing suddenly pink and dropping two stitches in the khaki comforter she was knitting. "I simply couldn't!"

"You've got to," said Madge. "He's the last on my list; a poor little Irish-Canadian—stormed at by shot and shell, thousands of miles from home, and with nobody to mother him."

Violet's blue eyes grew soft with sympathy.

"But I shouldn't know what to say," she objected. "Why, I don't even know how to fill a sheet of paper to my own people. How could I do it to *a man*—and a man I've never seen?"

"That's just the beauty of it, old girl," said Madge. "It's always easy enough to spread yourself to a stranger. Don't talk to him about the war; he's probably fed up with that. Tell him about yourself, what you do, what you think; he would open his heart to you in return, and your letters would be a ray of sunshine in his hard lonely life, just like a bit of his far-away home."

"Would it really be like that?" said Violet. "I—I—well, I'd like to think it over and let you know, Madge."

"No, you won't," retorted Madge; "you'll do it *to-day*, for a start—and every week to follow. His name is Ernest Timson—and you can tell from that that he's one of your own shy, timid sort, and has left a soft life for a hard one in the ranks for the sake of the old country, God bless him! Why," she added, strategically, "I've almost a mind to find time somehow to write to him myself instead."

"Oh, no, don't!" said Violet, putting down her knitting with sudden decision. "Give me the address, Madge. You're overworked as it is. I'll do it."

And she did. That very afternoon she set to work to amuse and interest her lonely soldier, and dropped the letter shyly and with some heart flutters into the pillar box. The reply was prompt and delightful. As Madge prophesied, the frank simplicity of Violet's first epistle opened the lonely soldier's heart, and he talked less about his present hardships than his native land and the life he had left, so that Violet was inspired to read up a book on Canada to comment on his remarks more intelligently. The correspondence prospered, and before many weeks were over the shy girl and the lonely soldier forged a new link in the chain of mutual sympathy and soul affinity with every letter that passed between them.

Then came a blank in his replies—a blank that made Violet's heart sick with dread and apprehension, and she left the casualty lists for Madge to read first.

"It's all right, old dear," cried Madge, one night, bursting in on Violet. "He's only wounded, and he's got the D.C.M. for conspicuous gallantry." Violet retired to shed a tear of thankfulness in solitude, while a shakily written note from the hero himself in a foreign hospital further filled her heart with rejoicing. He did not say anything about his "conspicuous gallantry," and very little about his wound, but when Violet wrote at some length on both subjects he merely replied that if any action of his had pleased *her*, he was more than satisfied, adding in a faint pencilled postscript that in case he was sent back to England he hoped he might have the chance of thanking her for making a man of him. Alas! the thought of that meeting brought back all Violet's bashfulness, and made her change colour twenty times a day, and when Madge announced that he was in London, disabled but convalescent, and that she had arranged a dinner party at her mother's house the following Wednesday so that the two unknown friends might meet, Violet went alarmingly white as she murmured her

(Continued on page 34.)

PARADOXES.

Indigestion is the failure to adjust a square meal to a round stomach.

* * *

A sailor who goes to sleep in his watch is not necessarily a very small man.

* * *

The best way to prevent a fountain-pen leaking is to forget to put ink into it.

* * *

Anglers, like poets, often spend hours on a single line.

* * *

A small rôle is sometimes better than an entire loaf.

* * *

Pretending to be a fool is very often one of the wisest things a man can do.

* * *

A secret is like an aching tooth. It keeps us uneasy until it is out.

* * *

The only people who can be considered serious are those who can't be seriously considered.

* * *

The trouble with life is that there are no simple answers.

* * *

Splitting bottles often cause cracking headaches.

* * *

An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he isn't bow-legged as well.

GRANDPA: "You'll be sorry when I leave you to-morrow, won't you, Gerald?"
GERALD: "Oh, no, I shan't!"
GRANDPA: "Why not?"
GERALD: "Because you always give me a shilling when you go away!"

usual formula: "Oh, Madge, I simply couldn't," adding in almost tearful tones: "I've said so much in my letters, thinking we should never meet face to face."

"Get along with you," laughed Madge. "In any case, there'll be several more girls there, and if really you can't talk, then there are plenty who can——"

Violent was silent, then she said softly: "I think my white chiffon will do. It doesn't seem right to buy new frocks in war-time—but I'll get a big bunch of violets to tuck in my waist."

It was to purchase this characteristic finish to her toilette that she braved a bleak December hurricane on the great Wednesday and went to her favourite florist's. The shop was in Victoria Street and there were lots of soldiers about. Violet's heart surged with a great warm glow when she thought of her little Irish-Canadian friend, but soldiers in bulk scared and embarrassed her. It was once a broad-shouldered good-looking young giant who was the means of very nearly spoiling her day, with its tremulously blissful anticipation for the evening. To save herself embarrassment, Violet made a rule of becoming interested in a distant object when a soldier approached, but this one came unexpectedly round a corner. She had to look at him to avoid a collision. At the identical moment that her glance met his a bit of grit borne on the wind hit her on the left eyelid and caused it to close, and to her undying shame and horror a whimsical smile dawned on the big soldier's face *and he winked back.*

A Sup[p]er Dreadnought going into Action.

Overwhelmed with a feeling of shame and outrage at this all unwittingly provoked insult, Violet hurried on, the turmoil of her feelings carrying her far past the florist's. Nor had she entirely recovered by the time she had retraced her steps and bought her flowers. In fact, it took all Madge's raillery, when they met in the afternoon and she heard the story, to bring her shy friend to a proper sense of the insignificance of the incident.

"Boys will be boys—particularly when they are Tommies on leave," said Madge. "And now, Vi, just have a look at the rag I'm going to wear to-night, and see if you don't think I shall cut you out."

Handsome as the "rag" was, and handsome as Madge looked in it, Violet, in her white frock with the violets at her waist, had a subtle charm that none could rival. It was characteristic of her nature that when she heard the name she was waiting for, the unassuming name of Mr. Ernest Timson, she was far too bashful to look up from the pages of the book of photographs her fingers were nervously turning. Then through her drumming pulses came Madge's voice at her side: "Wake up, Violet, and say 'How do you do?' to your lonely soldier," she said, and discreetly retired.

Violet looked up, a quick blush on her cheeks, the sweetest, shyest of smiles on her parted lips. The smile faded, so did the blush, so did the soft greeting in the big blue eyes—*It was the soldier of the wink!*

Two minutes later, Madge, crossing the hall, was encountered by a small white gowned figure.

"Madge, I must go home," it gasped. "I *can't* stop. He is the soldier who winked at me in Victoria Street."

"Rubbish!" said Madge. "He only winked at you when you winked at him."

"Oh, you know I *didn't* wink. Besides, he has recognised me too—and, of course, he thinks I did—oh, I can't face it. I must go!"

"I won't have the dinner table spoilt like that," said Madge roughly; "for you or anybody—you're making a ridiculous fuss, and if you go now I'll never forgive you. Come back to the drawing-room—you can have my dinner partner and I'll have yours—so there'll be no harm done."

Violet, with her new partner, was at the other end of the table, half concealed behind a screen of flowers, when Madge discussed the delicate subject in question with the lonely soldier.

"But it was a bit of grit that got into her eye," Madge explained.

"And how would I be knowing that?" replied the lonely soldier.

"Of course, the worst of it is she's the shyest girl in the world. It was as much as I could do to make her take courage sufficiently to write to you at all. However, it turned out a success, and she thought no end of you—and now, the first thing you do when you get back, is to wink at her in the street!"

"And what sort of an Irishman would I be," he protested, "if I didn't return the greeting of a pretty girl to the best of my power? Though it's putting my eye out I'd have been rather than offend my shy little lady."

"Well, it's too late to talk like that now," said Madge. "You *did* wink back, that's a fact she's not likely to forget, and you won't be able to get over it."

"Won't I?" said the lonely soldier, thoughtfully. "It's myself that will have to be trying, anyway."

Dinner was over and music was going forward, when, directed by Madge, the lonely soldier made his way to a secluded corner of the conservatory, where a dejected little figure had withdrawn from the talk and laughter.

"And what will be the use of a kind little lady putting the heart of a lion into a lonely soldier by her beautiful letters," he said very gently, "if she won't say one kind word to him when he comes back from the war?"

Violet started, met his keen grey eyes for a moment, and looked down with a hot blush.

"Oh, I'm sorry—I hope you are getting better from your wound?" she said, in a cold but rather trembling voice.

"Me ar-r-m is quite easy, thank you, though they won't let me fight again; but me eye is still a trifle sore."

In spite of herself, solicitude crept into the girl's face.

"I didn't know your eye had been hurt in France," she said.

"Not in France," he replied; "but in a London street this very morning."

"Oh—please don't!—" cried Violet, in distress. "I can't bear to think of it. It's just spoilt everything—you thought I—I—winked at you, but it was a bit of grit that hit my eyelid just as you were passing. Please believe that."

"Sure, I'll believe it," he said, "considering it was the very same spalpeen bit of grit hit your eye and ricochetted on the same puff of wind and hit me on mine."

Violet gasped with sudden, almost incredulous, relief. "Then—then," she faltered, "we neither of us did anything to be ashamed of?"

"It's the truth you're telling," he replied gravely. "We were just the sport of circumstances."

She sighed, "Oh, I'm so glad!" And suddenly her face dimpled with a little childish smile of joy.

The lonely soldier smiled too—half tenderly, half whimsically. He looked at the flowers in her sash. "There were many violets that I've seen in France," he said, "but none like those."

Without a word she took them from their place and held out the bunch to him impulsively.

"But it's only one I'm wanting," he said.

Violet blushed, ashamed of her impulsive generosity—and picked out one flower from the rest.

"And it's not that one either," he said.

She looked puzzled. "Then take the one you want," she replied simply.

He made no reply, and when she looked up she saw that his face had grown very grave and rather pale.

"Are ye sure ye'll let me do that?" he whispered. "Because if you mean it, I won't be a lonely soldier any more at all!"

Victory for WRIGLEY'S

SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

The War slowly proceeds to ultimate Victory, but Wrigley's Spearmint Chewing Gum has secured its Victory already. There is nothing half so popular as Wrigley's Spearmint amongst Soldiers, Sailors, Munition Workers and all engaged in helping the Allies to win. They enjoy the delicious and wholesome confection much better than cigarettes or chocolates, because it does not provoke thirst or cloy the appetite as chocolate does, its delicious flavour of freshly gathered mint leaves sustain the system, sweetens the breath, and keeps the teeth white and clean.

EVERY SOLDIER "asks for more" when once he has tasted Wrigley's. It is the world's most wholesome sweetmeat. It makes the mouth feel fresh and clean, and SPEARMINT counteracts the effect of too much smoking. It "bucks him up" and helps him to while away many a weary hour in the trenches or on guard, etc.

FOR SOLDIERS.

It has been found by experience that **THE MUNITION WORKER** works more swiftly, accurately and cheerfully when he is able to keep a small piece of Wrigley's SPEARMINT Spearmint in his mouth whilst working. It prevents the mouth and throat from getting parched and dry even in the hottest atmosphere.

FOR MUNITION WORKERS.

To **THE WOUNDED SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL** nothing is more acceptable than a present of Wrigley's Spearmint. It relieves the tedium of convalescence, its digestive properties help him SPEARMINT to a speedier recovery. Do something for the comfort of our wounded heroes by sending a box of Wrigley's Spearmint to the nearest hospital or Red Cross centre.

FOR THE WOUNDED.

Millions of bars of Wrigley's are sold daily throughout the World. Doctors and Dentists recommend it for the health-benefits it gives, and all who have tasted it agree that it is the most delicious and refreshing sweetmeat in the World.

½d. Bars; 5 Bars 2½d.; Mammoth Box of 40 Bars 1/6

No Increase in Price.

Sold by Boots and all Chemists and Confectioners, or may be obtained direct from

WRIGLEY'S, Ltd.,

LAMBETH PALACE ROAD, LONDON, S.E.

RHEUMATOID-ARTHRITIS.

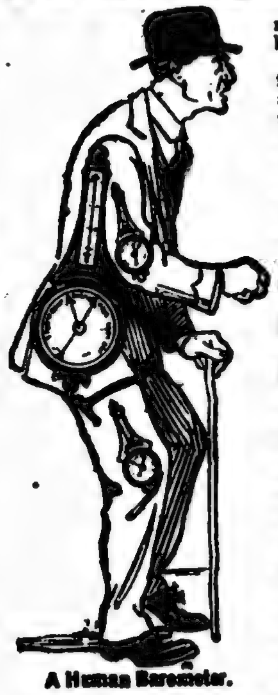
Sensational Discovery of Simple Home Treatment by Manufacturing Chemist.

Pain Relieved immediately and 9 in every 10 cases of Rheumatism, Rheumatoid-Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago and Sciatica quickly and successfully treated without Nauseous Drugs.

Rich and Poor alike to Benefit by this Remarkable Discovery.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE BOOK.

A fascinating book has been published telling the romantic story of the discovery of a wonderful remedy for all Uric Acid Troubles. In order that the numberless sufferers from these complaints may learn of this new hope to change their pains and suffering into lives of ease and good health, a copy of this book will be sent free and without any obligation whatever to all applicants.



A Human Barometer.

If you can tell the least change in the weather by the pains in your joints and muscles, the free book will tell you how to cure yourself.

Just fill in and post coupon below, or send your name and address to-day on a postcard and the book will reach you by return.

The book fully explains how a London manufacturing chemist restored his wife to perfect health after years of suffering and after trying many specialists, hospitals, cures, etc. without obtaining relief. The book also tells you how you may eradicate your own troubles in the same easy way.

It is the opinion of all those who have tested this wonderful remedy (it has already been prescribed by over 200 doctors) that it brings new and definite hope to all sufferers from

Rheumatism — Gout — Sciatica

Rheumatoid-Arthritis — Lumbago

Muscular Stiffness—Neuritis, &c.

and all those troublesome and painful conditions due to an excess of uric acid in the blood.

No such remedy for these ailments has ever been obtainable before, and you are suffering needless pain and worry if you fail to test this new power which is now placed within your reach.

To prove our faith in this remedy we may mention that we have already given away under Medical direction over 2,000 free treatments to deserving cases.

There are no nauseous drugs to take, no liniments to rub in, no massage, no drastic electric treatment, no long and tedious journeys to Continental spas—simply small, pure gelatine capsules called Curicones which contain an entirely new combination of medicines approved by the British Pharmaceutical Authorities and the French Medical Council.

"Curicones" are sold at a price which is within the reach of all.

Do not fail to write to-day for the book, and learn without further delay how you can relieve your painful condition in a few hours.

Curicones do not contain narcotics or poisons of any sort. They are quite harmless, and easier to take than a small pill. They will not affect the heart or upset the stomach.

Repeated instances prove that in even the worst cases they

Rapidly Stop pain. Dissolve Uric Acid.

Eliminate it from the blood.

Reduce Swellings. Renew Vitality.

Such consistent and certain success in the home treatment of these persistent diseases has never been attained before.

SEND COUPON TO-DAY.

If you are suffering from any trouble of a Rheumatic nature, from pains or swellings, fill in coupon and post it to-day to Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Dept. W. 19–20–21, Farringdon Street, London, and you will receive by return the book giving full particulars of this great discovery, diet table, and instructions to enable you to obtain relief without further delay.

CUT THIS OUT.

Please send me free and post paid your book on Rheumatoid-Arthritis and Rheumatic Affections, diet table, and full particulars of your discovery.

NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

To Messrs. Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd.,
Manufacturing Chemists (Dept. W),
19, 20, 21, Farringdon Street, London.

You can now give YOUR Man at the Front 10 Woodbines every day for 1/- a week

LET US SEND 10/- so that our boy can have 10 Cigarettes every day for the next 10 weeks
Monday 10 Cigarettes

70 Woodbines sent by post for 1/- a week

Quick Delivery,
Post Paid,
Duty Free.

Every time you have posted a parcel of tobacco or cigarettes to your man at the Front you have lost money in one of two ways :—

1. When you bought the "smokes" in a shop, and sent the parcel by post yourself, you paid too much, because the Tobacco Duty was necessarily included in the price charged you.

2. When you had the "smokes" sent from an in-bond duty-free warehouse you saved the duty but you lost on the postage because you had to send by parcels post and the minimum postage is 1/-.

But all this is now changed.

We are now able to offer you 70 Cigarettes and postage for the sum you used to pay for postage alone. You can send out a full weekly supply of 14 packets of Woodbines (5 in each packet, which means 10 Cigarettes for every day of the week as well as Sunday) for One Shilling, including everything!

10 Cigarettes Every Day including Sunday for 1/- a Week

The immense saving to your pocket is due to the courtesy of the Authorities in Guernsey, who have kindly granted special facilities to Martins, Ltd. of 210 Piccadilly, London, to operate in bond in Guernsey in a way which enables Martins to send small parcels by *letter* post (instead of parcel post), duty free, to men at the Front.

All you have to do is— Go to any place where tobacco is sold. Give the name, regimental number and address of the friend to whom the weekly parcels are to be sent. Say for how many weeks you wish them sent, and give the tobacconist the money—1/- for each week.

Or, if you prefer, you can send your order direct to Martins, Ltd., 210, Piccadilly, London. The 'Smokes' will be despatched regularly, and we enclose in every parcel a postcard addressed to you so that your man can write and thank you

If you would prefer to send a parcel of Cigars, Tobacco, or some other kind of Cigarettes, you can select any of the popular brands shown in the table on the right. Wherever your friend may be (except India)—whether he is in France, the Dardanelles, the Navy, imprisoned in Germany or interned in Holland, you can still send him any of the smokes on this page at **Martins Special Prices**, which include postage and everything.

Martins "Arf-a-Mo" Cigarettes are just the thing for the man who likes something better than Woodbines.

Quote Standard Parcel No. when you order.	Contents of 1/- Parcel.	If you bought the goods in a shop and posted them yourself hey would cost you
501	**70 Wills' Woodbine Cigarettes** *including postage* **for 1/-**	1/9½
502	**50 Martins "Arf-a-Mo" Cigarettes** *including postage* **for 1/-**	2/-
503	**40 Wills' Gold Flake Cigarettes** *including postage* **for 1/-**	1/7
504	**30 Martins Glory Boys Cigarettes** *including postage* **for 1/-**	1/4½
505	**25 Cigarettes In nice slide pocket case** *including postage* **for 1/-**	1/8
506	**6 Martins Panatellas Cigars (short size)** *including postage* **for 1/-**	1/4
507	**4 oz. Martins "Arf a-Mo" Smoking Mixture** *including postage* **for 1/-** Specially compressed.	2/11

Please note, however, that parcels cannot be sent to any address in the United Kingdom at these prices.

FREE—Send for Booklet

Coupon for Free Illustrated Booklet of 16 pages.

Cut this out and post it to-day to MARTINS, LTD., 210, Piccadilly, London, W., or give it to your local dealer.

This is my weekly supply from home.

Martins
6 Doors from Piccadilly Circus
LTD
210. Piccadilly,
London W.

Please send me, free of all charge,..................
(Give quantity required)
copies of your illustrated 16-page Booklet, giving full particulars of the great offer of 70 Cigarettes a week by post for 1/-, as well as particulars of other Cigarettes, Cigars and Tobaccos, that can be sent to any particular men at the Front on your special terms.

Name..

Address..

....

Uncle Charles's Little Dinner.

By REGINALD RIGBY.

"I'M about fed up with it," said Irma, petulantly, throwing her cigarette into the fire. "It's all very well for you. People don't care whether you're married to me or not. You go everywhere, and with anyone you choose, you——"

"My dear Irma," said Ralph Mainwaring, standing with his back to the fire in one of the accepted attitudes for husbands who are "going through it," "you really must have patience. After all, *you* know we're married, *I* know we're married, and the parson who did the job knows we're as married as we can be."

"I almost wish sometimes," she answered petulantly, "that we weren't quite so much married."

Ralph frowned.

"I don't mean that, exactly, my dear boy. You needn't look so serious. What I'm grousing about is that I get all the kicks without the halfpence, and I don't think it's fair."

"But what can I do. You know perfectly well that without Uncle Charles's allowance we should be right in the cart. I don't think you'd like that, my dear girl."

"No," said Irma with decision, "I'm certain I shouldn't. All the same, I don't see why your Uncle Charles should cut off the allowance, if you told him we were married, just because I am an actress. It isn't as though my people were nobodies."

Ralph crossed over to Irma, and, sitting beside her, put his arm round her waist. He was genuinely fond of his wife; not only her beauty, but her whole nature appealed to him, and he was anxious for both their sakes to smooth over the difficulties and little unpleasantnesses inseparable from such a false position, and which both of them, Irma especially, as a woman must, had found increasingly more trying as time went on. But he was afraid of being talked about all the more if he deserted his old haunts, and he had an unholy terror of what gossip might reach his Uncle Charles's ears.

"Look here, Irma, old girl," said Ralph, "if Uncle Charles hadn't such moth-eaten ideas about the stage, and if he'd mixed as a Bohemian with Bohemians, it would be different, but generally speaking, he sticks to the same old bill of fare, mostly retired service people with the same antiquated notions as himself."

"Well," said Irma, "my father was a colonel."

"I know he was, but do you think Uncle Charles would believe it."

"I've never even seen your Uncle Charles, so I don't know how different it may be for him to grasp facts. I can't say how the truth strikes him."

"I know how this truth would strike him. He'd say, 'A Colonel's daughter? damme, sir, they all are, and those that aren't are parsons' daughters.'"

Irma couldn't help smiling. "Well," she said, "the fact that we are married is bound to come out sooner or later, so he'd better change his views, before I run off the rails."

"Irma!"

"Oh, it's all very well to be so indignant. But if you can sup at the Savoy with a woman, as I know you did last Tuesday night——"

Ralph started perceptibly. "Who told you that?" he said sharply.

"This week's Town Gossip," said Irma quietly.

Ralph smothered an exclamation. "Well, there was nothing in it. There really wasn't."

"I don't suppose there was, and there wouldn't be anything in it if I did the same with a man. And I shall do it before I'm much older, and give people something to talk about."

"You won't do any such thing, Irma."

"As Mr. Asquith said, 'Wait and see.' But, there, I haven't done it yet, so for heaven's sake, let's drop the whole disagreeable topic."

MAIDEN AUNT: "Weren't you amused to find Archie with a moustache?"
ETHEL: "Yes! I must confess it did rather tickle me."

And Ralph wisely let the matter drop.

* * * * *

One evening, about a week later, Ralph turned into his exclusive club in Pall Mall, and ran into the arms of his Uncle.

"Hullo!" said Uncle Charles, seating himself by Ralph. "Do you know, I wanted to see you rather badly. Do you happen to know of a good butler?"

"A butler? What's Perkins been doing?"

"Enlisted yesterday," said Sir Charles, shortly.

"Lucky beggar," said Ralph. "Wish I could. I've tried three times."

"Wish I could too," said Sir Charles, squaring himself. "Perkins only just scraped through. But I must have a man for to-morrow night. Don't you know of anyone? I don't want one of your greengrocer chaps in seedy old dress clothes, with a hand like a leg of mutton. I must have the real thing, a butler who can buttle decently *and* discreetly."

Sir Charles was a bachelor, who did himself remarkably well, and could afford to do so, in spite of allowing his nephew £500 a year. His bachelor establishment was a thoroughly comfortable flat off Bond Street, his wines and cigars were worth consuming, and to be asked to dine with him was an invitation not to be lightly regarded. Mrs. Saunders, his housekeeper was "some" cook.

"Sorry, Uncle," said Charles, after a few moments reflection, "but I don't know of anyone answering your description. But why to-morrow specially?"

"Well—er. I've someone coming to dinner whom I particularly want to please, don't you know."

"Ah!" said Ralph significantly, and waited for further details. These not being forthcoming he added, "Who's the lady?"

"You are acquainted with my simple *menage*," said his uncle, ignoring the question. "A housekeeper who can cook but can't wait and a butler who can wait but . . ."

"Hasn't waited," said Ralph, chipping in.

"Don't try to be funny, my boy, when I'm in such a deuce of a hole," entreated Sir Charles.

"Why don't you dine her out," suggested Ralph.

Sir Charles coughed.

"It would be—ah—indiscreet," he said, and added, suddenly, as if the idea had just struck him, "Look here, my boy, I've got it. Why shouldn't you be the butler to-morrow night."

Ralph, having recovered from his amazement, turned the proposal over in his mind.

"I have played the part of the butler in the 'Man from Blankeys,' without a hitch," said Ralph, with dignity. "Why shouldn't I?"

"That settles it," said Sir Charles, evidently greatly relieved, "And you don't mind if I call you Perkins? I'm used to that name," he added.

"Not a little bit," said Ralph.

"Right!" And as he toddled away he winked at his nephew: "Mum's the word!"

SENTRY GO!

DEAR OLD SOUL: "Dear me, you look frozen! Now you just take my advice and have a nice brisk trot round the square two or three times, while I mind your little house for you."

The following afternoon Ralph told Irma he should dine at his club, and was rather glad that she didn't bother him with any questions, as it saved him from possible ridicule. He decided to tell her about it afterwards, providing it went off well. If he made a hash of things, he could keep the matter quiet.

He arrived at Sir Charles's not a moment too soon; just, in fact, as Sir Charles rang the bell, for the second time, cursing Perkins, the Kaiser and everyone responsible for the state of affairs under his breath.

Ralph took the tureen up the stairs, and succeeded in balancing it in one hand while he opened the dining-room door with the other. Then he entered.

As his eyes met those of his uncle's guest, he started violently, took a step forward—and dropped the soup.

The room seemed to be turning round, and he clutched at the sideboard for support.

"You clumsy idiot, Perkins," shouted Sir Charles, rising to his feet. In his excitement he nearly called his nephew by his proper name.

"What," gasped Ralph, with outstretched finger, "what the devil is she doing here?"

"What do you mean, sir? How dare you remark on my guest! Leave the room." If Ralph hadn't been so agitated he would have appreciated his uncle's acting. It was really convincing.

It didn't quite convince Ralph, however, on whom the full strength of the situation suddenly dawned, and instead of leaving the room he burst into an almost uncontrollable fit of laughter, clutching to the sideboard for support.

Ralph's laughter was so infectious that Sir Charles would probably have joined in it had not Irma (for his guest was no other) already caught the infection. Sir Charles began to feel that there was some joke in which he could not join, but of which he was the butt. And this annoyed him more than a little.

"Oh, uncle," said Ralph, when he could speak for laughing.

Sir Charles was a man of the world, of course, but the situation, he felt, would need careful handling.

"Is this—this lady a particular friend of yours, my boy?" He had already realised that it was useless to pretend that Ralph was the butler, particularly as the latter had already proclaimed their relationship.

"Well, yes," said Ralph, slowly. "I suppose I may say she is. Have you anything to say against her?"

"Good heavens, no. Isn't she here as my guest? I knew her father well. What does all this mean? I'm proud to know Miss Laurence. She's a friend of—"

"It means, Uncle, that Miss Laurence—Irma is my wife."

Sir Charles, to Ralph's astonishment, burst out laughing. As a man of the world he turned the situation quickly:

"You young booby!" he exclaimed, "I knew that days ago. And as a punishment for your secrecy you can continue to be Perkins—till the end of dinner. And be d——d to you!"

Perkins or no Perkins, it was a merry *diner à trois*

10 Miles—and look at YOU!

SOME day *you* will wake up to wearing Wood-Milnes—some day when you're tired out of being tired out!

Some day *you* will think 'Wood-Milne' comfort and 'Wood-Milne' saving worth a visit to the nearest bootshop to obtain.

Some day *you* will discover that better health and less fatiguing days are worth the trifling price that 'Wood-Milnes' cost you.

Let that some day be *this* day—get 'Wood-Milnes' *now!*

Wood-Milne

RUBBER HEELS AND TIPS

Made in Brown, Grey and Black Rubber—more durable, more 'springy' rubber than any other heels, and in greater demand than all other brands of rubber heels together. Every genuine pair bears the name 'Wood-Milne.' *No increase in price.*

Wood-Milne Motor Tyres are the strongest pneumatic tyres made.

R 287

There is not a Woman in the land

who cannot find something that is a real help and everything of great interest in each number of

Everywoman's Weekly

The Ladies' Favorite Paper.

"Everywoman's Weekly" is the only woman's paper in the world which publishes each week a special article by

Mr. Horatio Bottomley

addressed especially to the Women of the British Empire.

Get this week's number and see how really interesting and helpful it is. Every Tuesday 1d.

At all Bookstalls and Newsagents.

BRITISH MAKE—BRITISH CAPITAL—BRITISH LABOUR.

"EVER-READY" TORCHES.
(With Dry Batteries.) Various sizes and finishes. From 5/- to 24/-. We illustrate No. 014, length 9 in., fitted with Morse and steady contact switch, 8/6 complete. Weight 1 lb. 1 oz. Postage, Inland. 5d. B.E.F. 1/-

"EVER-READY" POCKET LAMP.
(With Dry Battery.) No. 1626. 5/6 complete. Body covered real leather, green, brown or red. Nickel-plated caps. Weight 11 ozs. Postage, Inland, 4d. B.E.F. 1/-

"EVER-READY" MILITARY INSPECTION LAMP.
(With Dry Battery.) No. 1830. 10/6 complete. Canvas bag with loop for attaching to belt. Nickel-plated reflector with button-hole clip. Weight 21 ozs. Postage, Inland, 5d. B.E.F. 1/-

NEW "EVER-READY" FOUNTAIN LAMP.
(With Dry Battery.)
No. 1915. 5/- complete. Nickel-plated all over.
No. 1913A. 5/- complete. Dull black finish.
Length 5½ in. all over. Weight 2½ ozs. Can be carried in the waistcoat pocket, as illustrated. As easy to carry as a fountain pen. Postage, Inland, 4d. B.E.F. 1/-

We have special facilities which enable us to dispatch orders received for the front per return. Clients so desiring can also have periodical supplies of refills sent out to the British Expeditionary Forces by placing a deposit with us to cover cost.

Art Catalogue "A.V.," giving full particulars of these and many other Portable Electric Accessories, post free on application to

THE PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT CO., LTD.
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

WORLD-FAMOUS RATIONS.

A MOST ECONOMICAL & SUSTAINING MEAL FOR A FAMILY

A RICH AND DELICIOUS STEW.
consisting of about ½-lb of the Finest Fresh Beef, without bone (equal to 1-lb with bone), with Potatoes, Haricots, Carrots and Onions. Weight of contents about 22 ozs each.

Half-pint of Hot Water and Hard Crusts can be added to the Rich Gravy.

COOKED READY FOR USE ONLY WANTS WARMING.

Ask your Grocer for it.

Per 1/6 tin

Maconochie Bros. Ltd. London

To Soldiers' Brides!

2,000 FREE GIFTS

It is hard to say who should feel prouder to-day—the Mother of a Soldier or the Soldier's Bride! The Proprietors of NESTLÉ'S MILK are anxious to recognise both. Having recently made a Special offer to 'Mothers of Men,' they now make

AN OFFER TO EVERY GIRL

who can claim to have been reared on NESTLÉ'S MILK, and who since the war has become a Soldier's Bride. All that such Brides (or their Mothers) have to do is to write us giving full particulars and enclosing a recent photograph.

The proprietors already hold a remarkable collection of photographs of men who are now fighting in the trenches across the seas for England, Home and Beauty, and a further collection of the photos of the Brides or Brides-to-be of these gallant fellows would help to complete an unique gallery.

A 2/6 Box of Nestlé's Chocolate and a 'Keep-ot' Flask (or Solid Leather Treasury Note Pocket Book) for him

will be sent FREE to the senders of the first 2,000 letters with photographs received before the 31st December, 1915.

With Milk and Sugar Dear

NESTLÉ'S MILK

Means Real Economy

Cash price 7½d. & 4d. per tin.

Address all letters, photos, etc., to:—

NESTLÉ'S (S.B.), 6, EASTCHEAP, LONDON

In the Barber's Chair.

A CHRISTMAS INCIDENT.

By WALTER MOORE.

A FEW days before Christmas, needing the attentions of a tonsorial artist, and finding myself in the neighbourhood of the shaving and hair-cutting saloon whose presiding genius has long been familiar to readers of JOHN BULL, I took my courage in both hands and decided to entrust myself to the tender mercies of that redoubtable barber. Being a person of no particular importance, and therefore one unlikely to call down upon my head the caustic comments for which the *coiffeur* mentioned is notorious, I entered his establishment with much less trepidation than I might have felt had I been a Cabinet Minister or a peace crank. Assuming a bold front, I passed through the shop, over which a lady of somewhat forbidding aspect presided, pushed open the saloon door, and stood on the threshold.

"No Germans in this establishment?" I asked.

The Barber, who at the moment of my entry was stropping a razor, straightened his back, turned, and confronted me with a face contorted with indignation.

"No, sir," he said "unless you 'appen to be one yerself. If so, you kin 'op it."

I waved aside the implied insult with a suitable gesture, closed the door behind me, and advanced to a chair.

"No, sir," he repeated, "there ain't no 'Uns, rats, mice, or enny other vermin in this 'ouse, unless you've brought 'em with yer."

Feeling that any sort of retort would be unsafe, I merely indicated that I desired a shave.

"I carn't say as I reckernize yore face, sir," he said, busily arranging the necessary paraphernalia for the operation. "But orl the same, I've gotter sorter kinder feelin' as we has met before."

"No, no!" I said, hastily. "Impossible! I'm neither a celebrated politician, a church dignitary, nor any sort of notorious individual whatsoever. You must be mistaken."

"P'raps I am, sir!" he returned, dexterously introducing the lathering brush into my left ear. "Orl the same, if you wos ter tell me you wos my long-lorst cousin wot I've never seen, I should be *h*inclined to believe yer. I'm a sensitive chap, 'ighly strung, and I sorter feel there's somethink between us."

"I wish there were," I murmured, forcibly ejecting some soap from my mouth.

"Very kind o' you ter say so, sir," he acknowledged, with manifest sincerity. "True, I'm on'y a barber, but I ain't wotchyernercall a *h*ordinary barber. I meets people, and 'as *h*experiences wot don't fall to the lot o' *h*every 'air-dresser. Thet wos a rum thing wot appened 'ere larst night, f'rinstance."

"Yes?" I said, dispelling clots of soap like a shower of shrapnel.

"Yes," he repeated. "I'm *h*inclined ter think it wos the rummest go wots *h*ever 'appened ter me. Bizness fallin' a bit slack towards closin' time, I set down fur a bit an' run me *h*eye *h*over the *h*evenin' piper. I wos jest tryin' ter make out wot the Rushans wos doin', w'en the dore opened, and in walked—'oo jer think?"

"The Kaiser!" I suggested, thinking it wiser to plunge at once for the remotest possibility.

"No, unforchinitly. I wish it 'ad bin. It wosn't the Kayser, but 'is name begins with K, so ter speak."

"The King? Von Kluck? Kelly of the Isle of Man?" I hazarded.

"Neether of them," said the Barber, with some impatience. "It wos Father Chrismuss!"

"Oh?" I said, coolly. "From some neighbouring bazaar, I suppose."

"Nuthink of the sort. It wos Father Chrismuss 'imself—the genuine *h*article. I didn't believe it meself, at first. In fact, I sed 'don't come in 'ere, playin' the fool.' But 'e took no notice of thet, but set 'imself down in this very chair wot chewer settin' in, an' sed, ''Air cut an' shavin', please.' 'Don't play the *h*ass 'ere,' I ses. 'Git back to the shop, an' amoose the kids. We don't cut wigs an' shave false beards 'ere.' 'E give me the fright o' me life then. In fack, I ain't quite got over it yet."

"So I can feel," I muttered, as the razor took the wrong turning and evinced a sudden desire to dig itself in.

"Well, it wos enough to startle ennybody," protested the Barber. "'E sprang up, threw orf 'is scarlet cloak an' 'ood, kicked 'em acrorss the saloon, an' there 'e

ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

VOICE FROM BEDROOM: "John! John!! is that you?"

JOHN: "Of course it is. Were you expectin' anyone else?"

IT'S
INDIGESTION
NOT THE LIVER.

AT XMAS (and all other times) that Constipation which gives so much trouble when you are travelling, visiting, or eating away from home is not due to the Liver but is due to Bowel Indigestion.

CICFA IS THE ONLY CURE.

READ THE REASON WHY.

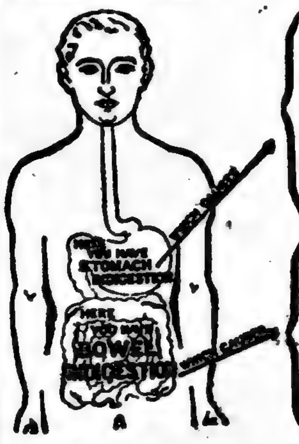
You have a Liver. You think it is affected. The chances are 10 to 1 that your Liver itself is perfectly sound, but its action is being upset by frequent dosing with purgatives, etc., and, as a consequence, your food is not digesting but fermenting and creating gases.

As it is rolled down the Bowel it is formed into little hard dry masses or "Starch Balls," which block the passage, and you have Constipation, also a defective Bile Circulation. Fermentation continues, and acids and impurities from the undigested food are absorbed through the wall of the Bowel into the blood and poured on into the Liver. Though your Liver may be quite healthy it is soon overworked and giving you troublesome symptoms, therefore, your symptoms are not due to an affected Liver, but to those acids and impurities which are formed by Indigestion in the Bowel and carried on into the Liver.

Your blood becomes impure and more acid, affecting your joints and deep muscles, causing Rheumatism, Lumbago, and Sciatica.

It is therefore useless to treat the Rheumatism, the Lumbago, the Sciatica, or the Liver. They are not at fault. The fault lies in the Bowel Indigestion. You must cure that Indigestion.

Probably you suffer also from Acid Dyspepsia. Whether you have Acid Dyspepsia or some other form of Stomach Indigestion, it should receive immediate attention, because each stage of Digestion affects each succeeding stage, so that the upsetting of Digestion in one portion of the tract quickly affects Digestion in other portions. Ordinary Indigestion remedies such as Pepsin, Bismuth, Soda, Rhubarb, etc., cannot therefore be expected to cure you, for at best they can only help in local spots, while any Remedy which can Cure must be able to correct the errors of Digestion wherever they are occurring throughout the whole alimentary tract.


HERE YOU HAVE STOMACH INDIGESTION
HERE YOU HAVE BOWEL INDIGESTION
A

GASES in Stomach or Eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with Heartburn.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with Redness of Nose, Spots and Pimples.
EATING not desired. Vomiting occasionally.
PAINS darting through Chest and Burning Spot between Shoulder Blades.

GASES in Bowel, or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACID in the Blood, causing (a) Teeth on Edge, (b) Gout, (c) Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed.
Biliousness and bad taste in mouth.
Pains in Bowel, Griping and Constipation with all its misery.

Cicfa is the only preparation which can do this, and Cicfa has this power because its discoverer succeeded in combining such Digestive Ferments as would ensure perfect Digestion at every point along the whole alimentary tract.

Cicfa therefore cures because it ensures complete Digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel, corrects the Bile Circulation, prevents fermentation and the formation of "Starch Balls," so that all the nourishment is absorbed into the blood; the refuse is normal and there can be no Constipation. Cicfa, in fact, contains that perfect combination of Digestive Ferments which Nature requires to ensure this. That's why Cicfa cures.

Cicfa has been taken up by nearly 10,000 British doctors, many of whom have written us of the splendid results secured upon themselves and patients by Cicfa.

Cicfa is sold everywhere, price 1/1½ plus 1½d. war tax, and 2/9 plus 3d. war tax.

Get CICFA NOW or TEST IT
ABSOLUTELY FREE

Send your Name and Address with this Coupon and one penny stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful CICFA. Only one sample to each family. No person given a second sample.

CICFA

CAPSULOIDS (1909) Ltd.,
8a, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

JOHN BULL, Xmas Xtra, 1918.

wos—*dressed complete in khaki!* A comical sight 'e looked, too, an' no *h*errer. Long w'ite 'air an' a full beard flowin' over 'is khaki tunic, an' twinklin' *h*eyes lookin' out over round, red cheeks and a nose wot abserlootly seemed ter warm the saloon up! 'Now then, git on with it!' 'e said, settin' down again. But I begun ter feel a bit ernoyed. ''Ere,' I ses, 'd'you think at yore age it is right?' I ses. 'Wot?' 'e ses, 'W'y, bringin' 'is Majesty's uniform inter contempt.' 'Idjit!' 'e roars—jest like thet. 'Idjit! I'm Father Chrismuss—Saint Nicholas 'imself—Santa Claus, if you like. Do as I bid you!' Well, there didn't seem ter be no 'elp for it, so I started on 'im; and as I worked away at 'is 'air, 'e explained 'isself:

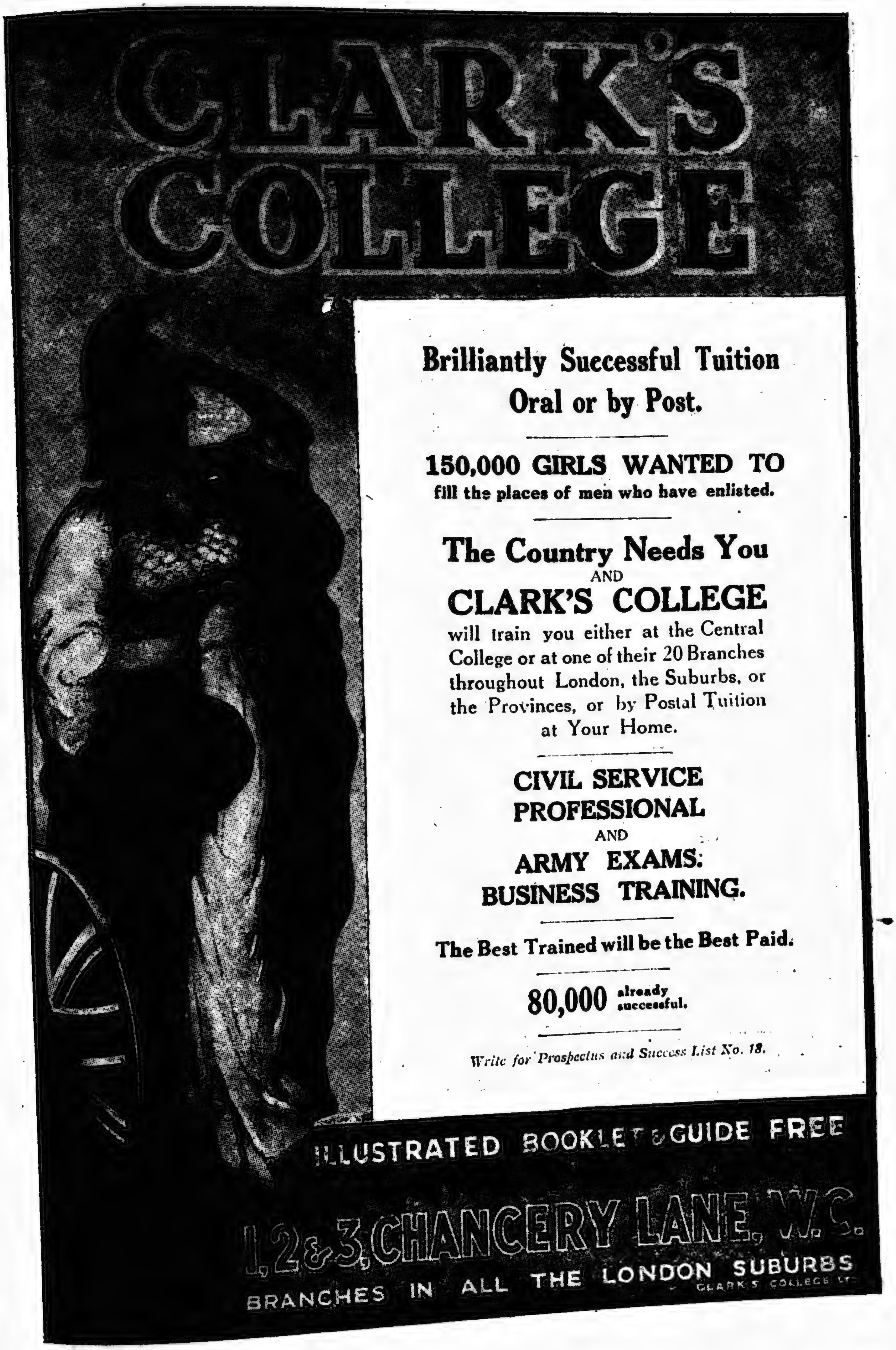
"'No doubt you are surprised to see me here, and in a war-like uniform,' 'e ses. 'And still more astonished to find me anxious to get rid of these hirsute appendages which for centuries have lent my countenance its characteristic expression of benevolence. Three days ago I had not the faintest intention of taking this step. I started out as usual on my round of visits to the nurseries of Britain, and was oppressed with grief to find sorrow in thousands of homes where on previous occasions I have found at this season nothing but joy and gladness. I found more lonely, anxious wives, more weeping widows, and more orphaned children than ever before through all the centuries of my existence. I inquired into the cause, and found that all this mourning and all these tears have been brought upon these one-time happy homes by the wickedness of a people whom formerly I greatly favoured. So, hurriedly completing my task, I donned khaki, have come to you for very necessary attention, and *am going to do my bit* on behalf of the peace-loving people, the British, who have always held the spirit of Christmas in the highest honour.'"

"Well, sir, I wos thet took back thet I couldn't say nuthink. I cut 'im and shaved 'im, and as I cut an' shaved, 'is 'air grew dark, 'is face grew younger an' more stern, an' w'en I'd done, 'e stood up, as smart a lookin' soljer as you'd wish ter see! 'Pay in the shop,' I ses, an' 'e walked out. I'd on'y jest took up the *h*evenin' piper again w'en the missus come in. I dessay you see 'er w'en you come through the shop, sir. 'Did thet soljer say ennythink w'en 'e paid jer?' I awsked. 'Wot soljer?' she ses. 'Im wot jest went out,' I ses. 'There ain't bin no soljer jest gorn out,' she ses. 'You're dreamin'! If it wasn't for the new Regulations I should think you'd bin gettin' treated!' she says."

"Ah," I murmured, "women are so incredulous—after marriage."

"You're right, sir," agreed the Barber, with strong emphasis. "Pay in the shop, sir; much erbliged; good night, sir."

THE HEN: "Hold your tongue, Impudence. Don't speak to your superiors like that!"
THE WAR BABY: "Superiors, indeed! I like that! Why, when you were born eggs were about fourteen a shilling!"



CLARK'S COLLEGE

**Brilliantly Successful Tuition
Oral or by Post.**

**150,000 GIRLS WANTED TO
fill the places of men who have enlisted.**

The Country Needs You
AND
CLARK'S COLLEGE
will train you either at the Central
College or at one of their 20 Branches
throughout London, the Suburbs, or
the Provinces, or by Postal Tuition
at Your Home.

CIVIL SERVICE
PROFESSIONAL
AND
ARMY EXAMS.
BUSINESS TRAINING.

The Best Trained will be the Best Paid.

80,000 already successful.

Write for Prospectus and Success List No. 18.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET & GUIDE FREE

1, 2 & 3, CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

BRANCHES IN ALL THE LONDON SUBURBS

CLARK'S COLLEGE LTD

Meccano Working Model of CLOCK.
Meccano Working Model of GIRDER CRANE.

Give Meccano

The Original Constructional Toy —and the Best.

MADE IN BRITAIN.

BOYS can build scores of real working models, each different from another, with it. Meccano grips a boy's interest at once and he becomes an enthusiastic builder.

MECCANO enables a boy to build without study Cranes, Clocks, Bridges, Towers, Motor-cars, Weaving Looms, Battleships and numberless other models of the things that appeal to him. These models may be operated by hand or by Meccano spring or electric motors. Each Meccano outfit is complete with all necessary parts and 140-page illustrated Illustration Book. Your boy can begin at once to build models.

MECCANO

TOY ENGINEERING FOR BOYS

Meccano builds more and better models because it is the only system true to mechanical principles. Meccano parts are interchangeable, and, being real engineering parts in miniature, enable a boy to invent models for himself. Meccano is simple and instructive. Be sure you get Meccano.

£200 Model Competition

First Prize is £50 in cash. There are 135 other prizes. Get an Entry form and enter your boy. He has an equal chance of winning. This opportunity may reveal to you quite unexpected talents in your boy.

How to Get this Book No. 22.

Your boy should tell three chums about Meccano and send us their names and addresses along with his own name and address. The Prize Model Book will then be sent him post free. It shows the successful models made by boys in our Competition of last year and is immensely interesting.

For Boys Who Have Meccano

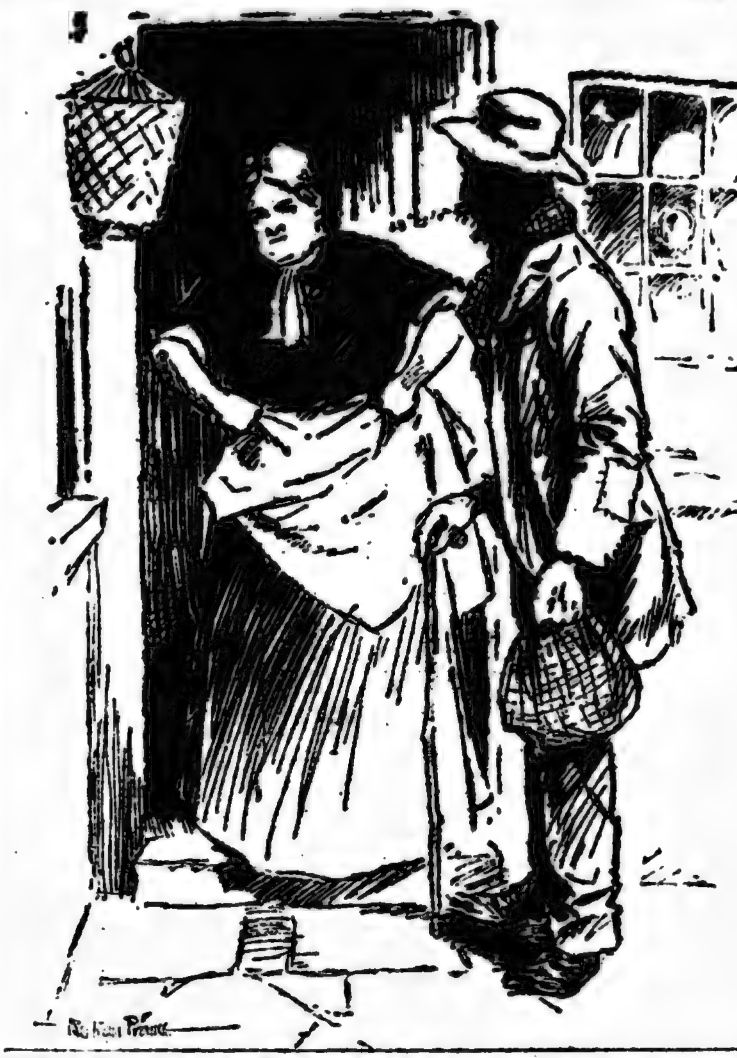
The Inventor's accessory outfit contains the new Girder strip, large wheels for motor-cars, sprocket wheels and chain healds for looms, new crank and coupling, and other fine new parts. Price **5/-**

MECCANO PRICES

No.	0	outfit	with	instructions	3/-
„	1	„	„	„	5/-
„	2	„	„	„	10/-
„	3	„	„	„	15/-
„	4	„	„	„	25/-
„	5	„	„	„	42/-
„	6	„	„	„	100/-

Write to-day for Particulars of £200 Competition and the Meccano Boy Booklet No. 22. Post free.

MECCANO Ltd. Binns Rd. LIVERPOOL



THE LADY OF THE HOUSE: **"Strange that you cannot get some kind of work!"**
NATURE'S FAILURE: **"Well, you see, mum, people always wants references from me last boss, an' 'e's been dead nigh on twenty years."**

◆

The Eternal Riddle.

By A. HUNTER.

THE old man bent over his strong iron safe and gloated over its contents. Title-deeds, mortgages, a promising-looking cash box and bank-book, tough-looking blue official documents tied with red tape, and parchments as yellow and discoloured with age as an old hag's skin, lay there. For he was a miser, this old man—one of your modern sort of misers. No bags of gold or superfluity of hard cash for him, so dear to the heart of the old-fashioned, avaricious man and most dishonest persons: his wealth was tied up in securities less dangerous but easily convertible.

He stood in the cold, fireless room stooping over his belongings like some gaunt bird of prey.

A sudden touch on the shoulder caused him to look round. As he did so the movement of the lighted candle brought into play numberless shadows in fantastic gyrations on the ceiling and walls. And out of these shadows it seemed that yet another shadow came forward and stood at his elbow. Yet strangely enough the fear that clutched at the old man's heart as he gazed at the stranger was not that of thieves.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The stranger smiled and touched him again on the shoulder.

"You," he said briefly.

"Me!" exclaimed the old man, shrinking back in a cold sweat.

"None other," replied the stranger immovably. "Time's up. Come, old man," he continued as the miser stretched out longing hands towards his treasures in the safe. "You must leave those things behind you now. They are bound to benefit someone—the lawyers most likely. And who so able to come with me as you, who leave no kith or kin behind you to mourn your absence, nor a soul to grieve for or miss you—not even the beggar at your gate to whom you daily refused alms? Come!"

(Continued on page 46.)

OUR TEETH.

THE IMPORTANCE OF MASTICATION.

GOOD SOUND TEETH SO VERY ESSENTIAL.

[By A. AHUMADA.]

MR. H. J. GOLDBERG, the well-known Dental Expert, who specialises in Bridge Work, of 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, W., gives some very important facts concerning the teeth and tells why so many are victims of decaying and aching molars. He says: "The teeth are but sentinels of health, the grindingstones of the mill of nourishment and proper digestion. Lose them and all sorts of physical ailments must naturally esult especially derangement of the digestive organs, anæmia, and stomach trouble."

Science and discovery have brought dentistry to such an art that pain is unnecessary even in the most delicate operations The buzz of the drill, of course, he says, is unavoidable; but even in this the thrill to which the super-sensitive is subject can be lessened by the dentist of skill.

One has only to think for himself to realise the importance of sound teeth.

If you have lost one here and one there, besides having others affected by decay, proper mastication is absolutely impossible and unless the vacant space in the gum is supplied with a new tooth, then other physical ailments must of necessity result. As a point of fact, we have the important revelation that more than three thousand men were invalided home during the Boer War on account of defective teeth, while thousands desirous of volunteering for Lord Kitchener's Army have been rejected for the same reason.

To ask the cause of this great prevalence of bad teeth, speaking generally, lack of knowledge among the general public briefly summarises the situation, but from experience the writer's belief is that dilatoriness on the part of the adult accounts for 80 per cent. of the toothless gums and decaying molars among the population, and this dilatoriness is frequently caused by an unnecessary fear of pain supposedly experienced by a visit to the dentist.

Now, this is wrong. Modern dental science is a totally painless art. Invention, discovery, and knowledge acquired by the dental practitioner have made it so. Therefore, when pain is caused the patient, either by extraction, fillings, or bridge work, the fault is wholly on the part of the operator—a lack of skill and patience.

But there are cases when teeth already extracted need replacing by artificial dentures, and in this Mr. Goldberg may well be called London's foremost dental specialist. For it is undoubtedly his wonderful method of bridge work that made his reputation in this country some years ago, when he first started a London practice. "Inexpensive but effective bridge work" was his motto, which drew hundreds of our best-known people to him, and all by recommendation.

His unique method of bridging two, three, and even four teeth, and thus saving the patient the bother and unsightliness of a plate, to say nothing of discomfort, made his services greatly in demand amongst ladies, and especially those of the theatrical world and concert platforms, for undoubtedly teeth inserted by means of a plate affect the singing voice and articulation.

But, as Mr. Goldberg says, "Plates are sometimes necessary, and when they are, perfect conformity to the dome of the mouth is absolutely essential; while lightness, with strength and durability are of course, important considerations"

The fact that he—Mr. Goldberg—represents all that is best in the science of DENTISTRY in the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA (which, perhaps, is his best recommendation, it being readily admitted that AMERICA is the HOME of MODERN DENTISTRY) speaks eloquently of his ability and accounts for his very excellent practice. His consulting-rooms are at 27, New Cavendish Street, Harley Street, London, W. Telephone: Mayfair 2022.—[Advt.]

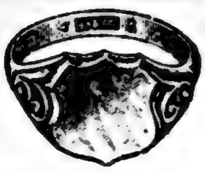
TWO REAL BARGAINS

"JOHN BULL" Readers may Purchase at Wholesale Prices.

We depend for success upon recommendations from satisfied customers, that is why we offer far better value than any retail firm can possibly give.

1. A Handsome and Massive Signet Ring, Solid 9ct. gold, Government hall marked.

Send piece of cardboard with hole in exact size of finger.

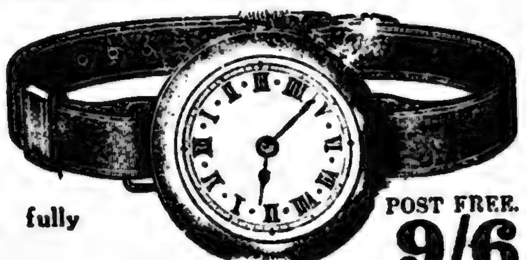


Ladies' or Gent's.

POST FREE.

8/6

2. Beautiful Solid Silver wristlet watch with leather strap complete, perfect timekeeper, fully warranted.



POST FREE.

9/6

OUR FREE GIFT. If you order BOTH the above you need only send P.O. for 18s. for the two, and we will send you free of all charge a handsome 9ct. GOLD BROOCH. MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFIED.

Ask for list of other splendid bargains direct from the makers.

HATTON GARDEN GOLDSMITHS Co.

(Dept. R.), 5, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON.

Include —

in your Xmas parcel

a bottle of Anzora Cream. It will delight a man wherever he may be—in trench or billet, hut or farmstead, cottage or castle. Anzora will smarten up the hair, keeping it in position all day, and, being entirely free from oil or grease, will neither soil hat lining nor clothes. It is a wonderful tonic for hair-roots and scalp, will make the most of scanty locks, and *does not leave flaky deposits.* Insist upon

ANZORA

the Gold Medal Hair Cream

¶ *Refuse all substitutes or court certain disappointment.*

Anzora is sold by all Chemists, high-class Hairdressers and Military Canteens. 1/0 and 2/6 (double quantity) per bottle.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., 32-34, Willesden Lane, N.W.

AUTUMN and CHRISTMAS at MARGATE.

Attractive Holiday Programme.

Grand Fancy Dress Ball
Cinderella Dances
Excellent Orchestra.
Gymkhana, Concerts, &c.

Our Poultry Farm and Kitchen Gardens cover 23 acres.

QUEEN'S HIGHCLIFFE HOTEL, CLIFTONVILLE.

Telephone No. 506
Telegrams, "OZONE."

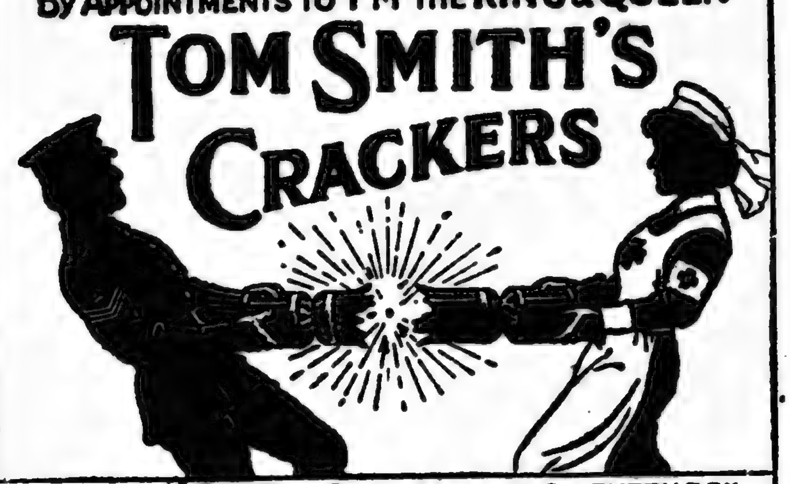
The MOTORISTS' RENDEZVOUS.

An Ideal Hotel for Health and Pleasure.

Cinderella Dance every Saturday.

UNSURPASSED FOR CATERING, SERVICE and WINES.
Specially reduced Tariff during the War

AUTUMN at MARGATE means SUNSHINE with dry, INVIGORATING and NERVE BRACING AIR.

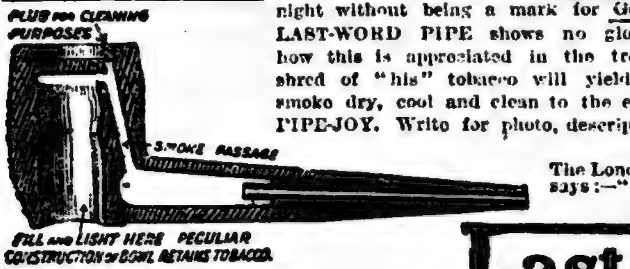


By Appointments to T·M·The KING & QUEEN
TOM SMITH'S CRACKERS
CAUTION! See Tom Smith's NAME ON EVERY BOX
OF ALL FIRST CLASS GROCERS & CONFECTIONERS

PRICES. s. d.
"Special" 2 9
Silver-mounted .. 3 9
"Extra," finest grained French briar, guaranteed flawless 4 6
Silver-mounted .. 6 6
Postage abroad 6d. extra
Cross Cheques & P.O.'s London Joint Stock Bank.

THIS XMAS SEND 'HIM'
REAL PIPE-JOY

Never mind about cigarettes; what "he" wants is a LAST-WORD PIPE, because it is the only pipe "he" can smoke in comfort in wet, stormy weather—and at night without being a mark for German snipers; the LAST-WORD PIPE shows no glow of light—think how this is appreciated in the trenches; also every shred of "his" tobacco will yield greater fragrance, smoke dry, cool and clean to the end and give REAL PIPE-JOY. Write for photo, description and guarantee.



PLUG FOR CLEANING PURPOSES
SMOKE PASSAGE
FILL AND LIGHT HERE PECULIAR CONSTRUCTION OF BOWL RETAINS TOBACCO

The London "EVENING NEWS" says:—"No ash drops out."

London made from selected briar, in one piece; no loose parts.

Last Word
THE UPSIDE DOWN PIPE.
J. P. WYSE, 6, GERRARD MANSIONS, GERRARD STREET, LONDON, W.

THE LITTLE KITCHENER
SOLID FUEL POCKET STOVE
as now used and greatly appreciated by thousands of soldiers in the trenches. Approved by the Government.
No Spirit. No Danger. Smokeless.
THE MOST USEFUL XMAS PRESENT.
SEND ONE TO YOUR SOLDIER FRIEND.
PRICE of Outfit complete, consisting of Cooker, and specially constructed Boiling Pot and four extra refills in tins, sufficient for over 100 hot drinks or meals, 3/9. Postage 5d. extra.
Size 3 ins. by 3 ins.
J. B. LITTLE KITCHENER CO.,
11-13, Gilbert St., London, W.C.

THINGS OF THE PAST !!

UNSIGHTLY HIGH BOOTS ABOLISHED
Appliances supplied to the War Office, Principal Hospitals, &c.
Pamphlet FREE to all mentioning "John Bull." Send particulars of your case. Address:
THE O'CONNOR EXTENSION CO.,
Surgical Boot Specialists,
(Booklet B), 2, BLOOMSBURY STREET, LONDON, W.C.

And the old man obeyed, for his visitor was one not to be gainsaid.

* * * * * *

Yet Death was not satisfied.

" I must have a soul," said he, " before I return to my garden of poppies."

For the miser's soul was locked up in the strong iron safe, more shrivelled even than the yellow engrossed skins therein, and so far more valueless as not to be worth carrying away.

So Death betook him to a chamber lit by a dim light, wherein lay a man sick with an incurable complaint. Many hours had he lain thus and given no sign of life to the grave-faced physician and tired-eyed woman who stood by his side. But the sick man saw his new visitor coming, and would have welcomed him with outstretched arms had he the strength. As it was he lay back among his pillows and smiled.

" At last, O beneficent stranger," he murmured, " take me now, for I am very weary."

His nurse bent over and smoothed his pillows, thinking he spoke in delirium. And Death stood still in his corner and advanced not a step farther.

" I am ready," repeated the weary man, " and filled with desire for your beautiful garden of poppies." But Death shook his head.

" In a little while," said he.

" He will rally," said the physician, and tears came to the tired, dry eyes of the woman like refreshing dew to a parched earth. But the sick man sighed disappointedly as he saw Death's immutable smile of denial, and turned away his head. For he knew what a brief respite was his before the old grim battle with bodily anguish would be fought over again—knew, too, of the dreary hopelessness of the struggle.

And Death unfolded his wings and flew away to another room in the city. Here at a table littered with papers sat a ruined merchant. Full in front of him was an open drawer, and his fingers rested nervously on a revolver that lay handy there.

" It's the best way out," he muttered, and lifted the revolver.

" It's the coward's way," whispered Death.

The man gazed into the calm, inscrutable eyes and his own flinched. White lipped and trembling he replaced the weapon.

" I can't do it," he whimpered. " Heaven help me for a coward." And Death flew away once more.

He paused at another chamber.

Here lay what had once been a strong man in the prime and vigour of manhood, hollow-cheeked now and bright-eyed with fever. The unbidden guest counted the four curly-headed children sleeping in the room below, noted, too, the meagreness of the furniture and general surroundings that spoke of the daily struggle with poverty—and chuckled. For here was his happy hunting-ground.

Once again he flew away, but not alone this time. Yet now that he had obtained his soul he was not satisfied, but turned, here gathering a bright young life full of promise, and there snatching an infant from its pleading mother's arms, or an only child from wealthy parents. He was fully laden when at last he reached his wonderful garden of poppies.

" I will return for the others anon," said he. " I am busy now, for a huge consignment is awaiting me. The War Factory is busy again." And seizing his sickle he vanished towards the South.

* * * * * *

The official communiqué mentioned a large loss of human lives, but it did not mention Death's big catch of souls.

Regimental Badge Brooches of the British Army. A Remarkable Production.
Enamelled in the correct Heraldic Colours of the Regimental Crest.
Over 250 different Badges are in stock, and a completion of the Army List is being proceeded with, together with many Territorial Regiments now in training.
All Post Free. Special quotations for large quantities.
GILT and ENAMEL - - 1/6
SILVER (without Scroll Border) 2/6
GOLD, 9ct. - - 12/6 in case
'Phone 172.
BOTLY & LEWIS, Manufacturing Jewellers. 25, King Street, READING.

Bovril
gives
strength
to Win

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE

FARROW'S BAN
LTD.

Incorporated under the Joint Stock Companies Acts.

AUTHORISED CAPITAL - - - - £1,000,000
SHARES ISSUED - - - - - 700,000
SHAREHOLDERS - - - - - 4,000

Chairman - Mr. THOMAS FARROW.

Every Description of Joint Stock Banking Transacted.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts are opened and 2½ per cent. interest paid on credit balances of £10 and over.

DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS.

Accounts are opened with any sum from 1s. upwards, and interest paid from 3½ to 5 per cent.

Call or write for Special Booklet.

Head Office—

1, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.

Branches throughout the Kingdom.

A. R. & CO.

ZEPTO Makes Pearly Teeth.

Our teeth are still sound, and what a blessing at *our* age. Periodically we use a Zepto Pencil after we have cleansed our teeth in the usual way.

Zepto removes Tartar that your tooth-brush never reaches. It prevents decay—and consequent unpleasant breath. You will be delighted to see how pearly white Zepto can keep your teeth.

Lasts many months—costs but 9d. *Use it always for Dental Plates.*
Of all Chemists and Stores, or post free from CHRISTY & CO.

T.M. SMOKERS' TOOTH POWDER & PASTE
is prepared especially to remove all trace of nicotine, and prevent tainted breath. NO other Powder or Paste is like it, or so good for the purpose.
The best Tooth Powder or Paste for all Purposes.
Of all Chemists and Stores 6d. per Tin, or in Paste form 1s. per Tube, or post free from:—
THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Dept. J.B.), Old Swan Lane, London, E.

If you have not tried

KAPUTINE,

The Ten Minutes' Cure for
HEADACHE or NEURALGIA,

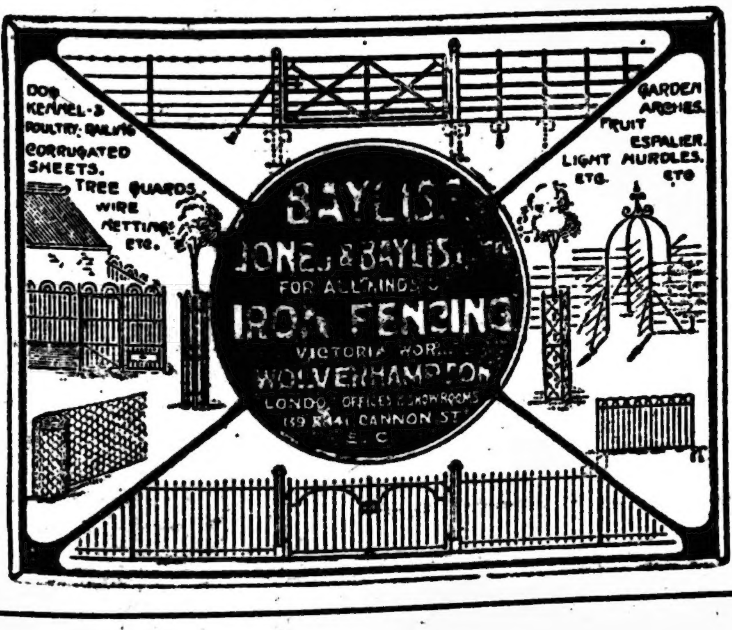
enclose a Penny stamp to

Mr. WINN,

KAPUTINE, Ltd., Manchester

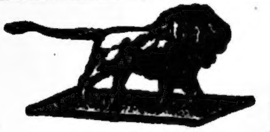
and you will receive Free Samples by return.

ALL CHEMISTS SELL KAPUTINE.



THE LION LEADS IN CURING.

It is
Nature's Remedy.



BURGESS' LION OINTMENT

Est. 1847

Cures without painful operations, lancing or cutting, in all cases
of Ulcers, Abscesses, Whitlows, Boils, Fatty or Cystic Tumours,
Piles, Fistula, Polypus, Poisoned Wounds, and all forms of Skin
Disease. Its penetrative powers make it the best application for curing all
Chest and Bronchial Troubles. Send two 1d. stamps for sample.
Of Chemists and Stores. 9d., 1s. 3d., etc., per box. Advice gratis from—
E. BURGESS, 59, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON.

Send Langley's Budget Letter Cards
To friends on sea or shore:
No Xmas Gift by them could be
Appreciated more.

LANGLEY'S BUDGET LETTER CARDS.

The Ideal Form of Correspondence Stationery for Men on Active Service. Obtainable of all Stationers and Stores, or direct from the Patentees and Manufacturers.

LANGLEY & SONS, Ltd., 6 & 8, Euston Buildings, N.W.

Safeguard your Health with

Dr. J. Collis Browne's

Chlorodyne

THE RELIABLE FAMILY MEDICINE.
Used by Doctors and the Public
for upwards of 60 years.

THE BEST REMEDY KNOWN FOR

COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS.

Cuts short attacks of SPASMS, HYSTERIA, PALPITATION.

A true palliative in GOUT, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM.

Acts like a charm in DIARRHŒA, COLIC, and other bowel Complaints.

NO BETTER PRESENT can be made to a friend on active service, at home or abroad, than a bottle of this famous Medicine.

Of all Chemists, 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Always ask for a "DR. COLLIS BROWNE."

"John Bull's" Guarantee

We guarantee the goods sold by every advertiser in "John Bull." If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with a purchase through any trade advertisement in the columns of this issue, we will refund the money.

When replying to advertisements, be careful to write your name and address clearly.

Hints for Christmas Gifts.

Messrs. Gale and Polden, the well-known military publishers whose productions in the past have always been made in England and did not, like certain firms, rely on their factories from over the Rhine, have seized the opportunity to extend their business and have placed on the market an excellent series of Christmas cards, children's toy books in colour, picture-postcards, sheets of naval and military crests, picture books, etc. The publishers have gathered round them a staff of artists for the execution of designs of which they may well feel proud, embracing the well-known names of Hassall, Finnemore, Lawson Wood, Aldin and many others. Queen Mary has honoured the firm by placing with it an order for a specially designed card for Christmas.

* * *

The habit of spending Christmas away from home is steadily on the increase, and to those who are thinking of following the practice this year and thus securing change of air no better tonic can be recommended than Cliftonville which is at its best in December. A specially reduced tariff has been arranged for this Christmas at the Queen's Highcliffe Hotel, which first-class house has a great reputation for cuisine and provides an attractive programme of amusements for the enjoyment of guests.

* * *

The "last word" or "up-side down" pipe is a gift which even the most conservative pipe-smoker will appreciate, for not only does it save tobacco but it permits of a dry, cool smoke to the last shred.

These pipes prove a godsend in the trenches, for soldiers are permitted to smoke the "wrong way" pipes when cigarettes and ordinary pipes are forbidden owing to their tell-tale glow. London made from the finest French Briar they can be purchased from 2s. 9d. upwards from Mr. M. A. Wyse of 6, Gerrard Mansions, Gerrard Street, London, W.

* * *

The best Christmas gift is the one that lasts the longest, that is most serviceable in use, and acts as a daily reminder of the giver. A good watch does these three things, and among watches none are more reliable and yet moderate in price than a Waltham. If it be a Waltham it will keep good time even under the hardest conditions. A soldier can rely upon one in the trenches, the sailor on the sea, the civilian in factory or office, or your wife or sweetheart. The Waltham Watch Book is an interesting book on watches and watch-buying, and may be obtained from the Waltham Watch Co., at 125, High Holborn, London, W.C. A copy will be sent post free to any reader of JOHN BULL on receipt of name and address.

Messrs. Wrigley's, Ltd., have received the following letter:—

Dear Sirs,—Having just arrived home with the last batch of prisoners of war from Germany, I thought you would be pleased to hear of the little experience I had when I was wounded; in fact, I owe my life to your "Chewing Gum."

It was in September, 1914, when we were stationed at Lyndhurst for training purposes prior to our leaving for the Expeditionary Force, I purchased a large quantity of your Spearmint Chewing Gum in the village of Lyndhurst, and took some to Belgium with me, not realising at the time how useful it would be to me. I was wounded by shrapnel in the right thigh, fracturing it at Ypres, 26th October, 1914, when my first thought was for water. Suddenly I thought of the Chewing Gum I had in my possession. I was lying in a turnip field for five days, from Monday to Friday, till I was picked up by a German officer. During that time I had nothing but the Chewing Gum to moisten my lips and keep me going.

I am writing this letter especially to let you know how I appreciated your Chewing Gum. There's no doubt had it not been for that I would have died, as I could never have resisted. I would have informed you before, but we were under great restrictions with regard to correspondence, and I left it until I came home.—I beg to remain, Yours respectfully,

(Signed) HENRY TOWLER, No. 8266,
2nd Border Regiment, 3rd London General Hospital,
Wandsworth Common, S.W.

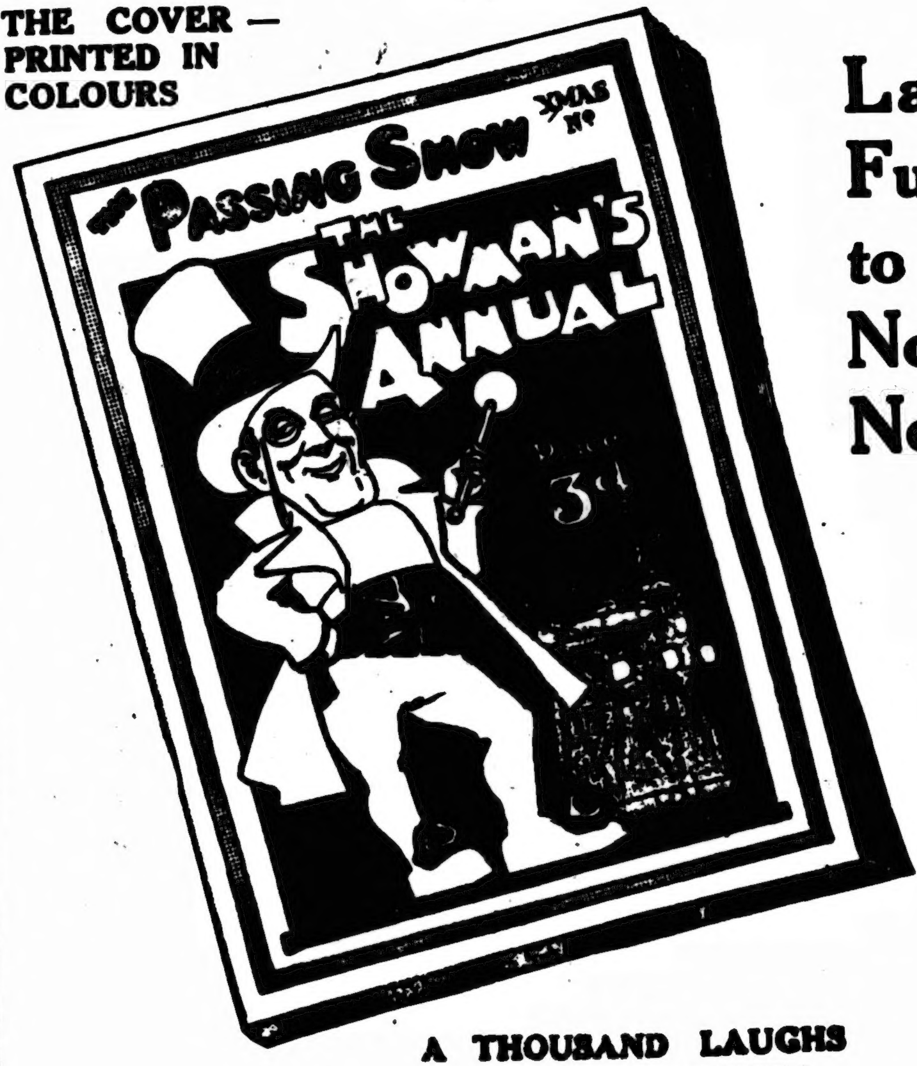
☞ **NOTICE.—With this issue we present gratis to our readers a photogravure of our Editor, bearing his autograph. We trust every purchaser of a copy will see that the plate is included.**

You can't help being
BRIGHT and CHEERFUL
. if you get the .

PASSING SHOW

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

THE COVER —
PRINTED IN
COLOURS



Laughter and
Fun from Cover
to Cover and
Nothing but the
Newest and Best

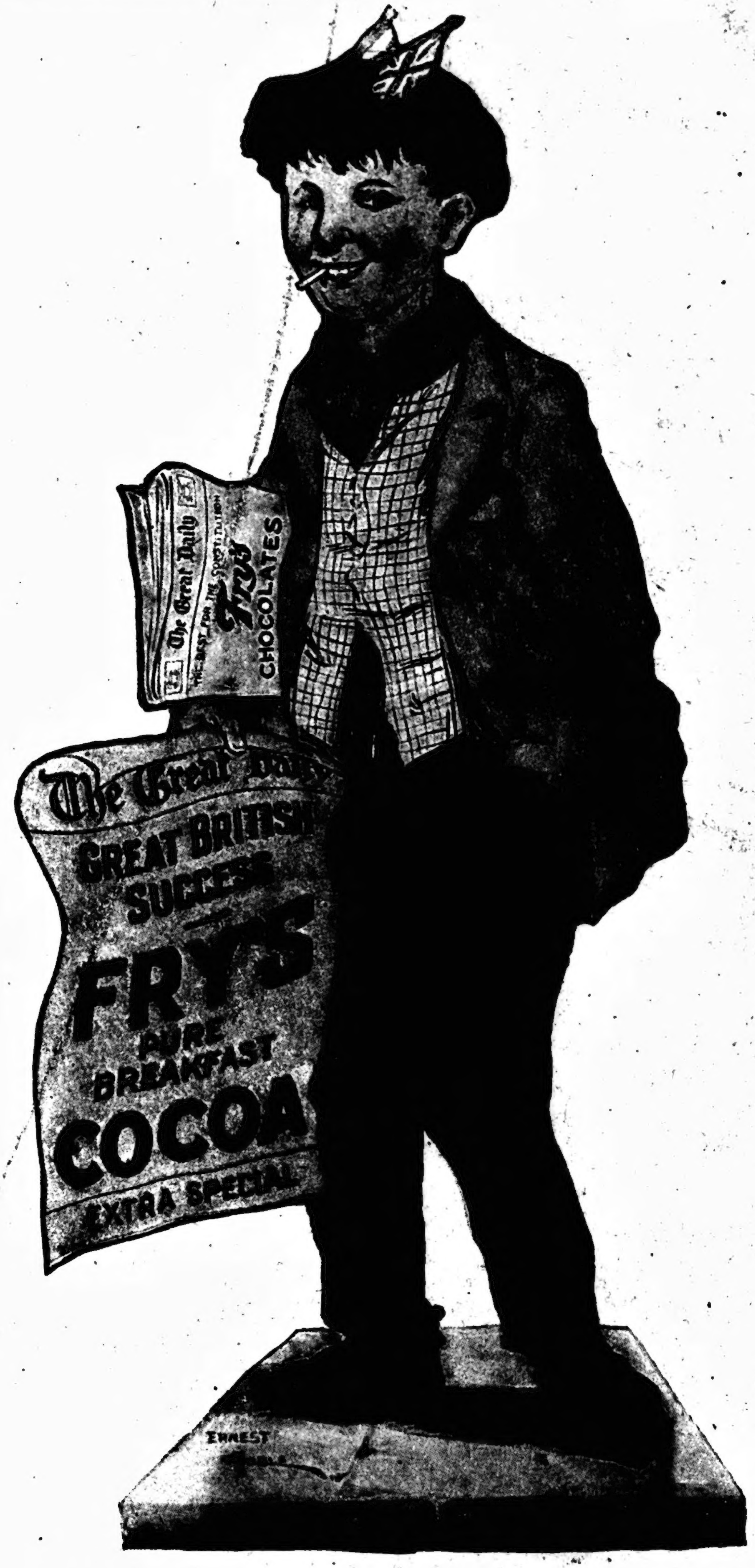
SOME OF THE
CONTRIBUTORS:

J. J. BELL
ARTHUR ECKERSLEY
B. M. HASTINGS
BARRY PAIN
LEO CHENEY
CHAS. CROMBIE
DUDLEY HARDY
THOS. MAYBANK
E. T. REED
G. E. STUDDY
And many others.

A THOUSAND LAUGHS
FOR THREEPENCE!

Lavishly Illustrated Throughout
By the Foremost Artists

NOW ON SALE - PRICE 3D.
AT ALL BOOKSTALLS AND NEWSAGENTS.
Get a copy to-day before it is sold out!



"Always Merry and Bright."

By kind permission of the "Northern Echo."

Printed and Published for the Proprietors by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Publishing Offices, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.
Applications for Advertisement Space in "JOHN BULL" must be made to Messrs. ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-94, Long Acre, London, W.C. Telephone: Gerrard 2598.